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HAROLD MAC GRATH

lives in Syracuse in one of the loveliest gardens in America, where in summer—or at his piano in the winter—he invents the romances that have won him his high distinction as a novelist. The first short story he has written in a long time appears in this issue; the next will be published in an early number—a story of his own boyhood—perhaps.

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Camp Ideals and Social Conscience

By HENRY WELLINGTON WACK, F.R.G.S.

LAST summer I visited over two hundred boys' and girls' camps. I met as many directors, and about two thousand camp counsellors. And I looked into the clear, inquiring eyes of nearly twenty thousand healthy, wholesome children, from eight to eighteen years of age.

Notwithstanding my fifty-two ocean voyages and many rambles round the world, this camp tour was the most interesting and useful summer I ever spent in the hills, with my wilderness friends, great trees, swift running brooks, remote trails, mirrored pools and—Solitude.

And what was it I saw and felt? What manner of work were these cultured men and women of our educationally-recreative camps doing to develop the higher type of American manhood and womanhood? What magnet, which prescient parents felt, had drawn nearly twenty thousand boys and girls from the city to this outdoor life, for the development of their bodies and the culture of their minds?

Human ideals! That is the answer. The spiritual element in the heart of man! That is the answer. The natural human desire to build our children into the stature of the strong, the self-reliant—the first in thought and action, individuals with a social conscience.

The ideals which inspired some of the camps I visited; the sane high-minded leadership which informed certain directors; the innate beauty with which they invested their edifying work with the human charges in their care—all these made a mighty appeal to me—who am prone to see the practical aspect, long before the romantic glamour, of every human problem. And I wish that appeal-

ing picture might illumine the conscience and fire the heart of every parent in the land. And our camps—those competently conducted, with a high purpose in practical aid of child-life, would bloom with the flower of American childhood, with the men and women of tomorrow, the leaders of a coming generation.

For our best camps are not merely playgrounds. Nor the resorts of idle heads and idle hands. The science and psychology of teaching the young have evolved a system of balanced daily camp activities which, by their attraction, carry every child forward in terms of energy, health and unrestrained happiness.

Twenty-one years ago a man of noble character and magnetic personality entertained these ideals. He wished every child might find itself, its self-to-be, its bigger, better destiny, in the presence of the inspirations of Nature—and her unconscious lessons. So he built a camp; then six camps; and now, after his camp alumni in many states number nearly 6,000 boys and girls, he thanks God for the privilege he and his family have had in fusing into our national life this battalion of highly-developed and vital personalities, who lead wherever the Day's Work calls for competent or patriotic service.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE's Camp Department aims to assist the qualified camp director to find the right child and the parent to find the right camp. Consult with us and exercise the same caution in the selection of a camp that you would employ in the choice of a private school.

For information about camps address the Director, Department of Education, The Red Book Magazine, 33 West 42nd Street, New York City



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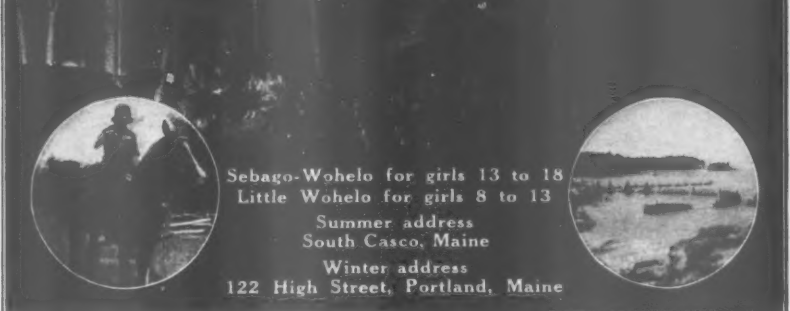
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The Staff of our Department of Education has visited Private Schools from Maine to California. If you do not find a school in these pages to meet your needs, we will gladly assist you in making a selection.

Please furnish the following data: type of school, whether for boy or girl, exact age, previous education, religious affiliation, location desired, approximate amount you plan to expend for board and tuition, and other facts which will enable us to be fully helpful. Enclose stamped return envelope and address

The Director, Department of Education

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You can put off buying better bedding. But you can not escape the consequences. Why not realize, now, that every day you delay, you are defrauding yourself?

Spare a few minutes tonight to examine the bed you sleep on. Compare it, at a dealer's, with the Simmons springs and mattresses he offers in many types and styles—all sold at the lowest prices they can be built of *safe, new materials*.

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in "Vanities of 1923"
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in "Chans"

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Her Clothes

By ANGELO PATRI

Decoration by Everett Shinn

WHY does our daughter wear such funny clothes? Why must she calcimine her nose and rouge her lips and do unutterable things to her brows and lashes? What's the idea of the jingling odds and ends that she ties to her ears and wrists? Such queer things as she wears on her head, and what bewildering shoes on her restless feet! So free and daring, is she a plague on this afflicted land or a blessing in lovely disguise?

That she is lovely you must admit—lovely in spite of the crudities youth always discloses to age. Her glance is level and keen. She walks with an air of sureness, swinging along with the stride of a cavalier. She speaks with the air of one having nothing to conceal and understanding no reason for there being anything to conceal.

This is her chief characteristic, and to the anxious watchers, her most exasperating one. "There should be reserves. Some things are not to be talked about. It is not in good taste to shout them at the top of one's voice."

"What things?" demands this bold creature. "Tell me what they are. Show me what it is you are hiding behind your silence. Let me look at what you are veiling in mystery. Out with the whole whispering tribe!"

So did her grandmother before her. To her we must look for the explanation of the girl of today. When, not so many years ago, a few women shingled their hair, wore stiff shirts and collars and stern serge suits, walked with a swagger and talked with a thump, they were demonstrating the simple fact that women as well as men were people. They had gone out against age-old conventions, and the dress and the manner were but the uniform.

Uniforms are very convenient. They spare one lengthy and embarrassing explanations, and protect one against the too prying curiosity of the uninitiated and the very dull. To be sure, Dr. Mary Walker would have been Dr. Mary Walker without the trousers and the starched shirt, but she could not have made the demonstration that was necessary in her day and generation.

The present day girl is due. The powder and rouge and gay dress, the manner and the "show me" attitude are but her inheritance from an older generation who rebelled against blind adherence to a worn-out code.

There is no need of being so nervous about her. The girl of today is stronger, finer, surer and freer than those who have gone before. She is the daughter of her mother, the flower of her hopes.

No harm is going to come to the young woman who goes out to gather first-hand information and to taste life as it comes racing by. She will drink many a bitter draught? True. But being out "on her own," she can cast it out again, my friend. She will get many a bruise? True. But she will be able to defend herself, being free of body and spirit.

That is the meaning of her uniform. It is the symbol of her demand that she have a chance to find the right place to laugh, the strength to fight through, and enough light to travel safely by. Why not?

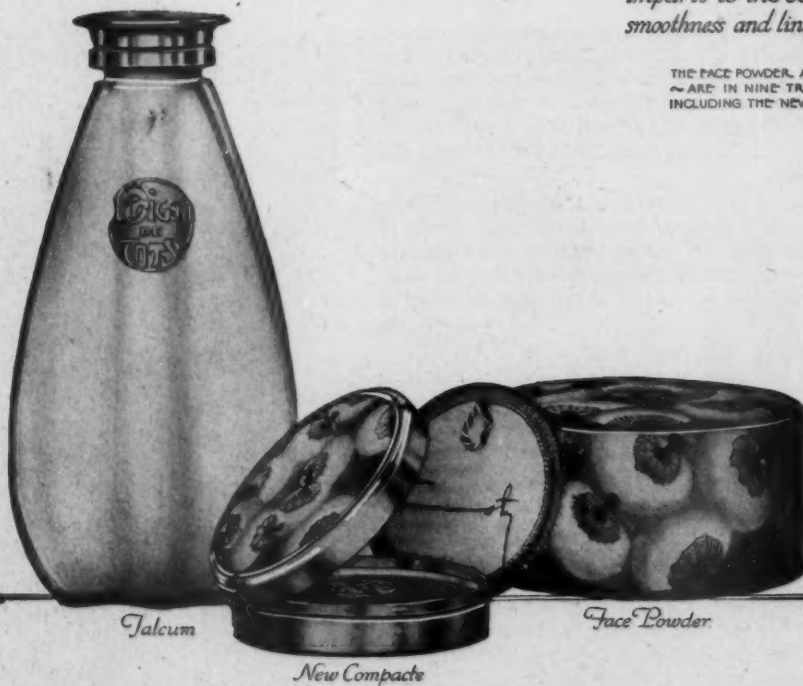




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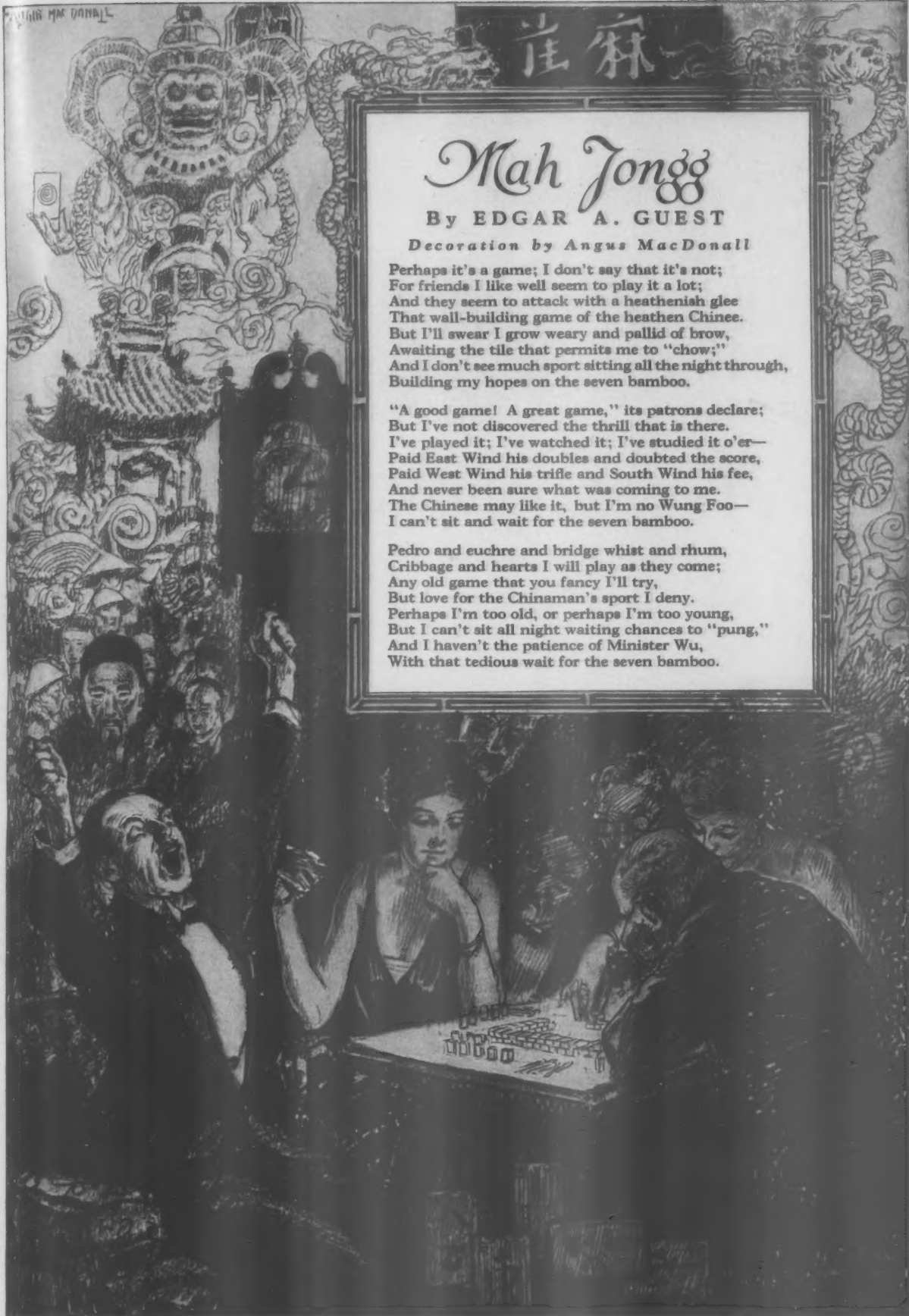
By EDGAR A. GUEST

Decoration by Angus MacDonall

Perhaps it's a game; I don't say that it's not;
For friends I like well seem to play it a lot;
And they seem to attack with a heathenish glee
That wall-building game of the heathen Chinese.
But I'll swear I grow weary and pallid of brow,
Awaiting the tile that permits me to "chow;"
And I don't see much sport sitting all the night through,
Building my hopes on the seven bamboo.

"A good game! A great game," its patrons declare;
But I've not discovered the thrill that is there.
I've played it; I've watched it; I've studied it o'er—
Paid East Wind his doubles and doubted the score,
Paid West Wind his trifle and South Wind his fee,
And never been sure what was coming to me.
The Chinese may like it, but I'm no Wung Foo—
I can't sit and wait for the seven bamboo.

Pedro and euchre and bridge whist and rhum,
Cribbage and hearts I will play as they come;
Any old game that you fancy I'll try,
But love for the Chinaman's sport I deny.
Perhaps I'm too old, or perhaps I'm too young,
But I can't sit all night waiting chances to "pung,"
And I haven't the patience of Minister Wu,
With that tedious wait for the seven bamboo.





What's Become of the "Homely" Girl?

Artists and beauty authorities say she is disappearing

Everywhere women and girls are learning to make the most of their looks.

Evidence of this is all about you. Adorable complexions, fresh and enticing, wherever your eyes turn. The homely girl is of a passing day. Artists and beauty authorities agree to this.

The modern woman knows how easy it is to have the charm of lovely skin. And no one can be "homely" who has it.

The simple secret

Skin gently but thoroughly cleansed—once every day—keeps its glowing youthfulness, its prettiness.

But pay attention to *gently*. Harsh cleansing hurts your skin, mars it, just as surely as the dirt it removes.

Palm and olive oils are the gentlest skin cleansers science knows. They have been used by beautiful women since the dawn of history.

Today women who keep complex-

ion beauty, women who are admired, use these rare oils, perfectly blended, in their modern form—Palmolive Soap.

Wash thoroughly with Palmolive—massage the skin thoroughly with its gentle, soothing lather. Rinse the face. Then, finally, rinse thoroughly in cold water. If your skin is dry, apply a bit of good cold cream. Do this regularly and particularly at night before retiring.

Simple as it is, it is the most effective treatment you can use.

Beauty remains

Skin thus cared for is not injured by dirt and grime, nor by the use of powders, or rouge.

And that soft, clear beauty of schoolgirl days does not disappear with passing years.

Start with Palmolive today—it costs but 10c a cake. You will not wait long to see results that astonish and delight.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.

*Volume and efficiency produce
25c quality for only*

10c



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A Common-sense Editorial by Bruce Barton

First Feed Your Cat

YEARS ago I lived in the same apartment-house with a professional Idealist.

He was such a superior person that I used to feel quite ill at ease in his presence. He talked about social revolution, economic readjustment and other matters I do not understand, and was frankly contemptuous of our middle-class habits and philosophies.

But I noticed a slight rip in the fine garment of his perfection. His soul was so much absorbed with nobler thoughts that he neglected the little detail of supporting his wife and child. He did not pay his bills. And when he went away for the summer, he left his cat in the hallway.

We had to feed the cat.

Now, I am content to have you label yourself an "Idealist," a "Liberal" or even a "Reformer," provided you don't assume that this gives you the right to ride free on the world and criticize the paying passengers.

But some one ought to point out occasionally that not all Idealists have been an asset, by any means. Persecutions and wars are the fruits of Idealism, as well as revivals and reforms.

Said Anatole France: "Robespierre was an optimist who believed in virtue. If you want to make men perfect, you end, like Robespierre, by desiring to guillotine them. Marat believed in

justice and demanded two hundred thousand heads."

This is too cynical a statement, but it contains a large grain of truth. Some one once asked me: "Are you a liberal or a conservative?"

I answered: "If, by a conservative, you mean a man who thinks that we live in the best of all possible worlds, then I am not a conservative. If, by a liberal, you mean a man who thinks that whatever is is wrong, then I am not one of those, either."

Our present social order, with all its defects, represents the best that human beings have been able to work out for themselves. Before any man sets himself up as a professional critic of it, I want to ask him four simple questions:

One: Have you a family and are you supporting it? If not, don't pick on me. I have, and am.

Two: Have you engaged in some gainful occupation and shared the problems and worries of the employers you are so ready to condemn?

Three: Are you tolerant and fair-minded toward those who disagree with you?

Four: Do you pay your bills?

I am an ineffectual being in an imperfect world. But if you are going to appoint yourself to act as my preceptor and guide, I insist that you first feed your cat.



"I wonder," wonders Sally Jollyco to herself, "if I shall ever be as lovely as Cousin Joan."

Fancy charming Sally wondering that!

The plain truth about soap and beauty



"Look, Sally," smiles Cousin Joan, who has just returned from Capri, Cannes, Naples and points South.

"Why, Cousin Joan, you didn't get Guest Ivory abroad!"

"No, my dear—this is the last cake but one from the carton you gave me before I sailed. That gift was worth all the flowers and candy, because I used it constantly. All the time I was away I didn't find any soap I liked as well."

IN these days of promised "soap-magic," women are often surprised to learn that, whatever a soap may claim, the utmost it can do for their complexion is to cleanse it safely. No more!

This simple truth prevents delusions about soap claims and goes to the very heart of the whole soap subject.

Dr. William Allen Pusey, perhaps the best known authority in America on the care of the skin, says that soap's function is to cleanse—not to cure or to transform. Further, he recommends, as the most effective method of achieving and maintaining a lovely skin, *simple daily washing with warm water and pure soap, followed by a rinsing in cool or cold water.* If you have a dry skin, use a small amount of cold cream.

Among all soaps, quite regardless of cost, Ivory is usually first choice for such a method, because Ivory has for generations been distinguished for purity and gentleness. Doctors recommend it for babies. Hospitals find it almost indispensable. Millions of women have used it to achieve and maintain a beautiful skin. It contains neither coloring matter nor medicaments. It is pure soap.

And we now offer you Guest Ivory—a dainty new cake of Ivory, especially designed for the face and hands—charming in dress, convenient for slim fingers, and fitting in every way to grace the wash-stands of fastidious women. Guest Ivory is truly as fine a soap for the skin as can be bought, yet its modest price is five cents.

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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

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KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, *Editor*



Illustrated by
Frederic R. Gruger

Floss looked tired. The
cellar had taken much of
her time the last few days.

The Bridge of Beauty

By GEORGE WESTON

IT wasn't far from St. Nicholas Avenue.

You crossed a small triangular square (if you can imagine such a thing) partly shadowed by a towering storage warehouse of red brick; and there, after you had passed a millinery-shop which changed owners more often than styles, and a bird-store which always seemed to have a litter of friendly puppies in the window, and a secondhand bookshop with bins outside full of fruit from the tree of knowledge which no one, apparently, ever stopped to pick—after you had passed these, you found yourself in front of a quiet little store with the legend "Melton Pentroyd, Drugs," on the awning.

And the moment you saw it, you knew

George Weston knows Constantinople and Tunis and Rome and London as well as most folks know the palms of their hands. Yet he has never written a story against a foreign background. America seems to be good enough for him, and his farm down in Connecticut a little bit the best of all. But he can write because he has lived. Burly in his shaggy tweeds, he's the last man you'd select to write as tenderly as he does in this story.

that something must of course be wrong. For one thing, there were no modern druggist's accessories in the windows—no phonograph records, for instance; no naughty little dancing dolls doing the shimmy; no wrist-watches that would go for at least a week; no electric irons, bimbo puzzles, humidors, goldfish, alarm-clocks—nothing, in fact, to make you think that you could get drugs there, except possibly two enormous glass vases, one filled with red water and the other with green, each with a gas-jet burning behind it at night. And between these chromatic lighthouses, in the spring there was sometimes a keg of camphor-balls lying on its side with half its con-

tents spilled out; and in the fall there was a crisscross of licorice-sticks arranged like a pile of railroad ties; but as a rule there was nothing more striking between the vases than a small framed sign, "Prescriptions Carefully Filled," or one of those changeable pictures showing how a lady looks both before and after she has taken a bottle of Dr. So-and-So's Celebrated Tone-up Tonic.

You can very well understand from this that passers-by sometimes murmured to themselves "Phony drugstore!" especially at night when there was seldom anyone visible inside, and the lights were none too bright. And when a stranger entered even in the daytime, and saw the queer stock-shelves with nothing but bottles and packages of drugs on them, he couldn't very well help looking at the high partition which divided the store into two parts, and wondering what dark, what obscure, tricks were going on back there.

Indeed, strangers entered more often than you might think, first walking past, a time or two, as though they were sizing things up. At the right of the door was a diminutive cigar-stand, at the left an apologetic soda fountain—but the aforesaid strangers seldom noticed these.

"Boss in?" they would ask the boy.

"Yes sir. Busy putting up prescriptions."

"Tell him I'd like to see him, please—just for a minute."

The boy would disappear behind the partition with a wise look, and presently the proprietor himself would appear,—as dapper as you please in his white coat,—a quiet little man with plenty of hair but not much color, not as young as he used to be, but certainly not old—a quiet little man with a detached look as though his mind was still at the back of his high partition.

"You the proprietor?"

"Yes sir."

That seemed to be immutable formula, decreed from Olympus; but when it was done, the stranger would lean over the counter and began to whisper, "Zz-zz-zz!"—sometimes buzzing hoarsely as though at a thrice-told tale, sometimes so deeply moved with his own eloquence that he would fairly tremble again. But the end, like the beginning, was always the same.

"I have none," the proprietor would tell him, interrupting as soon as he could.

The next whisper generally began: "For God's sake—"

"Sorry; no, I haven't a thing," the proprietor would interrupt again. "No; I don't. . . . I don't know where you can get it."

And back he would go behind his partition, leaving the stranger baffled but unconvinced.

"He's taking no chances," the latter generally told himself. "He has to know you first. . . . Guess he's had the brakes put on him more than once."

This last reflection was based upon Melton Pentroyd's manner, which underneath everything else—back of his detached air, back of his introspective glance—seemed to have something apprehensive in it, as though at any moment he half expected to hear a dreaded voice, or feel a dreaded hand upon his shoulder. If, however, some of those observing strangers could have followed him on the evening when our story opens, they might have received enlightenment from a source perhaps undreamed of in their first philosophy.

AT a quarter to six Mell left his store in charge of the young clerk, and almost immediately became an inconspicuous ripple in the larger human waves that surged along One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. There he allowed himself to be carried along to the Fort Lee Ferry, making the crossing standing at the rear of the middle gangway, a horse on one side of him, which he patted now and then, and a covered truck on the other, to which he paid not the slightest attention, not even mildly wondering what was in it. Arrived at the Jersey shore, he took a trolley up the steep rise, standing on the back platform and, when the car had started its climb, looking back now and then at the magnificent city which he was leaving behind him on the other side of the river.

Upon reaching the top of the hill, the trolley clanged along toward the north until it reached a corner where a number of shops brightened an otherwise quietly disposed residential quarter. There Mell disembarked, and after making purchases at two of the stores, he walked along a pleasant street until he came to a dark-brown house that stood back from the sidewalk, its small square of lawn graced by two hydrangea bushes which looked as though they needed a good stiff dose of Dr. So-and-So's Celebrated Tone-up Tonic themselves. Here he let himself in with a key, and although he did it quietly, as he did everything else, all at once the door that led into the kitchen was opened, and he found him-

self blinking at the dominating figure of his wife, who suddenly appeared before him like the figure of Nemesis in one of the old morality plays.

"Bring the bread?" she asked.

"Yes," said Mell.

"And the meat?"

"Yes," he said again.

"Chops?"

"Chops, my dear; yes."

"Wonder you wouldn't bring a steak once in a while. You know I like it."

Mell didn't remind her that he had brought steak twice that week, having learned in the school of experience that reminders were not among the best offerings that he could make his wife. Instead, he silently went into the kitchen with his parcels and pretended not to notice the disapproving clatter which Floss was already making in settling the frying-pan upon the stove. *Dominating*: there is no other word which describes her quite so well—dominating and built upon lines which in the last few years had been growing like Mr. Phinney's turnip, and more than filled the eye.

WHILE the chops were cooking, Mell discreetly retired into the sitting-room, and went to the bay-window facing the east. If you had been a chance visitor at the Pentroyds', you would have been unprepared for that window. From the street the house promised nothing; and from the hall and kitchen one certainly caught no expectation of great things. At the back of the house, however, the land sloped down abruptly, so that from the Pentroyds' sitting-room window, and from the chamber above, could be seen a panorama so stupendous that it caught the breath. Immediately below was a descending foreground of tree-tops and roofs. Beyond that lay the Hudson. And beyond that again arose the almost miraculous, the most incredible city of modern times, mad, bad, but beautiful always when seen from this distance, especially as Mell now saw it, when twilight was falling over it like an evening mantle, and its jewels were beginning to gleam.

He turned at last and glanced around the room. It had been his mother's house once, and this had been her room, quietly furnished in an old-fashioned style that had only survived her a few weeks—spindly-legged Windsor chairs, a walnut what-not, a cabinet organ with a railing on the top as though the Goddess of Music lived up there and mustn't be allowed to fall off, a gate-legged table, a wire stand filled with flowers—hyacinths in the early spring and scented geraniums and fuchsias later on.

The new furniture was more like Floss: hard, overstuffed, and covered with fancy bits of lace that were obviously not for comfortable use. Mell had been against the change, but it had been the last time that he had openly crossed the lady who had once promised to honor and obey him. His detached air sometimes fell upon him when he remembered the row she had raised. No ordinary storm, that, but rather a gale, a tempest, a tornado! One more word from him, and she would probably have shaken him, or—as the novelists say—or worse.

Again Mell turned to the window. From the kitchen he caught the smell of the chops, heard the fat sizzling in the pan, knew that some of it was spattering back of the stove to join the hardened showers already there. A larger, more peremptory sound arose.

"How was business today?"

"Not—very good," he answered.

"No, and never will be, the way you're going on!"

Mell picked up the evening paper, as though to shelter himself behind it. Sooner or later he felt there must be another storm—and possibly another tornado—about the way in which he was going on at the store.

"What's that?" demanded Floss from the kitchen.

"Nothing. I didn't speak."

"If you've anything to say, say it out!" she called.

A dreadful voice, yes—and a dreadful hand behind it, quite capable lately of what the novelists describe as—worse. Mell felt the tightness of an ache in his throat, mourning perhaps at the approaching orphanage of his own identity, which fast seemed to be losing its lone male parent. He had once heard himself described as "an inoffensive little man." But even if he were little, other little men got along and were happy. For that matter, Julius Caesar hadn't been a giant, and neither had Napoleon Bonaparte, nor Marshall P. Wilder. And as for being inoffensive, for being reluctant to hurt anyone's feelings, surely that wasn't a crime to be met with punishment. Lately, however, as though



"Something like that," he agreed. "It's hard to tell; but I'm sure there's a toll to pay."

for his sins, he had felt himself disappearing, moonlike, more and more completely into the shadow of his masterful wife.

"If I could only get away once in a while!" he thought.

Floss wouldn't have that, though—wouldn't even let him stay in the city for dinner and the evening business. Mell's memory went back to the night before he was entirely tamed when he had tried to escape the crack of the whip by sleeping at the store. She had come after him, and there had been a rattle at the locked door, his wife's staccato presently joined by the diapason of a policeman, and finally a scene at which he could still shudder a little whenever he wanted to think about it.

"Darned if I know," he told himself with a helpless gesture; and he didn't realize that in those four words he was expressing the sum of practically all human wisdom.

From the kitchen the odor of frying onions now wreathed into the sitting-room. Mell couldn't eat fried onions; even the odor bothered him. He turned to the paper again and happened to glance at a musical criticism in which it had pleased the writer to fashion obliquities.

"In the second movement," he read, "Moskowski has evidently tried to project the line of perfect beauty."

It might have been the mystical turn of the phrase which first warned Mell's imagination and caused him to read it twice.

"The line of perfect beauty," he thought, and after looking out at the darkening view for a few moments, he added with that smile which you sometimes see on children who want to be fooled by a fairy tale even while they know they are not being fooled, "I wonder if there's any such thing!"

Yes, he finally told himself with the same faint smile, there might be. Or at least, it was conceivable. If the rose was the most beautiful flower in the world, if the Bay of Naples (as he had read) was the most beautiful harbor in the world, if Caruso had once had the most beautiful voice in the world, it was possible, just possible, that one might draw a line which would be the most beautiful line in the world—a line which would make all others look crude, the line of perfect beauty.

"Must be some sort of curve," he thought. "Couldn't hardly be a straight line, or have corners in it."

Almost unconsciously he had taken a pencil from his pocket and now began tracing vaguely conceived curves on the back of an envelope, arcs, waves, brackets, spirals, parabolas—looking now through the window, and now around the room for inspiration, more interested than he knew, his troubles for the moment forgotten.

"That looks like a bird's wing," he thought once. "That looks like a breaker curling over."

As is often the case, it was a lady who fetched the gentleman back to the earth where he belonged.

"Dinner's ready!" called Floss.

"All right."

But for all his alacrity of speech, there was more than a shade of reluctance in the manner in which he put pencil and envelope back in his pocket and started for the kitchen. . . .

Mell didn't think of the critic's obliquities again till next day when, at the store, he took all the papers out of his pocket in search of a memorandum which he had mislaid, a list

of things that he wished to order—"Cit. Mag., Zinc Ox., Casc. Sag.," and then on the back of the old envelope he came across his sketches of the previous evening.

"That's right," he thought, smiling as a man will sometimes smile when unexpectedly he falls upon an old love-letter. "I'd nearly forgotten."

Leaning over the counter and using it for a desk, he tried again—flowing lines and lines carefully achieved, lines studiously thought out and lines depending upon inspiration. It was an idiotic enterprise, of course, and he knew it. But—equally of course, the line must be a curve.

For some reason the conceit stayed with him.

On his way to lunch, for instance, he caught sight of a vase in Blumstein's window.

"That's pretty good," he thought, and tried to memorize the profile, so that he could draw it later.

On his way back from lunch, a flower-basket on a Greek florist's stand attracted him.

"That's pretty good too," he told himself, taking it in with attentive eyes. "I must remember that."

He was busy in the afternoon, but on his way home in the evening his newly born hobby returned to him at the sight of a rippling feather of water at the bow of the Albany night-boat which passed in front of the ferry.

"That's pretty," he thought, and began looking around him with a new interest—searching for lines of beauty in the Palisades across the river, in the outlines of a yacht at anchor, even in such hitherto unconsidered trifles as the hats and bare arms of some of the girls around him. Not far from home he noticed a fanlight over a door which he had never remarked before. The festoon around the border especially pleased him, and he walked slowly, almost stopping, in order to fasten the design in his mind.

That night he had been careful to take home a steak, and while it was being cooked, he sat in the next room, his pencil busy on another old envelope. Once he thought his wife was coming in, and as a boy at school hides *Happy Days* underneath his "Geography of the World," Mell hid his envelope under the evening paper. It was a false alarm, though.

"I wonder what she'd say if she caught me?" he asked himself.

The answer was clear. She would either call him crazy or a fool, and make no bones about it, but promptly get it off her mind in good, blunt speech. He mustn't allow her to catch him; that was all. It pleased him then, when, for the first time, he saw that he had found a place where Floss couldn't follow him, a retreat of whose existence she could never guess. He returned to his envelope with a new pleasure, then. A curve, yes—it was surely a curve, and probably a slender one.

"How was business today?" Floss asked him when she had dulled the edge of her appetite with most of the steak.

"Not—very good," said he.

Quietly he had been watching her. No, he told himself, there weren't many lines of beauty there. She had always been stout, which can sometimes be attractive in a woman up to a certain point; but Floss had passed that point long ago, passed it on the run and left it far behind. She ate too much, apparently regarding the business of eating as a personal matter between herself and whatever was on her plate, breathing hard, plying her knife and fork as though they were dagger and sword, performing wonders of execution. Between meals she was continually making brisk onslaughts upon the refrigerator, and never thought of going to bed until she had refreshed herself with a good-night snack. Before prohibition, she had been an expert in those mysterious items which used to figure on the grocery bills as "merchandise"—"1 pkg. Mchandise.....\$1.25." And since the passage of the Volstead Act, she had become an adept in homemade brews, her aura often too malty for disguise when, out of breath but strong in satisfaction, she came up out of the cellar from a test of her latest achievement. There had been such an atmosphere around her that night when Mell came home; and although the steak had kept her quiet for an interval, now that she was filled, she began to make up for lost time.

"No," she said; "and let me tell you something: Business never will be any good with you until you take a tumble to yourself and find which way you're headed. Joe Laurens, who keeps the corner drugstore at the bottom of the hill, he's going to build a whole new block down there, and they say he paid fifteen thousand dollars, cash, for those two old houses next to his place, last week. That's what real business does, if you've only got sense enough to go in for it right."

Mell didn't answer; but at times like this, his silence only made her more loquacious, more emphatic.

"Ed Lonergan was in today for the wet-wash," she continued, "and I was just finishing bottling that last batch. You know what he said? You know what Ed Lonergan said? He said he hadn't tasted anything so good since prohibition. He said you could easily sell all I made; and that if you didn't want to, he could."

Again Mell said nothing, feeling, perhaps, that silence is golden, but again she gained new strength and speed.

"And there's Herman Egge," she continued. "Got a brand-new car, and everybody knows how he got it. And Ed Lister: everybody knows that he aint making his money selling pills."



And Joe Wulfers—and Gene Purdy—going to Europe next week, if you please, and going to take her with him. Makes me sick, I tell you, sticking here year after year, working like a slave, and getting nothing for it!"

During this, Mell had caught sight of a pitcher on the table, an old thing of pewter in which the spoons were kept, one of the few articles still left in the house which had belonged to his mother. It had been fashioned by artisans long since dead—unknown, unsung; but from the curves of the handle that melted into a wave of line which swept across the top, paused for a moment at the jutting spout and then swept down in three slender undulations which finally came slowly to rest at the broadened base, Mell knew that he was looking at beauty of line—beauty unmistakable and pure, beauty so mutely appealing that there was something poignant in the thought that it had been there so long, unseen, neglected, uncared for.

"Do you hear me?" said Floss, her voice growing louder as she noticed his inattention.

"Yes."

"Well, then, why don't you say something?"

"Say something? What's the use?" he asked, his attention still on the pitcher.

"Oh-ho!" said Floss in an ominous voice; and although he didn't look at her, he knew that she was bridling, donning invisible armor and taking her weapons in hand. "So that's it, is it? Well, now, let me tell you something. If it's too much trouble for you to speak to me, I can mighty soon find somebody else who'll be glad of the chance!"

Mell knew that she meant Ed Lonergan. He stirred uneasily

he going to stop there? This hiding-place which he had found in his mind, this retreat where Floss couldn't follow him—was it to be closed now, not to be used again?

"If I could only look for something else!" was his first vague reaction.

He knew it would have to be something simple, something at least as easy as tracing lines on the backs of old envelopes. Modeling, coloring, rhyming—things like these were as far beyond him as Sanskrit or differential calculus.

"Something, too, that wouldn't show," he hesitated, "something that Floss wouldn't see, any more than she could see what I was thinking about!"

He paused then, his head on one side again, his eyes bright, his own words giving him his next idea.

"That's right," he slowly told himself. "Nobody can see thoughts. So now that I've got a line of beauty, I'll see if I can get a thought of beauty—something really wonderful that has never been thought before."

His first attempts were zigzagged from his mind almost as soon as they entered: "Hope is the star of morning," "Patience is the doorway to happiness," "Silence is hard to answer."

"Sounds as though I've heard them before," he told himself. "I want to get something of my own."

Thinking of things that he had heard before, he was reminded of a saying which he had learned at school: "Stars are the forget-me-nots of the angels."

"Look more like jewels to me," he told himself, and after a period of almost painful concentration, he changed it to, "Stars are the jewels of heaven."

"Sounds kind of high-flown," he thought, "and somehow it doesn't get you. I'll have to find

something better than that—something that goes deeper and makes you feel good every time you say it over to yourself."

The next morning, going down cellar to fetch the coal, he chanced to see a cobweb with a yellow-striped spider in residence. "There!" he thought, his far-away air suddenly falling upon him. "The spider is the tiger of the insects. How's that?"

There was certainly no beauty in it, but as he shoveled the coal into the hod, he was conscious of a feeling of elation. Yes, it was a poor thing, this thought which he had expressed about the spiders, but at least it was his own. So far as Mell knew, nobody had ever thought of it before.

On his way to lunch that day, passing Kramer's Secondhand Bookshop, one of the books in the bargain bins—"Quips and Quotations"—attracted him. It was, as he had hoped, filled with epigrams alphabetically arranged, and he turned straightway to "Beauty."

(Continued on page 130)



"What you mooning around for so much?" Floss asked Mell. Ed Lonergan grinned.

in his chair but said nothing. "What's the use?" he asked himself again; for like the man in the old-time song, Mell had been there before, many a time—many a time.

Next morning Mell took the pitcher to the store, and set it behind the prescription counter, between the Nux. Vom. and the Strych.

"Yes sir," he told himself, stepping back, his head on one side, "I do believe I've found it."

He compared its profile with the other lines which he had either seen or conceived—the vase in Blumstein's window, the Greek's flower-basket, the feathery wave in front of the night-boat, the wing of a bird: but all that was beautiful in those he found in the lines of the pewter pitcher on his prescription shelf.

"Absolutely it," he told himself. "No sir, I'll never be able to beat that!"

At first his feeling was of satisfaction, but as the day grew on, a dim sense of something missing came to him. Although he couldn't express it in words, his quest of the line had meant more to him than its capture. Now that the search was ended, was

They'll tell you at Virginia Hot Springs that Wallace Irwin is the best bad golfer that ever played the famous course down there. He is supposed to have the highest score ever made. "I set out to be a bad golfer," says Mr. Irwin, "and by keeping persistently at it, I've achieved the satisfaction of seeing my game grow worse and worse with each season, until now I occupy my present unique position, which I purpose defending to the last bunker, so to speak."

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

Mary on Her Own

By

WALLACE IRWIN

The Story So Far:

MARY rebelled almost at the last moment—refused the dreary prospect of marrying smug, dull, proper, wealthy Stannard Mapes; and her rebellion took a curious form: she fled leaving only a note of farewell from the home of her stepmother Mrs. Winsted Parr, and took a situation as parlor-maid in a house at Atlantic City.

Two things had fanned Mary's discontent to the blazing point: leaving a theater with her fiancé one night, she happened to see a man on the street strike his woman companion; and when Mary appealed to Mapes to interfere, he declined—though another bystander, whom Mary dubbed in her mind her "Tough Knight Errant," promptly fell upon the brutal one and by forceful measures exacted apology from him. Naturally, Mapes' stock went down on Mary's ticker—and it never had reached a really matrimonial par.

Shortly thereafter Mary had a talk with her eccentric Aunt Arabella, Mrs. Aphorpe Thorpe, a spiritualist and passionate globe-trotter, and that forthright old lady urged the girl to live her own life, see the world and not put herself under the domination of any mere man. So—Mary rebelled; and the by-chance-overheard conversation of a servant seeking a new situation sent the impulsive girl to an employment agency and to the parlor-maid's job.

But Mary's adventures on her own had only begun; and certain surprising coincidences troubled her exceedingly: for one thing, her new employer claimed to be named Mrs. Aphorpe Thorpe—and that was her Aunt Arabella's name! Moreover Mary was sent ahead of her employer and the other servants to the Atlantic City house; she arrived after dark; and after she had let herself in and was rummaging for food, she was terrified to encounter on the cellar stairs a man who seemed to be a burglar, but who was also certainly none other than her Tough Knight Errant of the after-theater episode. (*The story continues in detail:*)

THERE is a nervous limitation, making it impossible to endure or enjoy any sensation beyond a certain point. At sight of the familiar face gazing up from Mrs. Thorpe's basement, Mary Hamilton's heart leaped less wildly. Possibly it was because of her first impression of the Tough Knight Errant, protector of women, scourge of cowards, that she gained at once in courage. But the nature of his work was all too apparent, even to her indulgent eyes.

"Are you aware whose house you have broken into?" she asked with all the dignity at her command.

"Sure," said he with an engaging smile. "Are you?"

As he came up the stairs, he had removed his cloth cap, disclosing a vigorous growth of black hair that ran, straight as a

ruled line, across his forehead. He wore a green sweater-vest, and the collar of his striped flannel shirt was turned up. His whole person seemed to express virility and health. What a pity! This was Mary Hamilton's thought, for she could see at his feet two large handbags, stuffed with loot, announcing the sorry nature of his trade.

"I didn't mean to swear," he admitted shamefacedly as he leaned against a wall. "But I was jarred a little."

"How about me?" she asked, indignant that he should have frightened her so and stand there grinning about it.

"Fifty-fifty, I should say," he admitted. "There's a telephone in the pantry. Why don't you call for the police? There's really a swell force at Atlantic City."

He opened his generous mouth to a pleasant, full-lunged laugh which showed a gold tooth.

"There's nothing to prevent me," she replied brazenly, and then in a somewhat tremulous afterthought, "except you."

"What d'you think I am? A lounge-lizard?"

HIS last question showed a contempt for the breed which his gallant behavior of the night before had so practically displayed.

"Whatever you are," she replied more in sorrow than in anger, "you're in a pretty poor business."

"What do you know about my business?" His face hardened for an instant, to relax as quickly a moment later. "A lot of people think so, I guess—or they would if they knew more about me."

One of his hands sought a pocket, from which a long, ingeniously shaped bit of iron had been protruding. Somewhat nervously he thrust this burglarious tool out of sight and continued self-defensively:

"It's hard luck to have 'em all against you. But I've found long ago that you can't please yourself and the rest of the world at the same time."

At that instant a diabolical flash of lightning, followed by deafening thunder, broke the strange dialogue and seemed to tear the house to its foundations. Then dead silence—and darkness. The electric lights had gone out.

"That was a haymaker, all right!" boomed the rich bass. "Blew out a fuse, I guess."

He had clicked on his torch, which threw a tiny searchlight ray behind which he moved invisible. She could hear his heavy boots scuffling across the linoleum and his explanation: "Don't you worry—I'll fix that."

His searchlight swept the room in wide arcs and settled upon a small white door in the wall. When he swung this open, the interior revealed an electric switchboard.

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"I gotcha dead to rights. Yer the kind that lets the gen'lemen kiss ya behind the door and takes five dollars to say nothin'."

"Thought so!" chuckled the deep voice while the light passed along rows of, porcelain handles. "Now, where d'you suppose they keep 'em? Never can tell what a pack of women'll do—hello!" He had discovered a pasteboard box, and from this he had selected a coppersy contrivance with a screw-end. "Have this on in a minute. Don't you worry. Not afraid of the dark, are you?"

"No—no," said Mary out of the gloom.

"Good. Most women are."

He was working with the speed of a skilled electrician, holding the torch with one hand while the other rummaged along the switchboard. He whistled softly as he searched.

"Hoo-ray!" he jubilated finally.

Something clicked, and instantaneously the lights blazed on. The burglar's broad face was wreathed in smiles. Mary wondered at a certain boyish beauty which seemed to reveal itself when he smiled. He was certainly in his early twenties; yet there was something prematurely old about his face.

"You really did that very nicely," said Mary.

"Oh, pshaw!" He stood blushing like a schoolboy. "We've got to know a little bit of everything in our line."

He had begun an uneasy shuffling toward the basement stairs when Mary cut off his retreat and said in a tone that was almost pleading: "I'm not going to inform on you. You needn't be afraid—there's nobody in the house but me."

"Honest?" His heavy black eyebrows went up.

"Quite honest," she assured him.

"Well, you have got sporting blood!" he exclaimed, and again he opened his mouth to that pleasant, deep laugh.

"I hope I have," said Mary, enjoying the blunt compliment. And then, inspired by a teasing imp: "You've got the run of the house, you see. Since you're an electrician, you wont have any trouble cutting off the telephone. Then you can tie me up and ransack at your leisure."

Because of the hurt look in his eyes she was sorry she had spoken.

"I'm not such a bum sport myself," he told her.

"I'm sorry," said Mary, and was embarrassed.



Her first glance took in a scene which brought a climax to the drama. Mrs. Thorpe, unashamed, was holding the burglar in her arms!

"Gee, but it does look comfy in here," resumed the Tough Knight Errant, blinking with one of his attractively shy chuckles. "I worked in the dark so long it made me sort of bat-eyed. And say! I'll bet I was scareder than you were when the basement door opened and you peeked down—"

He studied her curiously, but looked the other way when she caught his gaze.

"How did you get in?" she asked, trying to speak severely to this overgrown lad.

"If I told you," he grinned, "you might try to do it yourself. And you couldn't, because you haven't got the strength here."

He indicated a wide, sinewy wrist which was girt by a leather thong on which a businesslike watch ticked. She noticed that his big, square-fingered hands were white, and that one of them had been patched across the knuckles by a strip of adhesive plaster. The sight of his gigantic bulk and the thought of her isolation should have brought terror. Strangely enough, she felt secure.

"Wont you have some tea?" she invited. "I'm trying to find something to eat."

"Thanks," he concurred. "But look here. You'll never make water boil on that stove unless you turn it on right. You're heating the oven."

He strode over to the electric range, clicked, pulled and pressed at the mechanism. In an instant he had brought the lid under the kettle to a red-hot glow.

"Nothing like knowing how," he assured her with a gold-toothed grin. "Found anything to eat?"

"I was just beginning to look when—"

"You heard me. I'm a noisy worker. That's what they all say."

An awful thought entered Mary Hamilton's mind, and she asked breathlessly:

"There isn't anybody else down there?"

"Not that I know of," he assured her. "I usually work alone. Let's get something to eat. I'll bet you haven't had your dinner, and I'm empty inside like a bass drum. Just follow me—you'll never find where the grub's located—not in a thousand years."

He advanced resolutely toward the complicated pantries, and stooped to fumble among locker doors.



"Like sardines?" he called out to her.
"Anything would taste good now," she replied.
"Same here. And there's some marmalade and some fancy cookies. See what's here! Clam chowder. What'd you think of people bringing canned clam chowder to Atlantic City?"

He came out into the kitchen, his rangy arms burdened with supplies which he threw carelessly on an oilclothed table. His florid face was aglow with pleasure, and he was whistling softly through his teeth as he opened cans at the point of a patent pocketknife. While Mary was hunting for a teapot, he had taken down one of Mrs. Thorpe's copper skillets, turned on more electric heat and put on the canned chowder. He was indeed perfectly at home.

"Found a bottle of milk as I came in," he explained. "Milkman must have beat the family to it. Sorry I drank it all up."

The bread and milk, apparently, had made no impression upon his appetite, for he attacked the hot soup ravenously, and under its comforting influence he asked:

"Surprised to meet me this way—down cellar?"

"Yes. And awfully sorry, too," she admitted.

"Why?" The idea seemed novel to him.

"The first time I saw you, it was only in a flash. I thought you one of the finest gentlemen I ever met. You did it so well. And I hoped, if I ever saw you again—"

"How did you want it to be?" His handsome eyes opened wide, to illuminate the ruggedness of his face.

"Oh, somehow different."

"Playing polo, maybe, or coming out of the Metropolitan Opera House with a flower in my buttonhole?"

"I'm not impressed any more by that sort of thing." Mary paused for words. "But I expected something—something honorable."

The muscular felon flushed and looked down at his plate.

"Let me give you some sardines," she suggested. "I know you're capable of doing fine things. You can't make anything but trouble for yourself and others, at this sort of mischief. You'll be caught finally. Things you get this way wont do you any good."

She halted on this last statement, feeling that it was a trifle trite.

"What do you think I ought to do for a living?" he asked earnestly. "That's bothered me a lot."

"Just see the way you handled the electric lights, and the stove. You might become an inventor. And the Y. M. C. A. gives instruction free."

"A fat chance I'd have there!" he broke in gloomily.

"I'm sure they'd do everything in the world to help you if they thought you had reformed."

He sat irresolute, passing his fingers through the mass of dark hair above his crinkled brow. He would have been handsome, Mary concluded, were it not for his nose, which had the devastated look of an object once broken and poorly repaired.

"Somehow or other," he confessed, "I've never been able to keep my mind on anything useful. Queer about me."

His words touched a spot in Mary's heart. How like her own directionless life!

"Maybe it's the fault of what you reformers call environment," he hinted rather mournfully.

"Mothers are sometimes to blame—" began Mary.

"No use dragging Ma in," he muttered. "She's had an awful tussle with me, I guess."

"But do you think she'd like to know tonight that you've been breaking into a house, taking things away?"

"Say not!" he replied, almost panic-stricken.

Suddenly the shame melted from his face, and his eyes took on a cunning look as he shot out the question:

"Look here, young lady. What are you doing here?"

"I came in with Mrs. Thorpe's key," she replied with dignity.

"Yes. But where did you get the key?"

"It was given to me by Mrs. Thorpe. I'm a servant."

"A which?" he fairly bellowed.

"A servant," she repeated, perhaps a little unsteadily.

"Yes, you are!" His grin widened until the handsome eyes were almost closed. "Servants don't come down the marble steps of the Ritz, wearing pink opera-cloaks with ermine trimmings. They don't wear silver slippers and strings of pearls—real pearls—round their necks. Servants are good an' rich nowadays, but not so rich as that."

It was Mary Hamilton's turn to be embarrassed.

"You've remembered me pretty well," she said with a nervous laugh.

"I'll never forget you," replied the Tough Knight Errant, and in spite of her sudden wish to be rid of him, her heart rejoiced in its feminine vanity.

"Do you mind telling me your name?" He asked this so artlessly—there was something about him that reminded her of a great Dane puppy.

"Mary," she replied. "And yours?"

"Artie."

"Well, Artie," she persisted, glad to be diverted from her own story, "wont you agree with me?"

"About my learning a trade?"

"Well, yes—something you'll not be ashamed of."

"Look here, Mary." Her name fell so naturally from his lips that she felt no resentment at the familiarity. There was a look of candor in his eyes as he went on: "You're dead right. Mary, if I should tell you something, could you keep it?"

"Sacredly," she replied.

"Well, I am learning a trade. It's a bear."

"Good!" She clapped her hands. "And what is it?"

The Tough Knight Errant opened his generous mouth as if to

"I will close it with my own seal," promised the professor. "My seal has hitherto been regarded as sufficient protection against fraud."



speaking. Then he looked guiltily around, and the secretive expression returned.

"You wouldn't understand, I'm afraid."

"Why not?"

"Women don't."

This stung Mary Hamilton, who had quit her other world because of man's intolerance.

"How do you know what women do and what they don't?" she challenged.

"Oh," he muttered, "the ladies are in about everything nowadays, I'll admit. My hands are up."

"Perhaps you've never associated with the right ones," hinted the amateur reformer.

"Guess not," he conceded mournfully.

But it was plain to see that other and more important business was on his mind. He shuffled to his feet, strode across the room and peered out into the darkness.

"Storm about over," he announced. "Well, it's been a nice party, but I must be going."

He came back and held out his hand, and seeing her puzzled look, further explained: "It was mighty nice of you to feed me. I sure did dread the thought of hauling those two bags on an empty stomach."

"After all I've said,"—Mary arose and faced him resolutely,— "you're not going to take that loot right out of this house and keep on—"

"Sorry," he apologized. "But I'm half an hour late now. And if I don't get the stuff out of here—"

With a dexterity remarkable in so large a body he stepped around her and began charging down the basement stairs. The

girl above, craning down, could see him pick up the two heavy handbags. A few minutes before, in her softened mood, she had determined to let him go, empty-handed, and with a good lesson in his heart. But the sight of his criminal disregard of all she had said caused her veins to boil with the fighting blood of Colonial ancestors.

"You're not going to take those bags out of this house," she almost shrieked.

The big fellow looked up, and he was still smiling.

"See here, Mary," he argued, "don't let's get mad. There's enough trouble in Atlantic City without that."



"I'm in charge of this house tonight," she said firmly. "And I won't stand by and see it robbed."

"Why not?" he suggested, thrusting his hands into his pockets. His attitude was nervous.

"I'm responsible to Mrs. Thorpe for what happens."

This should have settled something, but it only brought merry wrinkles out into the big boy's face.

"Well, as far as that goes," he grinned, "so am I."

Confusion followed upon that matter-of-fact statement, permitting Artie to sink into the depths, taking the bags with him. Somewhere below, a window opened, then closed softly.

Chapter Three

THE first week at Atlantic City, begun under circumstances so unsettling to the temporary parlor-maid, soon straightened into commonplaces that left Mary Hamilton Parr wondering if that unconventional adventure in the lonely house had not been merely

the febrile dream of a runaway bride. For the lady who masqueraded as Mrs. Apthorpe Thorpe appeared in her substantial car next day and like a triple-chinned Amazon, bearing captives, she led in several habitués of Mrs. Updyke's Employment Agency.

First in line came the vengeful Miss Fernie Riggs, who had renounced her drawing-room ambitions and spitefully accepted a position as waitress. The square-rigged woman with the bass voice was also recognizable; she proved to be Mrs. Angelica Hooley, a cook. There were in the group of arrivals a complete corps of domestics, from two chambermaids to a humble and shapeless person who scrubbed. And they were no sooner settled in the house and engaged in their first quarrel over whose job was what, than Mary learned what she had at once suspected. Not one of them had ever set eyes on Mrs. Thorpe before her Friday visit to the Lexington Avenue employment bureau.

The pretty room and dainty bath which Mary had quite to herself gave her hours of luxurious isolation when she could read or, what was more important, puzzle her head over the curious environment into which she had been cast through her own impetuous act. Who was this Mrs. Thorpe, and why had she taken Aunt Arabella's name? Had Artie, the fascinating burglar, disappeared forever out of her life?

Mary had sought once or twice to gain enlightenment from the servants, but this source of information was closed to her. The word had

gone rapidly about the kitchen—speeded no doubt by Miss Fernie Riggs—that Mary was one of those abhorrent beings scornfully referred to as "silk stockin's." Not that Mary's hosiery was as silken as that of Miss Riggs, who obtained her supply from her mistress' bureau, but the label was damning. Mary had a better room than the others; her duties were as light as air; her salary was as great as that of the cook; and the kitchen disapproved of her manner of speaking.

"Did jever hear such grammer words she says?" Fernie had been overheard to inquire, at which the lower domestic circle laughed mockingly, with the exception of the scullery maid, who was a gentle-natured Finn and spoke very little English.

The matter of Mary's grammar also won her some embarrassing favor. Once Mrs. Thorpe had turned to her appealingly and said:

"Mary, you do talk so pretty, and you've been so much with high-toned people. Could you tell me what is the matter sometimes with my grammer—between you and I?"

"Yes, madam," responded the perfect servant. "You shouldn't say: 'Between you and I.'"

"Oh." Mrs. Thorpe was puzzled.

"You should say, 'Between you and me,' madam."

"You just stick around," Mrs. Thorpe (*Continued on page 157*)

Preceding the Great War—in which he achieved international distinction—and since the Armistice, Britten Austin has more than once succumbed to the lure of adventure in the world's least known corners. Once, so the story goes, he was shipwrecked in the South Atlantic. May not his memory of that adventure have given rise to this fine story?

Well Lost

By

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

"PULL! Pull, you gumpheaded— Or we'll swamp!" Slewed awkwardly half broadside on, the boat lifted to the pitch-black sky on the flank of a pitch-black wave that boiled suddenly in white foam as its crest slid under her, dropped her sickeningly to renewed brief windlessness in a moving-walled dungeon of the night.

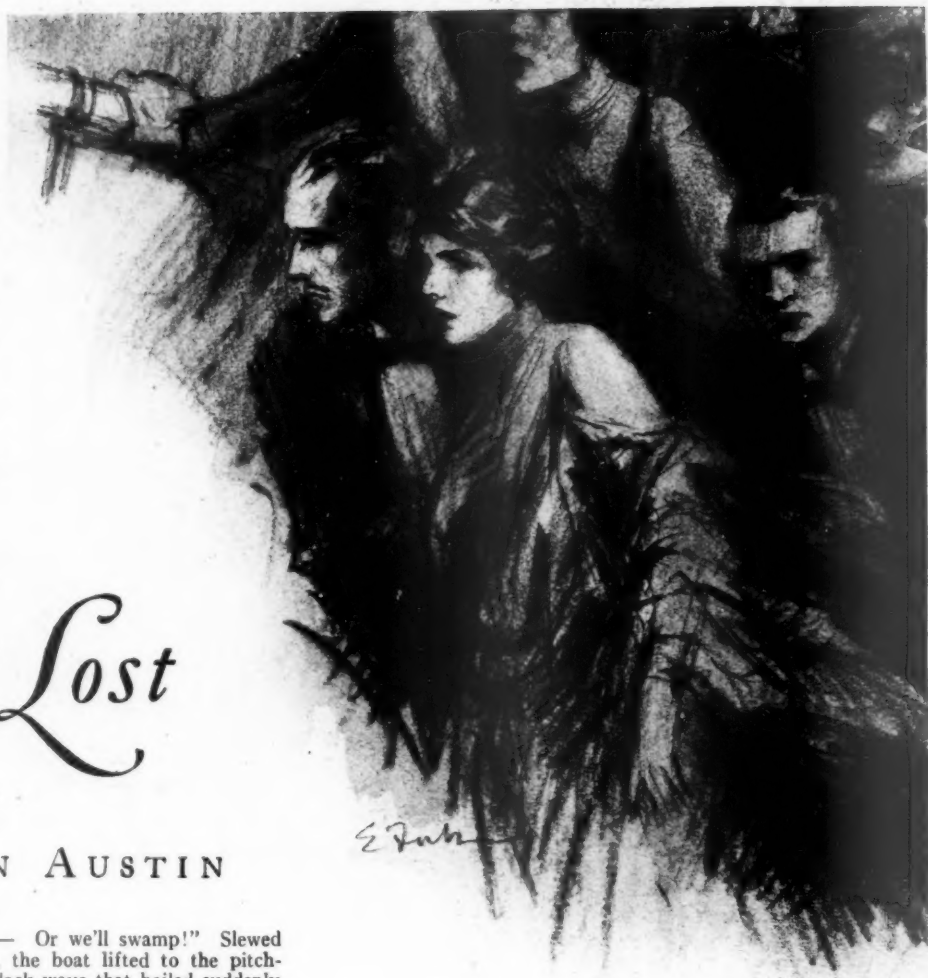
Mr. Antony Drahan tugged desperately at the heavy oar whose butt thumped viciously through his sopped dress-shirt front, striving in a blind concentration of all his faculties to keep her head to the sea. He did not need the exasperated yell of the old seaman unstably erect against the half-stepped mast in the center of the boat to point the urgency of the effort. The danger announced itself as the clumsy boat rolled almost gunwale-under, rose again with a drenching scud of heavy spray flying from the bows that miraculously, for a moment, he held breasting the overcurling surge that rushed out of the blackness. Then he backed water with all his strength on the one oar to keep her straight, prevent that suicidal slew-round as she dived again.

There was only one other effective pair of hands in the boat, and they were more than occupied in trying to step the mast, to hoist the rag of sail that was their one chance of safety. Mr. Drahan, drenched, buffeted, faint and gasping, his arms almost torn out of their sockets, battled doggedly, despairingly, with a strength that he would never have credited to himself, to hold the boat for yet a necessary minute or two longer at an approximation to a safe angle of impact. That minute or two seemed an eternity. They came to an end at last. The mast stuck up to the black sky in drunken variations of verticality; the yard of the sail lay horizontally across the thwarts, ready to hoist. For yet another moment the growling blasphemous old sailor—he had not seen his face yet—crouched fumbling at a locker.

"Got any sort of light, Guvnor?" he asked.

Matches were useless, of course—pulp after his immersion. He remembered suddenly the spirit-lighter in his pocket, felt for it with one hand that hardly dared relinquish the oar, tossed it to him. The sailor grabbed for it on the floor of the boat.

A little spark of light sprang into existence between carefully curved hands, and Mr. Drahan saw the man's face suddenly il-



Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

luminated, gray-whiskered, against the flame of a wire-bound lantern, saw the yellow star climb to the short mast-top to trace wild convoluted ellipses on the black sky above his head. The sailor stumbled back over the thwarts to the stern, halliards and sheets in his hand.

"All right, Guvnor! Easy! Let 'er come round! That's it! Pull! Steady! Ship your oar!" As he shouted, he hauled up the little sail, the boat came round stern-on to the black hurrying hills of water, fled before them nose-down, nose-up, was overtaken in a squatter of foam as the crest raced past her from the unseen to the unseen, sank back upon the flank, was lifted again up and forward. Mr. Drahan pulled his heavy oar, crumpled over it, spent and gasping.

The sailor's voice roused him at its second repetition.

"You'd better come and look after that lady o' yours!"

It was many years since Mr. Drahan had been spoken to in so peremptory a voice—not, in fact, since Mr. Drahan had started in business for himself at the age of eighteen. And with the passage of time, his interlocutors had grown ever more deferential, until Antony Drahan had almost forgotten what it was like not to be addressed as a multimillionaire is addressed. Struggling with the oar, the sailorman's uncomplimentary vehemence had been a trifle not to be noticed in his urgency of toil. Now, relaxed, the surprise of it made him look up sharply in an instinctive rallying of an identity that could not conceive itself as other than the master. Then he checked himself from resentment, savored an ironic sense of humor. This fellow didn't know who he was—had no idea that he was Mr. Antony Drahan of the Transatlantic Trust! He left himself the joke—what was the good of revealing himself, anyway? His mind cogitated the little



He dragged her toward the door, and her scornful hatred insulted him in this moment of life or death: "Not with you!"

problem, came to its decision in a flash—and from the manner, his consciousness opened suddenly to the content of the fellow's words. It was as if an unwilling something in his mind had stubbornly withheld it as long as possible from his concern.

"I'd better give a look at her," he thought, beating down an unacknowledged, unworthy reluctance. He glanced back at himself, in a past scarcely yet to be measured in more than minutes,—fighting for life in black choking water, but holding up in an unrelaxing clutch a leaden, hair-streaming burden,—as at another man. The moment of blind, instinctive action was over. Here, in this lull of safety, where the boat drove dizzily before the wind with her yellow mast-light like a low star gone mad across the pitch-black sky, he had come to himself again.

He stumbled awkwardly over the thwarts to where the sailor sat, tiller in one hand, mainsheet in the other. At the steersman's feet, in the well of the boat, a woman lay stretched and motionless. Drahan bent over her. Her shoulders were bare in the thin evening-gown that clung to her like a sopped rag, her long wet hair wrapped about it. In the dim, uncertain light of the careering masthead lamp, she looked a drowned corpse, beyond help. He touched her.

"Aint dead, is she?" queried the sailor.

"No."

He looked at her, then, with difficulty as the boat rose and lurched and dived; he dragged her out of the pool of swishing water in which she lay, propped her, half-sitting, against a thwart. She made no movement, limp and senseless in his arms, her bare shoulders like ice to his touch. He hesitated a moment, then stripped off his dinner-jacket, put it round her. It was sopped through, of course, but then everything was wet—it was at least something. Thank God, despite the violence of wind and sea, this Pacific night was warm! Yet— He felt the chill of her. Again an unworthy little reluctance in him gave way. He slithered down beside her, drew her to him, held her close in his arms, her deathlike head heavy on his shoulder, striving to communicate to her a little of his own scant bodily warmth.

"Not your wife, I suppose?" the old sailor threw at him as the boat slid swiftly down into a black hollow where the wind was suddenly stilled.

"Yes," he replied curtly.

They relapsed into silence. The sailor, crouching at the tiller as, rather by feel than by sight, he nursed the boat through the foaming, overtopping perils that surged momentarily out of the blackness, distracted his concentrated attention by no unnecessary words. Antony Drahan sat cramped and still, clutching that cold body tightly to him. Presently he felt a flutter of life in it. She

"You were talking in your sleep," she went on. "Gnashing your teeth and calling: 'Hennessey!' It would have scared him if he'd heard you."

sighed, passed almost insensibly out of coma into the drugged sleep of utter exhaustion. Drahan spoke, out of a vacancy of thought.

"Where are you making for?"

"Gawd knows! We're just running. Aint nothing else to be done in this sea."

"No other lights?"

"No." The rugged old face just seen in the faint illumination of the circling mast-head lamp spoke with a gruff economy of energy. "Guess we're the only ones left."

The curt statement pierced the numbness of his spirit with a little shock of horror. Good God! There must have been at least eight hundred people on the *Melanesian*! They were sickeningly vivid to him, in a spontaneous flash of retrospective visualization, laughing and chattering on the brilliantly lighted decks, in the hotel-like saloons where the first-class passengers congregated for bridge or poker, in the serene confidence of evening-dress, the bare-shouldered women languorous behind their fans. The orchestra was still playing from its palms in the great Louis XV dining-hall. It could not have been an hour ago. And now!

He shuddered at the thought of that cold blackness in which they were engulfed, that cold, swirling, choking, buffeting blackness into which he had been precipitated when the boat had tipped up, dangling from an unreleased fall, and that awful many-voiced shriek had overborne the howling wind—that bewildering, eddying, down-sucking, face-slapping, numbing, up-and-down blackness in which he had battled with one free arm, dragging his burden with a blind tenacity of grip, until his head had bobbed against that drifting boat and they had been, miraculously, dragged inboard. And there they were, safe,—at any rate, temporarily,—they two, *of all people*! He relinquished comprehension before the clumsy irony manifest in the scheme of things.

His brain began to work again, recapitulated the disaster, pieced the story together for himself. He felt again that sudden dull thud which jarred every fitting in the ship. How big she was—her steady progress had given no hint of this raging sea! He felt again that half-heard, half-felt, vague grinding underfoot, that sudden disturbing cessation of her engine-throb. He heard again that sudden wild ringing of bells all over the ship, the startling manifold shriek of shrill whistles, the trampling rush of crowding feet outside their cabin de luxe on the boat-deck.

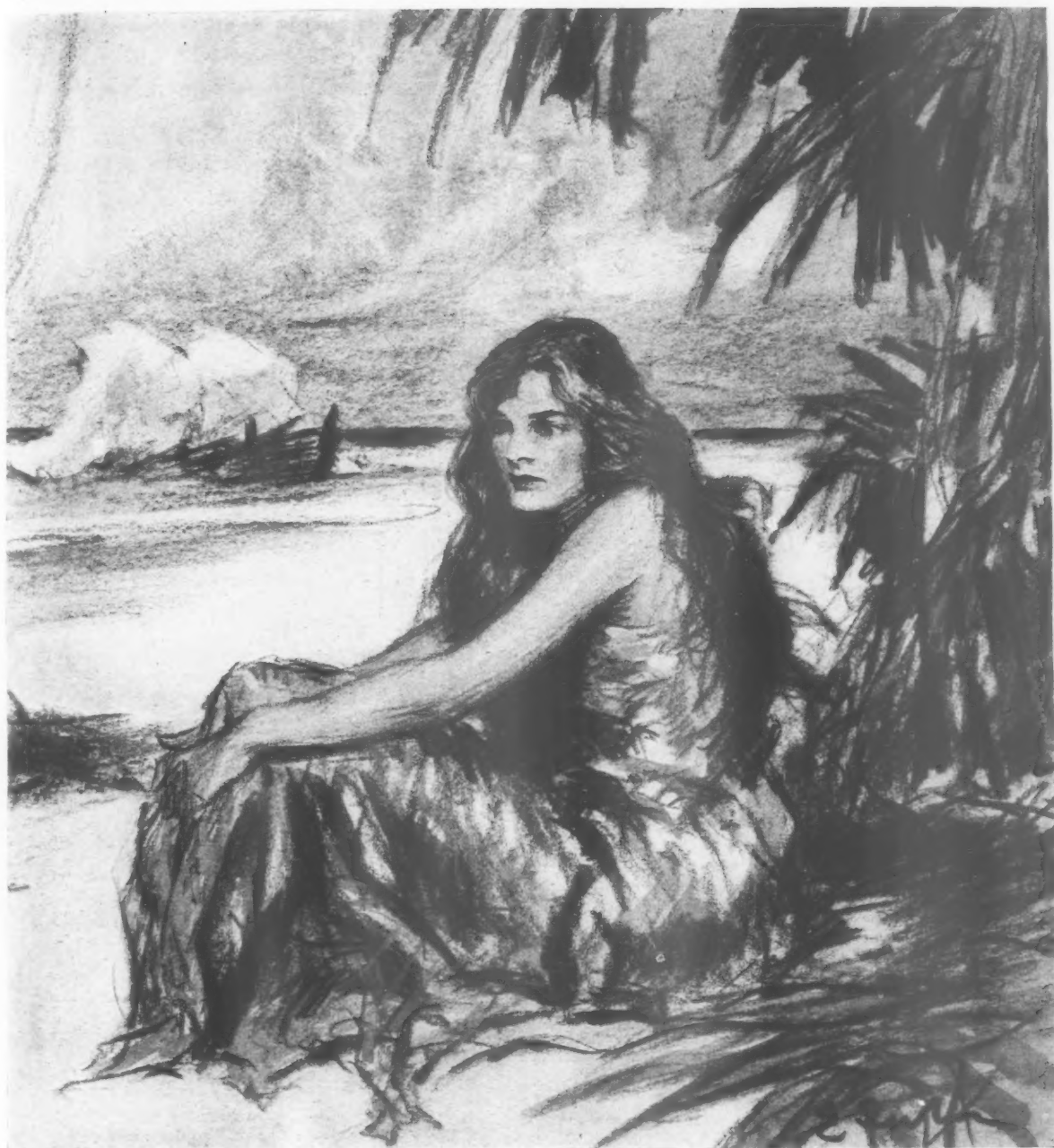
He recalled how he and Adela had suddenly stopped in their coldly bitter interchange of unforgivable words, the look of her



strange eyes that softened not in the sudden whiteness of her face. He had seized her wrist, dragged her toward the door, and she had resisted, coldly, stubbornly, head-high, the damned aristocrat still—the implacability of her scornful hatred of him had insulted him in this moment of life or death; her words rang in him still, never to be forgotten: "Not with *you*!" He had triumphed, by brute force, dragged her out to the deck among the swarm of people, now high-voiced in an unnerving clamor, now hushed in a dreadful silence.

He remembered the breathlessly ejaculated answer of the hurrying officer as they jostled in the throng: "Derelict! Ripped the bottom out of her!" The deck was already at an angle where they slid. And somehow or other he had got her into that boat, despite her dogged, foot-by-foot resistance, wrenching to get her wrist free from his grip. She had said it again: "Not with *you*!"

Oh, for God's sake, forget it! He forced his brain to function on other, wider aspects of their plight. Suppose they weren't picked up! He imagined the consternation in that immense sky-towering building in New York—the jubilant bear raids in Wall



Street and the panic-stricken repercussions in London and Paris—the telegraph-wires of three continents busy with the crisscrossed multiplicity of feverish readjustments that must ensue. Who would carry on in his place? Hardwick? He had never dared to get off the wireless with Hardwick yet. And Hennessey would be out for blood, too—wrecking them first (he could imagine Hennessey's exultant devastating flood of selling-orders) and picking up the pieces afterward. If only there were a wireless miraculously available! Here, precariously preserved from this night-enshrouded sea, he was as exasperatingly impotent as though he were already dead.

Dead! The thought awakened another in him—there would be obituary notices. He'd like to read 'em, he thought, with a grim self-satisfaction. Whatever they said of him, they'd have to admit that he had counted—*some*. He'd got pretty well all there was to be got out of life, except— He switched off the thought of that tall, white-faced woman, searing him with her contemptuous eyes as he raged against her armor of cold, aristocratic beauty—refused to hear that deadly: "Not with you!"

Outside the realm of his thought, he closed tighter round that senseless icy body. The woman he tried to warm was impersonal to him in a protective instinct, no longer *she*.

His mind went over her to that last hour on the ship, reconstructed that drama whose full implications had been blurred by the thought-stopping rush of events. He was in the sitting-room of his suite *de luxe*; a batch of radiograms had been handed to him as he got up from dinner—multifarious reports, appeals, queries. Janson, the perfect secretary unobtrusively efficient, had slit them open as was his wont, passed him those imperative of his personal attention.

Adela—she had never looked more beautiful, her fine eyes calm upon him—was going to dance; she had promised the Main-warnings. That was antecedent; he was in the spacious sitting-room of his suite *de luxe*, the ship heaving and subsiding so slowly and evenly that its motion was almost imperceptible. Sitting back in his chair, cigar in mouth, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, he had already dictated half a dozen summary decisions.

And then Janson had said, in his quiet, clear voice—curious

how he had no premonition that he was unlocking disaster: "There's that matter of Eberstein in Hamburg, sir?"

Confound it, so there was. He had postponed the answer to Eberstein for consideration. What had he done with that radiogram? He remembered—he had crumpled it into the jacket-pocket of the lounge-suit he had been wearing that afternoon. He'd better have another look at it; it was an artfully phrased question. The jacket was in his cabin, where he had changed for dinner. "All right, Janson, go on typing those others—I'll fetch it," he had said. And he also had gone blindly on the path of Fate.

The jacket was not in his cabin. . . . Where the devil? He remembered that he had gone through into Adela's cabin, stripped it off while he spoke to her. It ought to be there now—her maid was still eating with the second class, had not cleared up yet. He went through the communicating door. Yes, there was the jacket. Before he reached it, the ship lurched and rolled on an unusually heavy wave. Adela's jewel-case—how careless to leave it out; but the suite was locked, of course—went slithering across the dressing-table. He was too late to save it. It crashed upon the floor, burst open in an eruption of glittering stones. He went down on hands and knees to pick them up. Among them was a small folded piece of paper. He opened it mechanically. It was a cablegram: "*Drahan (A) Melanesian Honolulu Thinking of you keep a stiff lip love George.*"

He had stared at it for a full minute while credibility asserted itself. "George?" George Addiscombe! His mind leaped to the identification. *George Addiscombe!* Then—then—he looked at the damning words; felt suddenly sick and ill. But how had that cablegram come without his seeing it? His eye fell on the bracketed "A" after his name—a prearranged code, then? And Janson—she must have bribed Janson! *Bribed Janson!* For a moment the bottom fell out of the universe.

HE managed somehow to get up, to steady himself to the arm-chair where he thudded down, gasping, for an attempt at clear thought. Adela! Adela and George Addiscombe! She—she wasn't the cold statue, then, that—that these three years long he had accepted her to be. The fellow had dared to cable to her, secretly. "*Love—George.*" The worthless dandified squanderer! He had dared to tell her to keep a stiff lip in implied difficult endurance of—of him, Antony Drahan, to whom she owed everything! A savage, bitter anger surged up in him. They'd play with him, would they—make a mock of him—corrupt his servants—deceive *him*—him who with a word could make or break a thousand George Addiscombes!

And Adela! He couldn't believe it of her. He didn't know whether he loved her, but he had respected her, regarded her almost with awe—the rarest, most dearly bought of all his acquisitions. She had seemed of a stuff too fine for common domestic intercourse; he had assumed that—let her live her own remote dignified inner life, content so that she symbolized to all men the regality of his success. He had never flattered himself that she loved him—she had never pretended to; but she owed it to him to play fair with him, to be grateful to him—yes, by heaven! to be grateful to him! Everything that money could buy had been hers—he had grudged nothing, gloried in a reckless outpouring at her feet—houses, jewels, furs, cars—her damned family would have starved had it not been for him. Even this trip round the world, taking him from his job, was the costly gratification of a whim of hers.

He had risen unsteadily to his feet, gone into the sitting-room. "Janson, ask Mrs. Drahan to be good enough to come to me here."

"Yes sir." Janson had gone unsuspectingly.

He had waited, a cold cigar between his teeth, staring at the graph-chart (freights and expenses) of one of his shipping-lines upon the wall, realizing after a minute or two that it had no meaning for him.

And then she had appeared, superb, queenly in her evening-gown, Janson deferential behind her.

"You want me, Antony?" He could hear her calmly self-confident voice now.

He had found it difficult to speak, had only been able to look straight into those large innocently questioning eyes—to hand her that cablegram.

She had taken it, glanced at it, crushed it in her hand, turned and looked at him. There had been a silence.

He broke it, in a voice that sounded not his own.

"Janson, you're sacked! From this moment!"

"Sir?" He remembered how Janson's face had suddenly blanched. (And half an hour later the man was dead! Ironic!)

She had turned to him in expostulating protest.

"Antony!"

"I don't permit my servants to be bribed—even by my wife!" His tone had cut like a whiplash.

She had flushed up in sudden indignation. "I did not bribe Mr. Janson!"

He had turned to the trembling secretary. "Did you suppress that cablegram?"

"Yes sir—but—but I did it because—because there's nothing in the world I wouldn't do for Mrs. Drahan!"

"That will do. Get out of here—and you get off at Singapore."

Janson had gone, and they stood confronting each other in silence.

"Well?" she had said.

"You don't deny it, then?" He had been near soluttering, had had to keep a tight hand on himself.

SHE had shrugged her bare shoulders, superbly disdainful of answer.

"You've got nothing to say for yourself?"

"It may as well come now—you can put me off also at Singapore." She had been insultingly cool, self-controlled.

"Not before I've told you what I think of you!" he had burst out, his voice thick in his throat. And he had told her—had recapitulated all he had done for her, her family saved from ruin, the things he had lavished on her, the Golconda of precious things she had accepted from him—with what return?

She had held up a deprecating, weary hand.

"I know. You bought and paid for me—for three years you have implied it at every moment. There is no need to tell me."

"I made a bad bargain." He was master of himself again, his tone coldly bitter.

She had looked at him from her dignity, her eyes somber in their steadiness. "Yes. Perhaps."

The impudence of it! He had felt himself go white. "You realize what you've thrown away, don't you?"

She had nodded, the slightest undulation of her superb head.

"Yes. Five million dollars last year, wasn't it? I ought to know. For three years I have heard nothing else—I have heard money, money, money, nothing but money, until,"—she spoke with a measured precision that sent every word at him to full effect,—"*until my soul has ached—ached to escape from it.*"

"To George Addiscombe?" He had smiled over tight teeth, in icy sarcasm.

She had shrugged her shoulders.

"At least, life to him is more than a sordid marketplace."

It was the final outrage. He had gripped himself, framing already the phrase that should annihilate, from his side also, the last possibility of reconciliation—and then had come the shock, the sudden pandemonium of the shrieking whistles, the nightmare at the boats, that tense rebellious struggle where she tried to wrench away her wrist: "*Not with you!*"

He shivered in the boat that went, spray-drenched, wallowing, dizzily up, sickeningly down, in the racing seas that whelmed with the black night. He felt faint and hungry. If only he could sleep—as *she* was sleeping! He remembered suddenly that there were some cigarettes in his case. They might, with luck, be dry. The case was in his dinner-jacket, about the woman slumbering shivering close against him. He felt for it, with precaution.

She stirred, murmured out of a dream: "George—George!"

He set his teeth, opened the cigarette-case, tossed one the gruffly grateful steersman, reclaimed his spirit-lighter, lit his own, puffed staring at the yellow mast-light gyrating against the black sky. And then, imperceptibly—he was in his New York office, feverishly, fiercely exultant as he took measure after measure to deal with Hennessey. . . . He was—he was in oblivion; he was crumpled in the mindless, dreamless sleep that is Nature's mercy.

JUST within that rim of shade where the coconut-palms ceased upon the dazzling white beach, a powerfully built man, clad only in the remnants of tattered black sea-stained trousers, sat watching a spitted fish broil over a crackling fire of husks. By the side of him lay the primitive net with which he had caught it, a torn-open shirt (his name yet visible on the collar-band) roughly fastened to two short pieces of driftwood. Just beyond, a spring of clear water went in a rivulet down to the scarcely ruffled placidity of the lagoon. Half a mile out, in long semi-circular simultaneity of appearance, the spray shot up, white and glittering, from the inclosing reef, its deep-toned boom a sound so continuous as to lapse out of notice. (Continued on page 114)

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers



Gerald Beaumont knows newsboys—maybe, if you ask him, he'll show you the keepsake a number of them in a Coast city contributed to give him a few years ago. And he knows policemen. If you doubt that, ask any one of them in San Francisco. But you'll not doubt it after you've read this tale of a cop and of the girl whom they called—

Flower of Napoli

By

GERALD BEAUMONT

IT began with a carnation that was the same exquisite shade as Officer Conlin's neck, and God knows that was wonderfully red. For two whole weeks Tita Teresa (call it "Tee-ta," if you please) had desired to pay humble tribute to the Ruler of the Universe, but she was fearful of committing lese majesty. Tita was nineteen, and herself the fairest flower that Naples had yet tossed into the lap of Columbia. Almost everyone had noticed her except the illustrious figure on which she daily feasted her dark eyes. She was the property of her foster-father, Tony Santori, a Sicilian walrus who conducted a curbstome flower-stand and was waxing rich from the favor of patricians. Some day he would sell Tita too, and then go back to Cinisi as a great man; but that deal would require much bargaining.

Meanwhile, Tita's small red lips and very large eyes stemmed the rush of hurrying pedestrians, and her musical voice sang all day long: "Flow's, vi'lets, bella rosa! . . . Si, signora—dolla' a doz', and not a centesimo less!"

She liked this tremendous city, ruled as all could see by that

most superb of men, the distinguished Signor Cop. Dio, what a commanding presence!

"Papa, you think he accept this flow'r? See, the stem, she is broke, but—"

"Say, what's matt'?" protested Tony. "I senda you back Napoli for sure! Jus' lika you' mamma, play alla time and maka de love. No usa get stuck on that cop. He's too biga man for pay attent' li'l fools. He's Statue of Lib'—stand up there all day long and tella de worl' come on in and get t'hell out!"

Tita's sigh was an acknowledgment that Tony spoke truly. The Signor Cop with his upraised hand, his uniform and the bright shield upon which the sun sparkled, represented the law—the law of this giant land, America, the haven of the oppressed and the protecting patron of the poor. Truly, of such a man, a maid of Naples could only have her dreams.

The tide of traffic flowed by, choked off occasionally by Officer Conlin with the ease of a child turning on and off a water faucet. When the broad-shouldered figure descended at noon from the

crossroads throne for the customary visit to "Corned-beef" Cassidy's lunch-counter, the temporary abdication brought its usual thrill to Tony's stepdaughter.

"Behold!" she murmured. "The great one approaches—perhaps he intends to pause here a moment, and I can then present—But, no, he turns the other way. Holy Lady, what ill luck!"

"You crazy," asserted her stepfather. "Better you sava de smile for Cesare Martinelli; then we be sure to eat."

Tita frowned. Cesare owned the Fiore di Palermo Café, but he was almost as old and fat as Tony himself, who only sold flowers that he might invest nightly in spaghetti and Chianti and sit at a table later, playing *tombola* and crying "*Tre . . . sette . . . diece . . . terno!*" Both belonged to the *caffoni*, who do not assimilate but think only of returning to their native land.

"Me," said Tita, "I stay where there are more *Italianos* than in *Roma*, and I take American for marry. I think I call my first *bambino* 'Junior,' and I play with him baseball. If the good God permits, I have six or sevens. Maria Gaspare gets twins. Such heavenly *bambini*! Can you believe—"

Tony interrupted: "Now I *know* I send you back Napoli! Crazy li'l keed, howa you get such ways? You sella flow's or I breaka neck!"

Tita laughed through white teeth. She was slowly absorbing the spirit of independence from the night school on the boundary line of "Little Italy."

"Flow's I love," she admitted, "but babies I love better. Maybe some American with blue eyes steal me for become his bride. Who knows? I—"

She paused with a sharp intake of breath. Officer Conlin had recessed the street unobserved, and now he was standing almost at her side, moodily picking his teeth, and staring at the unending stream of traffic.

"Damn' lot o' sheep," muttered the Ruler of the Universe, "damn' lot o' sheep!"

He flung the toothpick into the gutter and squared his shoulders preparatory to resuming the duties of his high office. Tita regarded the sacred splinter of wood as though half-expecting it to turn into a pearl necklace. Summoning her courage, she plucked the carnation from her hair and made a low curtsy.

"Signor Cop!"

The man in uniform turned. From behind yellow sun-glasses, bloodshot eyes regarded the blushing daughter of Naples and her floral offering.

"Eh?" said Officer Conlin. "Oh, sure! Much obliged. Got a pin?"

"A pin? *Sì, sì, signor!* A pin, Papa! Hurry, hurry! You hear, he wants a pin!"

SANTA MARIA and all the angels! Was there ever such a moment? Tita must pin the flower just so, and pat it *thus*, all the while purring ecstatically, while newsboys and hurrying pedestrians grinned at the picture. The officer condescended to bend nose to the *bouttonnière*, to grin good-naturedly and say to Tony:

"Some little queen you got, Tony. Usually us cops don't get flowers till we're dead. What's your name, sister?"

"Tita Teresa Leonora Chiara, if it so pleases the signor."

"Oh, it's jake with me," grinned His Majesty. "I got about two syllables. Did I hear you say 'Norah'?"

"Leonora, signor."

"Well, I guess that's the Eyetalian of it. My wife's name was Norah."

"Your wife, signor? Oh, you *have* a family?" Around Tita's small head the world was crashing in ruins.

"Babies," said Officer Conlin. "Two of them, a boy and a girl. I board 'em out. The wife was sick a long time before she died—" He paused to inspect thoughtfully a worn spot on his sleeve.

Tita's large eyes grew luminous, and she laid a small hand on his arm. "I'm so sorry. The li'l boy—is his name Junior?"

"It is not," said Officer Conlin. "It's Patrick Terence. My own name is Thomas Garrett."

"Oh, then you have no Junior, and you have no *madre* for your babies?" The world righted itself, and Tita's eyes sparkled. "You hear, Papa? The Signor has no *madre* for his babies, and he has not yet got a Junior. I—"

"Say, what's matt' you?" demanded Tony again. "You want to know too much. Alla the time ask questions. Signor Cop suppose' ask questions, not a li'l fools like you." He turned apologetically to Conlin. "She's crazy! No good this work. Too much laugh and sing and play. I send her back to Napoli."

Tom Conlin regarded the culprit judicially; Tony's step-

da . . . looked appealingly up at the Ruler of the Universe. The . . . face became even redder than usual.

"H'm," he commented, "laughs and sings and plays, does she? 'Tis against all the city ordinances. Now she's tryin' to corrupt the police force too. I guess we'll have to deport her. I suppose you live on Mulberry Street, Tony?"

"Nope," said Tony. "That's North Italia. Me, I live east Sixty-fif—that's Sicily."

Tita's mobile face was a playground over which anxiety, doubt and alarm flashed in successive shadows. She dropped to her knees and seized Officer Conlin's right hand.

"But me, signor, I am from Napoli, and my heart develop admiration for America which is so big and grand. Please, you don't send me back to Napoli. I no sing any more, I no play any more, I no—"

"Hey, cut it out!" protested the embarrassed monarch, lifting the girl to her feet. "You bet I wont send you back to Napoli, wherever that is! I was just kiddin' about the ordinances. Laugh and play all you wanta, Norah, and if anyone bothers you, just come to Tom Conlin."

THUS it began, with the presentation of a scarlet carnation to a tired traffic cop in the heart of a city dedicated to Mammon—a city of turmoil and tragedy into which pours not alone the courageous and welcome blood of new pilgrims, but all too frequently and in spite of vigilance, the poisonous off-scourings of the Old World.

The next day it was a white carnation, and the following day a coral rose, presented with such frank adoration that Conlin was hauled upon the carpet by two brother officers, Anderson who ruled the north crossing, and "Dimples" Polano, who stood guard at the south. The particular intersection where this trio ruled in state was sometimes referred to by Captain O'Donnell of the "Terrific Squad" as the Court of the Three Nations. Anderson came from Stockholm, and Polano from Seville.

"We must pass a special ordinance against bribery," said Anderson. "The present one don't seem to cover all cases. Tom, I ought to arrest you for exceeding the parking limit on my corner at lunch-time. We've ruled against the ladies, remember, and it will cost you a dollar and a half if you date her up."

"Carnations!" chuckled Polano. "She's sayin' it with flowers, Gus! One of these days we'll see Tom up on the box letting the traffic go to hell while he pulls the leaves off a rose and plays 'She loves me, she loves me not.' Look out, Tom, that somebody don't say it to you with a knife!"

"Fine kidders, aint you?" growled Conlin. "Well, you don't collect no fines off me. Eyetalians don't count, and besides, she's just a kid. Trouble is, she's too pretty to be on the street. You know that, Gus! I'm up there on the stand all day, but you fellows can see who's hangin' around. I thought I spotted one of Big Blackie's cadets buyin' flowers there yesterday. 'Tis a dirty shame if a child like her aint safe with three huskies like ourselves standin' within forty feet. There's more than one kind of traffic, you know."

Anderson looked soberly at Polano, and the latter nodded.

"Tom's right," said Gus. "I think old Tony himself will bear watchin'. If I see any dudes tryin' to make her, I'll give them the bum's rush. I have a sister about her age."

"Well," said Polano, "you know me! Is there any man on the force that takes any better care of the ladies?"

There was no need of answering that question. Polano was the Sir Walter Raleigh of the Department. All day long he sauntered between the pent-up walls of the traffic, with a covey of timid women fluttering at his heels, and always he assured them grandly: "Have no fear, ladies; Officer Polano is with you!"

He was the joy of the Department, just as all men knew that big Tom Conlin, still only thirty years old, represented one of its tragedies.

The public knows very little about the average "flat-foot," and cares less. Only when somebody kills him, do the newspapers mention the fact that he left a widow and children. But in the locker-room at the station-house when weary men are hanging up their uniforms and preparing to go to their homes, the talk turns naturally to babies, the grocery-bill and the chances of picking up a good secondhand car. At such times Tom Conlin's case was mentioned, with a shake of the head, as an example of what might happen to any of them.

Mrs. Conlin underwent five operations before the end, and the bills piled up to such an extent that she realized that every day she lived she was only sinking her husband and children that much deeper in debt. So Tom had to take the cartridges



"So-ho!" Gregorio rumbled. "So this is the naughty pretty one who sets tongues to wagging!"

out of his gun when he was at home at night, and sleep always with one eye open so that his wife would find where he had hidden them. Death increased the family obligations, adding to the original bills the cost of a cemetery plot, carriages, flowers, tombstone and all the grim expenses entailed by a decent exit from this world.

By skillful manipulation of a police officer's salary, coupled with monastic self-denial, Tom Conlin could hope to get on his feet again in a matter of ten years. Some men, confronted with such a problem, would have quit cold, but this blue-eyed Irishman carried, in addition to his regular police equipment, what Captain O'Donnell fondly referred to as "Kilkenny guts."

On paydays, Conlin had his earnings converted into bills of small denomination which he spread before him in piles and moved thoughtfully over the surface of a desk as a man does who is playing solitaire. His muttered formula ran like this:

"Let's see now: Twenty each to the hospital, the specialist,

the doctor and the undertaker. Ten bucks go to the cemetery, the grocer and the other regulars. Twenty-five for the kids' board, and there's thirty-one days in this month, so I'll have to hold out thirty-one bucks for myself. Little Pat's got to have shoes; there's no two ways about that! Instead of paying two and a half on my uniform, I'll give Cohen a cigar—no, I did that last time! Well, I'll give the cigar this time to the Captain; somebody's got to wait!"

That was Tom Conlin, sun-cooked Apostle of Public Safety! Surrounded by the wealth of Croesus, garbed in the mantle of authority, he ruled the tide of commerce and saw that his orders were obeyed.

There were times when the shrill clamor of a gong gave him just two minutes in which to accomplish a miracle—two minutes in which to clear a path for Battalion Chief Crowley's red car, flashing into the mess at thirty miles an hour, Crowley himself at the wheel, and the man at his side holding out an arm to indi-



cate the direction he was going to turn. Behind the red car thundered shining monsters built to throttle the Fire Demon. It might be a false alarm, or perhaps a hundred women might be imprisoned on the top floor of a loft-building. Conlin did not know which; nor did he try to guess. His job, when the gongs sounded, was to issue the orders that would safeguard the lives of firemen, motorists, pedestrians and all those for whom he was responsible.

Small wonder if this man, who went without lunch sometimes that he might take his babies to the Park on Sundays, was unable to recognize Romance, even when it smiled upon him daily from the northwest curb. He only knew that the Santori flower-booth, with its many-colored blooms, had become a floral rainbow in the gray sky of his daily existence. More and more, on one pretext or another, he found occasion to linger at the close of the day, bantering with the little maid from Napoli who liked to "laugh and make happy."

But such a thing as a solution to his difficulties did not enter Officer Conlin's head. He told himself he knew women too well for that. Modern girls, like Agatha Lincoln, for instance, wanted to go to a dance once in a while, and a show, and step out a bit on Sundays, and take their own time about bringing children into the world. Marry a traffic cop who comes home each day so exhausted that all he wants to do is flop into an armchair? Marry a cop who already has two children and whose salary is pledged for years ahead? A fat chance!

If Conlin hadn't loved his little ones with the natural ardor of the Irish, it might not have been so hard. He could have placed them in a public orphanage as he had once concluded to do. But standing in front of the cold brick building, and holding his own flesh and blood on each arm, his heart failed him.

"Damned if I can do it!" said he, and carrying his babies, he trudged that day for blocks until he found a woman who had five children of her own, but was willing to care for

two more at the price he could afford to pay. Now the stork was en route again to the Schwartzberger household, and the expectant mother had notified Officer Conlin that she could not care for his babies very much longer.

Of these things old Tony Santori's ward knew nothing; nor would she have recognized any problem had Conlin explained the situation, which he didn't. On fifty *lire* a month, Tita Teresa could have run a hotel; and were not babies the crowning blessing of the good God?

It may have been that when the Ruler of the Universe condescended to honor her at noon with his presence, the love-light was shining in his eyes, but Tita could not see behind the sunglasses, and as Conlin's lips were locked, Cupid was powerless.



Knives glittered in the mêlée, and two more shots came from the center of the room. The youth on the staircase came rolling down. Conlin called above the din: "Guard the door! Hold 'em in!"

"P'raps it is enough," sighed Tita, "that the great one wears my flow'rs. Maybe no rich American steal me after all. But if I marry Guido, or Paolo, or even Angelo Belveno, I call my first *bambino* Tom and not Junior, and when he grow up, he become a cop for fight men who write notes—"

"S-s-s-s!" warned Tony, turning pale. "Not so loud, or I breaka de neck! Crazy li'l fool! How many time' I tella you shut up? Why you think I make out false pape' fora get you in this country? Why you think I spend three, four hundred *lire* fora ticket and clothes, and foolishness? Cesare is good and rich man; he's able for repay what you owe. I'ma you' boss, just like Gregorio Vitti is Sicily boss."

"But the Signor Cop say—"

"Bah! Cop only have one vote; Gregorio have five hundred. One word from him, and somebody be deport'."

Tita Teresa's lips trembled, and her dark eyes were troubled-cast. The customs and philosophy of the Old World still gripped her, though heart and aspirations were all with this new land of plenty in which she had not obtained an independent footing. But Tom Conlin had said he was her friend.

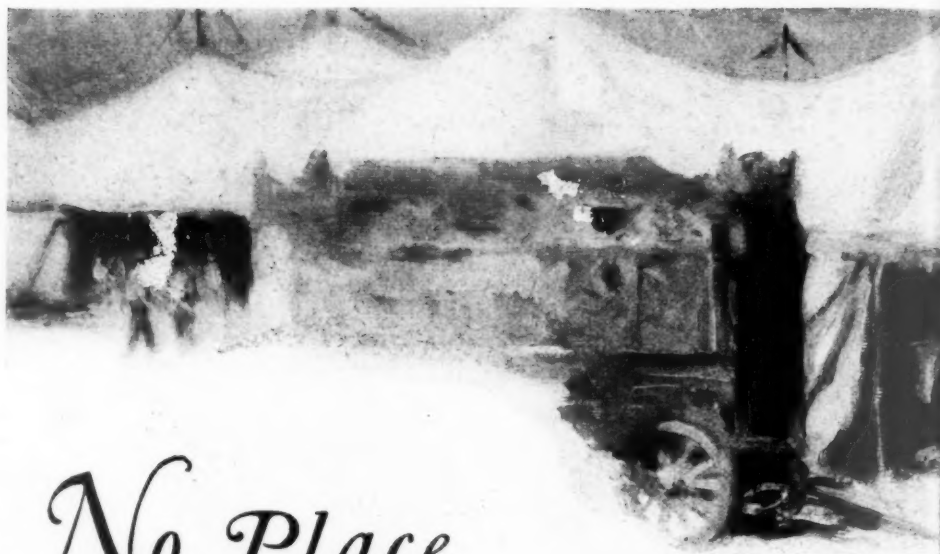
Was there ever a maid of Naples who did not look with wistful eyes at royalty, and dream that some day a uniformed prince would elevate her to the throne? Tita went home at night proclaiming to all who would listen, even Cesare himself, that she was under the protection of the illustrious Signor Cop, and that no one should now get fresh with her. "Nobody!"

This was a diplomatic error. Little Sicily desires nothing from the police but to be let alone. Further, women who flirt with Americans have the capacity to do wrong. There was much *sparlata* (evil talk), and Tita Teresa's childish attempts to make herself beautiful in the eyes of Officer Conlin merely added to the gossip. "Look at that little *villana*! Her mother used to carry tomatoes on her head, and now she wants to wear a hat." "Nineteen years of age, and not a single little one." "Yet she puts on airs!" "Well, we shall see what comes of carrying tales to the *polizia* and wishing to wear silk stockings. The *tutu*" (woman town crier) "should proclaim her shame!"

Tony's foster-daughter tossed her head and strove to pretend that she did not care, but the insults increased, and she was very miserable at heart. That was because she had hoped to be queen of the street *fiesta* on the feast of Santa Fara, patroness of Cinisi, when children are suspended by wires to represent "the flight of the angels," when a lighted shrine is carried at the head of the procession, and when there is much feasting and rejoicing. She had even spoken of such hopes to the Ruler of the Universe, and Tom Conlin had raised her to the seventh heaven of anticipation:

(Continued on page 100)

It may add to the reader's interest in this tale of two rival American circuses to learn that both the elephants so accurately portrayed by Mr. Cooper were "real." An old circus man himself, before he realized the possession of the gift of words, Mr. Cooper has found his greatest satisfaction in living over his adventurous show-days in these stories of the menagerie animals. He will further strengthen his memories by going back "on the show" this spring.



No Place Like Home

*Illustrated by
J. Allen St. John*

By

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

AROUND the circus world, they had a saying that Jim Emery tied his show together with baling wire, and used for his parade-stock the original horses with which the forty-niners crossed the plains. There also were other more or less complimentary remarks, describing in a sentence Jim Emery's whole tatterdemalion outfit—his ten rickety cars, the one ancient lion and pair of equally decrepit Bengals, his cage of motheaten monkeys, the three-year-old big top which let in streaming rain or blistering sun, the general run-down appearance of the struggling little "gypsy camp" which year by year grew more frayed and tattered; but—they all gave him credit for Frieda.

Not that Jim Emery himself took any credit for her. Frieda had just grown. Twenty years before, when Jim had bought her to form the sole elephant-exhibit of the World's Great Wondrous Mastodon Shows, she had given no more promise than any other pachyderm. Otherwise Jim Emery never would have been able to purchase her.

The fact was, however, that Frieda had been an elephant with a future, petted and pampered and well fed—they all admitted that Jim did his best by his people and his animals—and prospering until now she loomed in the menagerie tent of the World's Great Wondrous like a light in a wilderness.

Frieda's measurements showed that now, aged thirty-two, she stood only a half-inch shorter than the famous Jumbo, while in the matter of "heft," she was world-supreme. Frieda was Asiatic, and Asiatics go to bulk. Jumbo, being African, went largely to height, with the result that in the pachydermic championship, Frieda of the World's Great Wondrous topped her historical adversary by a neat ton and a half. Which is a good deal, even for a lady elephant.

The result was that since Frieda had reached her majority of avoirdupois, she had proved a life-saver to Jim Emery on more occasions than one. First of all she had brought business. Then too, in the state of Jim's baggage stock, and his wagons and his cars, there were times when the world's biggest elephant came in handy, not only to give the show, but to move it. And now Frieda, quite unknowing, was about to play life-saver again.

All she cared about at the moment was that Lefty Andrews, combined lot-superintendent, elephant-man, menagerie-boss and equestrian-director of the World's Great Wondrous Mastodon, had just ducked under the side-wall with a double armful of sugar-cane, and dumped it all before her. Sugar-cane, to an elephant, is worth exactly two hundred per cent more than a lollipop to a baby; and Frieda, caring naught for the fact that it was a fattening food, champed gloriously on, while out there before her, Lefty Andrews and Jim Emery stood and gazed sadly upon her, talking in doleful tones of when she would be no more—at least, as an attraction of the Wondrous Mastodon! For Frieda was going away.

"I put it in the release, that Ed'll have to be good to her," said Jim Emery—and looked away as he said it. "Of course, I wouldn't accuse Ed of deliberately allowing cruelty, especially with an attraction like Frieda. But you never can tell around these big shows."

"That's right," said Lefty, edging forward a stalk of cane which Frieda, already a trifle pop-eyed, was endeavoring to reach. "A guy can't keep his lamps on everything around one of them big tricks. Funny, aint it, that Ed Marcus should be the guy to buy her? After you an' him bein' rivals in the old days."

"Oh, shucks!" Big Jim waved a hand, then toyed with his lion's-claw watch-charm. "Ed never mentions that. Course,"—and he said it with a touch of pride,—"*I* did make it pretty tough for him; used to slash in on him right considerable before he fell into all that money and put out a bigger show."

"Yeh, and that's what put him over. Ed aint no showman. You had more brains in a minute than he did. But when he got all that jack—"

Jim Emery smiled. "I aint got no hard feelin's," he said. "Fact is, I never went to nobody but Ed when I saw I'd have to sell Frieda off. I figured he'd be good to her—just for old times' sake."

"Maybe." Lefty scowled as he said it. "But I'm bettin' he never gave you no shade on the price. Not that guy! When's he comin'?"



Big Jim consulted his thick open-faced silver watch.
 "Ought to be here any time now—said he'd drive over before parade. They're only about twelve miles away."

Lefty moved a foot and scraped the sugar-cane within Frieda's easier reach.

"I sure hope he'll be good to her."
 "Oh, he'll do that, all right. She'll like it over there—bigger crowds to feed her peanuts and everything."

"Yeh! Still, she's been on this trick a long time. An' bulls is just like folks—there aint no place like home."

"I—reckon that's right," said Jim Emery—and turned away again. "There aint no place just like home. I—"

A motor roared up to the lot, throbbed a moment, then became quiet. The side-wall was raised to admit three men, two plainly workmen, the third a straight-shouldered, "snappily" dressed person, who smiled with one corner of his thin lips as he passed the toothless lion, then moved quickly toward the waiting Emery.

"Ready to deliver?" he asked.

"Guess I am, Ed—if you've got the money," Emery replied.

"Oh, I've got that. One thing we have about my outfit is

cash. Just been down to the station. They've got my bull-car spotted, all right. There's a local for Nashville through here at twelve-forty. Want to get her loaded so they'll pick up that car. Fix up that agreement?"

"Yeh." Big Jim fumbled in a pocket.

"Lemme see it. Didn't put any more conditions in it—nothing but what we talked over—sale price twenty-two thousand dollars and absolute release? Me to treat the bull kind and have title, right and ownership? Also the patent rights on the 'World's Most Marvelously Ponderous Pachyderm' slogan? Huh!" He read on. "What's this?"

Big Jim moved closer.

"What's what?"

"This you've written in—can't quite make it out."

The other man took the paper and read:

"And agrees as a part of the conditions of this sale not to execute this elephant or allow it to be executed in case of said elephant's going bad or becoming unmanageable, without first offering to return said elephant to its original owner for cure.' That's just for safety's sake, Ed. I think an awful lot of Frieda, and I'd hate to have her bumped off just because some bum trainer said she was bad. It's happened, you know—and I figured that if the time came when you really wanted to get rid of her, you wouldn't care how it happened, just so she was out of your way. And I'd sure hate to see her killed on some bull-man's say-so."

"But I thought you said she was gentle."

"Well, aint she? I'd like to see another bull that you could just come and get like you can this one. There aint no danger of Frieda really going bad. But I know the show business, Ed. An' I know Barnum bumped off two bulls once right in a main street, for the advertisement of it. I was just protectin' Frieda; that's all."

"Well, you're worrying about something that aint going to happen. I'm just as good to my animals as you are. Where's your copy? Same thing on it?" He reached for the other paper and scanned it in a manner professionally businesslike. "Yeh, I guess everything's all kayo. By the way, I'll want a straight receipt, too—just for the treasury wagon records. Count that jack. Then sign up. Got to step some to be loaded in time."

The money passed into hands eager yet reluctant. Jim Emery had now turned his back upon the munching Frieda.

"You're sure gettin' a bargain, Ed."

"Oh, can that stuff. The sale's made."

"But it aint stuff. That bull's worth money. Gosh, we never thought back there in the old days that you'd ever be buyin' my elephant, did we? Not the way we used to fight for dates and cut each other's throats."

"Maybe you didn't," was the terse reply.

"Huh?"

"Aint your fountain pen working? I want that receipt."

"Oh, that's right. Ed, you'll be good to that bull, wont you? Still, I know you'll be that, just for old times' sake."



"Yeh! Specially for that." He reached for the receipt, studied it and jammed it into a pocket. "Ali right, Mason. You and Kendall come on and get this bull."

Emery turned away; Lefty Andrews found something of interest over in the lion's cage. At the picket-pin Frieda stared with surprise as a bull-hook sunk lightly in an ear, chirruped in wondering fashion, reached for a final stalk of sugar-cane, then followed slowly out of the tent on the way to the station and the waiting bull-car. Ed Marcus hesitated, a sudden glint in his eyes, the beginning of a sneer playing at the corners of his lips.

"Jim," he said, "if I were you, I'd start looking around for some kind of a feature to spend that jack on."

"Feature?" Big Jim grinned. "Why, I just got rid of the best feature I ever had. Nope,"—and he glanced about the tattered tent,—"it just came to this, Ed: I either had to part with my feature, or part with my show. Things are pretty run-down. Not takin' any credit from you, Ed, but this territory aint big enough for two shows—specially when yours is big an' mine's little. Nope, that kale's got to go for new wagons, an' repairs on the cars and a couple of new tops and some fresh menagerie stock—I've got to get this here old gypsy camp to looking like something. You see, I'm figurin' that, growing like you are with your trick, you'll be stepping out into new country one of these days and leaving me a little chance for my white alley. I—"

"Just going to talk about territory," Ed Marcus cut in. "That's why I suggested a feature for you."

Something in his tone caused Big Jim Emery to look up sharply.

"Just what do you mean, Ed?"

"Just this: I aint forgotten, I aint forgetting and I aint goin' to forget. I've had 'good showman' stuff thrown into me until

I'm sick of it—that I never would have put it over you unless I'd fallen into money. Oh, I've gotten all that stuff, Jim, don't think I aint. Yeh, and I've got something else. You—and your showman stuff! You, running around with the rep of knowing it all. But let me tell you just one thing, Jim Emery. The wise guy is the guy that waits. I've waited. I knew you'd do it some time or other—"

"Do what?"

"Sell off that bull. As long as you had that, you could trail along and get the money. And I couldn't lick you—not even playin' rings around you like I've done with that big trick of mine. Somehow or other, that bull'd drag you in a day's business in spite of me. So I just laid off, figuring to whipsaw you and cop what I could. I never figured you'd be sap enough to come to me and hand me the only thing you had!"

"Gosh! You aint been lookin' on me as opposition, have you, Ed? I thought that was all over."

Ed Marcus reached for a cigarette.

"This territory aint big enough for two shows."

"You mean—"

"Either you get out, or I'll put you out. I can talk now, Jim. I've got that bull. That's all I wanted—"

"You—wouldn't do that, Ed?"

"Oh, no. Not any more'n a duck wouldn't swim! Why do you think I've been laying for you all these years? Nobody can make a fool out of me and think he's going to get away with it."

"But you always acted friendly, Ed."

"Well, what did you expect me to do? Lay down four aces before I ever opened the pot? And you sitting back with that big bull—to scratch off a good day whenever I played against



The biggest elephant shifted into high, butted old Mom into the middle of the side-show—romped onward.

you and brought the folks into the city? I thought you was the guy they said had the makin's of a great showman. So"—and he turned as though to leave—"do what you please. If you want to jump out of the territory—"

For a long moment Jim Emery stood staring at the disarrayed pile of sugar-cane where Frieda once had been—Frieda, the beast which had saved him for years without his even being aware of it. Then a slow glance about the frayed menagerie, with its unpainted cages, its decrepit exhibits. With the sale of Frieda, he had hoped—but that hope was over. His lips tightened.

"I'm sorry, Ed—that you feel this way. Sorry all the way round. But I guess I've got to take a chance. It's the only territory I know."

Marcus shrugged his shoulders, and smiled.

"Oh, it's all right with me. Nothin' better I'd like to see than to have you coming on the lot some day asking for a job, working on canvas. Don't make any apologies, Jim; it's all kayo with me. You're the one to do the worrying." He began to move slowly yet with a little air of triumph, toward the side-wall, at last to halt. "You know how it is, Jim—with a baling-wire gypsy camp and no features. Like the story—about the darky down South. You know—circus coming along. This big Jig standing on a corner, looking over the heads of the crowd. The band goes 'Tay-yah-de-dah-dah-dah!' Jig sticks his hands in his pockets and looks way down the line, then shuffles his feet and says to himself:

"Heah come de pay-rade
Ob de li'l ol' show!
Aint got no elyphant—
Don't guess Ah go!"

Following which, Ed Marcus, owner of the Marvelous Marcus

her trunk good-night, and then snore away the long miles to the next town.

Frieda's eyes rolled. She swung her trunk nervously and looked about her. A whimpering chirrup came from deep in her throat. Then, big, amiable brute that she was, she obeyed the touch of the bull-hook and took her place at the ring-pin. Lefty had let her go. Surely, everything must be all right.

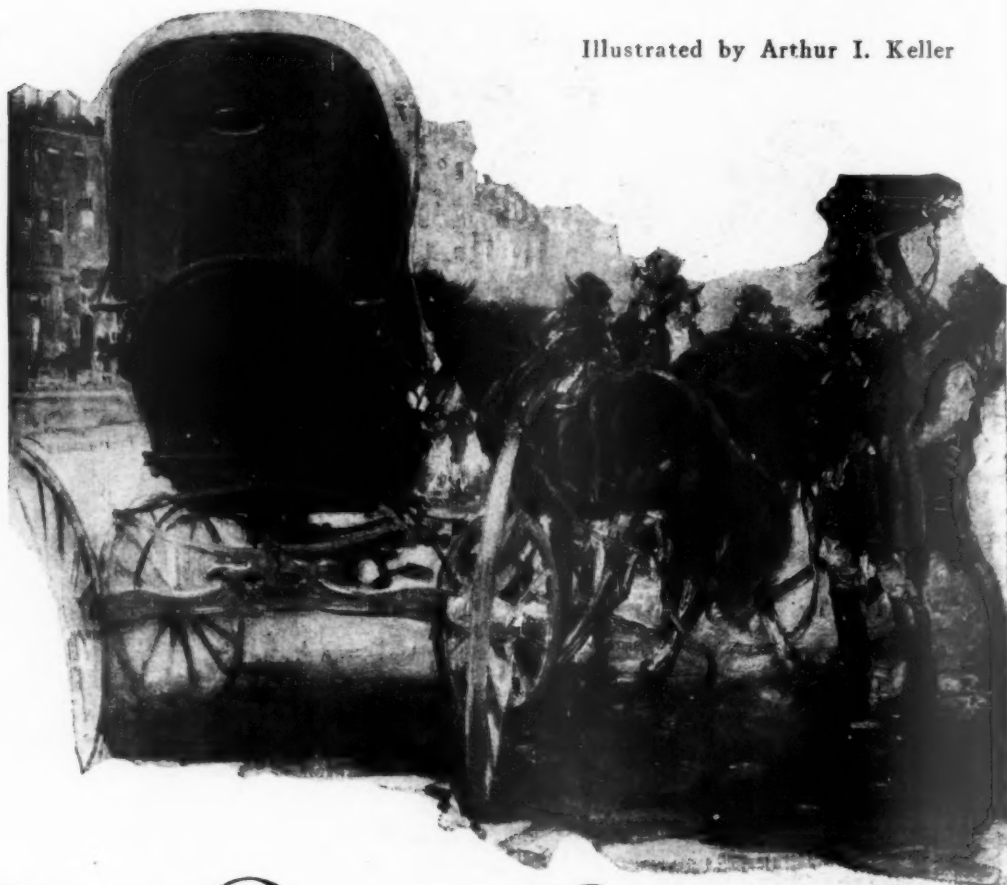
But it wasn't. More and more as that first day went by, Frieda knew that everything was far from all right—and that hidden somewhere in all this mix-up, was a Horrible Mistake. This wasn't her show at all—now, instead of being the sole pachydermic inhabitant of the menagerie tent, she was second in a line of ten, while beside her, stealing all the peanuts, demanding and receiving every favor, was a wrinkled, sour-visaged old *grande dame* whom the bull-tender called Mom.

It had taken Frieda only about fifteen minutes to learn that Mom was the queen of the herd. That discovery was made when the first evening hay was distributed, and Frieda, according to custom, reached for the first forkful—only to rebound as suddenly, to squeal, then to curl her trunk in pain, as the wrinkled old Mom, with a shriek of anger, lambasted her on the forehead and eyes, driving her back to her position in line. Following that came the trip to the watering trough, with old Mom trumpeting the commands, with the rest of the herd standing back in worshipful reluctance until she drank her fill, then allowing them to go forward—only to drag them away again with a trumpet blast when she had decided they had been there long enough. Old Mom, who butted the smallest elephant out of her way, merely because he reached for a bag of peanuts dropped by an excited passer-by! Who grunted, grumbled and bellowed while nine other elephants, the wondering (Continued on page 168)

Betty got to the sidewalk and walked home in a rage, leaving bystanders to pull the horses out.

Preparatory to the writing of this brilliant novel, Mr. Hughes combed libraries and second-hand bookshops for reminiscences of his heroine's contemporaries, that would assist him in re-creating the atmosphere of her life. Eighteen hundred volumes were secured and digested. Mr. Keller's researches have also been exhaustive, as his fine illustrations prove.

Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller



The Golden Ladder

By

RUPERT HUGHES

The Story So Far:

THE first rungs of the strange life-ladder ascended by Betty Bowen hardly lifted her out of the mire. For as a child her notorious mother's house had been pulled down about their ears by a righteous mob. And as a young girl Betty was all too well known in the town of her doubtful nativity—the Rhode Island Providence, of President Washington's time. When she was nineteen, her latest lover the French refugee Pierre died; and Betty in disgust with Providence, left it for New York. There her funds ran low, and she accepted an offer which had been made by a French sea-captain, Delacroix, to accompany him to France.

Betty stared after Delacroix so triumphantly at the close of their interview, that a certain Lavinia Ballou, who knew Betty, and who had overheard, cried out:

"Well, I do declare, if you aint the brazenest thing! But it's all a body could expect of a girl who would run off and leave a little—"

Betty's hand went out to Vinny's throat.

"If you speak of that again to me, Lavinia Ballou—or to anybody—if you so much as even look it—killin' you is the least I'll do to you!"

Betty found France in the savage turmoil of the Revolution, with the guillotine busy. Captain Delacroix's grenadier of a wife found him out, and for a time Betty saw little of him. Finally, when Betty had acquired a wardrobe of Parisian clothes, a headful of lawless Revolutionary ideas and a useful capital of

French elegances, Delacroix returned and took her back with him to America, along with a friend, Elie Laloi, a refugee from San Domingo whom he had picked up on the voyage.

Delacroix continued to provide for Betty for some years in New York; but she became reckless in her affairs during his absences; and finally, returning unexpectedly, he threw Betty and a certain Mr. Evertsen bodily into the street.

Betty took refuge with Laloi, who now conducted a bookshop. Shortly thereafter, walking with him, she met his friend Stephen Jumel, a fellow-refugee whom Laloi had rescued from the debtors' prison and who had since prospered as a wine-merchant. As they stood talking, the carriage of Mrs. Vansinderen passed; the lady cut Betty—worse, her carriage-wheels spattered Betty's dress with mud. Said Jumel:

"Mam'selle should have a carriage and make mud upon that luddy. W'at you geeve to somebody who buys you carriage?"

"I'd give my soul."

"I take!" responded the Frenchman. Thus Betty soon found herself possessed of the finest carriage in town, and a liveried coachman to drive it; and she likewise found herself installed, without bell, book or candle, as the lady of Jumel's house.

This was progress—another step on the golden ladder; but Betty was by no means content: she longed intensely for—respectability, the looked-up-to estate of a married woman!

And finally she hit upon a plan; she demanded and secured



WHILE Betty had gained great heights by deception, the inconveniences seemed to increase with the altitude. The higher she went, the dizzier she grew, and the more dreadful a fall would be.

Lying was hard enough to carry on if one lied alone, but one had to count upon so much collaboration not only from stupid friends but even from enemies who could hardly be expected to commit a sin in one's behalf, especially when a virtuous act would be so much more destructive.

To be in the power of Lavinia Ballou, of people! That sniveling, canting, proper thing! Lavinia was simply choked up with virtue. It was like the cold in her head she always had. And she had a worse cold in her heart.

And what had Lavinia won? Nothing but the privilege of sweeping somebody's dirty steps. And yet with a glance of her codfish eyes she could make Betty shiver in her carriage, the carriage she had earned by years of hard, laborious trickery.

Betty had planned to go to a bull-baiting that afternoon in case Mrs. Alexander Hamilton should decline to accept her condolences. When she came from the widow's charming presence, she had already decided that bull-baiting was a vulgar pastime, almost more unfair than dueling, since the poor bull had no choice in the matter and must fight whether he would or no. Betty's tastes were growing more refined. All she needed was a little encouragement from the well-born, and she would carry her new-fashioned virtue to the last extreme.

But everything conspired against her. The dogs of gossip kept pulling her down and barking at her. Lavinia Ballou was the worst hound of all. How was she to be thwarted, now that she had met Jumel's valet Albin? Such a combination of destroyers! Albin hated Betty like poison, and Lavinia worse than that.

Should she hurry to Jumel's office and tell him there that a foul conspiracy had been hatched against her? But was it wise to answer the charges before they were made? She remembered a favorite phrase of Jumel's—"Qui s'excuse s'accuse!" the self-excuser is a self-accuser.

She had lifted her hand to order her coachman to take her to Jumel's shop. She brought it down again in helpless irresolution.

Then a team of horses hauling a baker's wagon came pell-mell

the connivance of her friend Dolly Beadstone and a prominent physician, Dr. Ketelkas; for Betty "had something on" Dolly and the Doctor. Betty now pretended a mortal illness; the hapless Ketelkas confirmed the fact; and so convincingly did Betty assume a deathbed terror of eternal flames because of her unwed life with Jumel, that the Frenchman sent for a priest at once. Betty recovered marvelous quickly then; and Jumel realized he had been tricked, but he was a game sport and had the ceremony repeated in church. But the town took little note of the affair; it was absorbed in reports of the duel wherein Aaron Burr had killed Alexander Hamilton. And Betty's triumph was short-lived; for Lavinia Ballou, in company with Jumel's valet Albin, met and recognized Betty; and Betty knew that tales of her life in Providence would reach Jumel. (*The story continues in detail.*)

around the corner and frightened the horse of a man who was taking it home from a blacksmith shop without even bridling it. The horse leaped out from under the rider, and that threw Betty's horses into the air. They plunged and fought each other and bolted down Broadway until the coachman, by dragging on the lines, managed to pull them over into a great mudhole in front of St. Paul's church. They stopped indeed, but they sank to their girths in the mud. The coachman was tossed into the gutter, and the carriage-pole snapped in two. Betty went forward on her face, and came near ruining her beautiful nose.

She got to the sidewalk and walked home in a towering rage, leaving the bystanders to pull the horses out as best they could.

She decided to lie in wait for Mr. Jumel and catch him before Albin could tell his story. But Albin had done what she should have done. He had gone to the office.

Jumel had called him a liar and thrown a bottle of wine at his head, but the merchant had been poisoned with suspicion.

Seeing him come, Betty ran down the stairs to greet him with the best of her smiles. He flung off her hands and slapped her across the face with a look that struck like a pair of gloves. Then he led her into the withdrawing room, closed the door and began to shout at her. If the West Indian servants had lacked any information, they gained it now from the high voice of the tormented man.

"How you can be so bad and look so good? You are not good. I know it. I do not hask you to be angel. I am not it. But to be so bad like you, I did not know a woman could."

"What have they told you now, Mr. Jumel?" she demanded.

"You come not from Newport but from Providence. And you have been ver' bad in Providence. Well, you are young yet. And your mawther is bad too. But bad as your mawther is, she is good to her babies, to you. She did love you and feed you and do something for you w'at she could. But you—you did have a little baby. But you did not even love your own baby! You did not be its nourse. You leave when baby is only few weeks old. You run away and forget and never go back, never write one letter to say: 'How goes my baby?'"

"You do not know now if baby lives or is dead. I did not know it could be a woman so cruelle—not cruelle awnly, but *infâme!*"

Betty flinched from the horror in his soul more than from his words. She had been too busy saving herself from poverty and discontent to ponder how inhuman her neglect had been. Seeing herself through other eyes, she was aghast at herself. Jumel went on:

"Did I knew so much before, I should never liked you. Marry you? *Jamais, jamais!* I did think you had beauty, but now I see you the most ugly woman in all these world. You did leave your baby to starve!"

The panting Betty made one feeble parry:

"Who told you all this?"

"Oh, I know! I know."

She detected a flaw in his armor and attacked with sudden ferocity:

"You know! Did you ever see this boy of mine you speak of? Did you ever? Have you any proofs? Have you? What are they? Show me your proofs!"

Jumel gave her only a shrug of the shoulders and a bitter smile.

"These boy of yours, you say. I did not say if your baby is boy or girl. You call him boy, and you have right. Boy it was. You remember so much, *hein?*"

Betty could have bitten her tongue out to recall the slip. It was more convincing than any document. She had either to surrender or ignore the evidence. When the soul is trapped in its own coils, it is more furious than ever. Betty's wrath was sincere. She made a fierce onset:

"Aha! So you take the word of any jealous servant or any lying gossip who wants to destroy your home! So that's the



Jumel walked into his parlor and beheld his perplexing wife cuddling

kind of a man you are. A fine husband, I declare! Any valet's word is good enough to convict your own wife. At the first slander you hear, you hurry home and use it to horsewhip the poor fool who loved you and gave her life to making you happy."

Seeing him staggered in the very moment of his victory by the unforeseen impudence of this attack from the flank, she hurled all her forces at him:

"Why, you damned cowardly Frenchman, you ought to be killed!"

She snatched from a table drawer a dueling pistol he kept for burglars, and had never fired. And she shrieked:

"And I will kill you if you don't take back all you've said!"

He looked at her with profound pity. He saw her in full frenzy, and he knew that frenzies are exhausting. He sighed with an appalling gentleness:

"W'at is true, w'at is done, I cannot take back; but could you not take back your baby?"



a baby. "It is how I like most to see you," he cried. "Whose baby that is?" She laughed: "Ours!"

Seeing him still not persuaded after all her storm of rage, she fell into a storm of tears. She became suddenly overwhelmingly sorry for herself. And Jumel felt sorry for her, too.

After all, if a young girl of her evil beginnings was led astray or driven astray and fell into the hands of a man who betrayed her and abandoned her,—and if after long terrors and shames she was unburdened of a child and had not the courage to face the world and defy it,—was she not rather trebly pitiable than trebly despicable?

If she had had the courage to rear her child, she would have been strong enough to avoid the fall. Why should one be both cursed with cowardice, and cursed for it? The poor, pretty thing! She had been damned with the magnetism that drew men and made them imperious. But how could she help that?

Jumel was none of your cheap strong men who take pride in their contempt and feel themselves lifted up by the mere act of looking down upon some wretch in distress. Jumel could hate

nothing but hate, scorn nothing but scorn, and despise only contempt. His sympathy was instant, unquestioning. He was your true Samaritan who picks up the fallen and carries them home and heals them without asking questions or considering his own conveniences or engagements.

He was of that splendid class that is so much and so cheaply reviled. He was a merchant. He knew that money is the final essential poultice to almost every wound, and he went forth first to get money so that he might have it at hand. He took no refuge in the lazy sigh: "If I were only rich, I would help you!" He made himself rich and helped as he went along.

And now he saw before him a girl at bay, a girl who had slipped on the ice of her way and broken her character as well as her reputation. He pitied her. How much? Enough to reimburse her for her lost prestige. Her anger at him he did not misconstrue. It was another proof of her bewilderment, her weakness, her anguish, her need of help.

He astounded Betty by his docility. She was human enough to esteem it a weakness, contemptible but convenient. She waited to see how far it would go.

It took an unexpected turn, forgetting the past and anxiously regarding the future. Calmly accepting her as a liar but not to be rebuked for that, it went forward to the next problem.

"These boy of yours is mine, too, yes? Ve go find and bring him to our home, yes? How old he is now?"

Betty would not admit he ever existed. She never did admit it. She flung up her head in a rage:

"I never said I had a boy. How could I say how old he is, if I never had him?"

"When you leave Providence?"

"In seventeen ninety-four."

"*Quatre-vingt-quatorze*. He has then now ten years. A boy of ten years old would be good in these house. How you call him?"

She tossed her head in despair of him. He answered for her.

"You call him Georges Vashin'ton Boven, yes?"

BETTY'S eyes began to rain anew. The name of George Washington had always exerted a peculiar spell upon her. She remembered the little girl she had been when she ran along the streets of Providence to watch his carriage pass. She remembered the forlorn thing she was when, four years later, she was a mother with a baby at her breast.

She had not known how to name her son. Old Mother Ballou, who had brought him into the world, stood grinning and saying: "What you going to name your son, dearie?" Old Major Ballou, with goosequill dipped and ready, sat to inscribe the title in the only book there was in the house.

There was no family Bible, but since age was the thing that sanctified a book, he spread open the ancient leathern volume left behind by some shanghaied sailor who had probably stolen it. The title page ran:

"First Part of the Life and Raigine of King Henrie the III, extended to the End of the First Year of his Raigine. Written by J. Howard. Imprinted at London by John Wolfe and are to be sold at his shop in Pope's Head Alley near to the Exchange, 1599."

While the Ballous waited, the girl, shaken by the tortures she had just endured, ransacked her mind for the name of some saint and could think of only one. She sobbed:

"Call him George Washington."

"Very good for a first name," said the old warrior Major Ballou. "But what's to be the last name of the brat?"

"Mine," sighed Betty, who had no other to offer.

"Right!" said Major Ballou, and with much scratching and blotting he inscribed in a bare space on a yellowed page the following legend:

"George Washington Bowen, born of Eliza Bowen, at my house in town, Providence, R. I., this 9th day of October 1794. Reuben Ballou."

As Betty grew stronger, she grew colder. She resented the existence of the child that she had not asked for nor selected. It was not beautiful in her eyes. The maternal instinct was denied her, and that was all that could be said. She made no pretense of a motherliness that most of the other mammals felt. She could not abide the imprisonment a mother must accept. She could not live in Providence and neglect the child. Therefore she must leave Providence.

NOW Betty quivered with shame for her character. But she could not by taking thought add the cubit of motherliness to her stature. Yet she wept, remembering—wept rather for her forlorn self than for the cub she had whelped in spite of herself.

Seeing her tears flowing again, Jumel felt called upon to complete his Samaritanism.

"Those boy—of yours—of ours—he should be here. I gc get."

To his stupefaction, this supreme acceptance of her past and all its implications won him no gratitude but another tempest of protest.

"No! No! No! Are you determined to ruin me with your meddling? Only today Mrs. Hamilton said she'd call on me soon. She would be likely to call after this, wouldn't she? No, Monsieur Jumel, you bring no George Washington Bowens into my house."

He gave up with a gesture of sad complacency:

"To hear a child laughing in these house is a thing I could like."

She felt that she could afford to grant him a crumb of solace.

"If it is a child you want about the place, I'll adopt one. Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and some other ladies are trying to start an orphan asylum. It would look well if we were to take one of the foundlings into our home."

The more she thought of this, the more Betty approved of the idea. It had a note of high strategy.

But Fate offered a substitute.

Chapter Thirty

ALL this while the namesake of the Father of his Country, the son of the woman who would not even mother her own, was dwelling in ignorance of Betty's existence. He had always called Major Reuben Ballou "father," as everybody in town believed him. The old soldier had risen to a captaincy and then to a majority under George Washington. His wife had died, and he had made liquor his career. Versatile Freelove Ballou took him into her grogshop, and he married her, perhaps to pay the debts chalked up against him for rum.

Freelove may have had some flare of jealousy that frightened Betty into flight. It would have been like Betty to make the old soldier and his wife a present of the child for which they were so responsible. In any case, young G. W. Bowen heard no more of his mother and called Major Ballou his father. Then the Major followed the other Revolutionary heroes into the tomb, and there was none to prevent Freelove from throwing the boy out of her shop. He was apprenticed to a farmer. He ran away and came back to Mother Ballou's, but she shipped him out of town again, this time to a farm in Smithfield.

He knew nothing of his mother's struggles, nothing of her very existence, nothing of her present dubious triumph. He knew only that he bore a glorious name and he resolved to be worthy of it. He thought so much upon it that he began to believe himself indeed the son of Washington. He began to grow to look like Washington.

It would have quenched what little pride he had to sustain him among the harsh furrows in the rock-sown fields, to be told that he was almost anybody's child but George's.

There were others, however, in Providence who knew of Betty's wealth. She had not been forgotten as "the handsomest girl in Providence." Now she was talked of as "the Providence girl who married the Frenchman in New York and had her own carriage."

The fame of this high achievement reached at last even the starveling seven children left behind by old Jonathan Clarke when he married Betty's mother and sailed south to die. One of these Clarke girls had followed the custom of the family, and a year after Betty abandoned George Washington Bowen, Polly Clarke brought into the world a daughter to whom she gave the even more distinguished name of Mary. For the baby's last name, Polly selected "Bownes" in honor perhaps of the child's father.

She and Betty had been little girls together following the advice of Nature, the old stepmother, and of Freelove Ballou, the midwife who asked no questions.

When Polly Clarke heard that her stepsister Betty had found New York a profitable marketplace, she took packet thither. But she brought along her baby. And one fine afternoon when Betty's carriage drew up at the curb before her home in Bowling Green, the West Indian servant who let her in informed her that she had a caller. This was glorious news in itself, and Betty, who was heartsick for all her high head, had ridden up and down Broadway in aching loneliness for a pleasant smile. She rushed to her parlor to greet the visitor, but checked herself before the door to assume a proper air of calm, then swept in with her very most high-class expression.

She saw a shabby little woman dandling a shabby little girl on her knee, and her hopes collapsed. She was so disappointed that her heart leaped to hear the friendly cry of:

"Betty! It's me! Polly! Don't you remember your old half-sister?"

Better a half-sister than no sister, and at that moment Betty was glad of any kin to call her own. She flung her arms about Polly and wept and laughed with her.

Then the little girl must be discussed, a pretty shy thing of four. There was a long-vacant room for a child in Betty's soul, and though the rightful owner was dispossessed, she was more eager for another tenant than she realized. She set the baby on her knee and pressed its curls against her breast and felt a completeness she had never known. She had the stateliness of the stateliest group in art, a mother with a child in her lap.



Betty made a friend of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton—or at least brought about an exchange of calls.

And so it seemed to Monsieur Jumel when he walked into his parlor unexpectedly and beheld his perplexing wife cuddling a baby.

"How more beautiful you are than ever! It is how I like most to see you," he cried. "Whose baby that is?"

Betty, startled into a blush and shy with the primitive simplicity of motherhood, caught a light in his eyes hitherto unseen there, and she laughed:

"Ours!"

This brought Jumel forward with arms outstretched. He gathered the girlkin into his bosom, and she nestled there at ease, stroking his cheek with a tiny hand. When he looked up

and pursed his lips, she set against them a little mouth as soft as a violet and brought spring back into his life.

He was so amazingly contented that Betty introduced her sister without apology. Jumel greeted her with a courtesy that won her heart and made her nod her head and smile her acquiescence when Betty announced:

"My sister is going to give us that baby to keep."

To Jumel this was such an incredible generosity that he gasped:

"But how you can let go such a dearling?"

Betty only laughed.

The upshot of the conference was that Betty's stepsister Polly went back to Providence with (Continued on page 150)

"No, no!" cried Synde. "Don't yank it. I'll show you how to get the line down."



Alias Dolan

By

HAROLD MACGRATH

UPON the door was a small card which announced that Professor Henry Belfort taught music from nine until four. You were requested to ring.

It was eight o'clock of a June morning. The Professor at this moment was frying his single breakfast egg in his bedroom. For variety he fried, boiled or poached his egg; with this went toast and coffee. Sometimes, when there was a wave of prosperity, there was added a bit of bacon. Luncheon consisted of bread and milk, filling and sustaining. His dinner-check at the Biltmore Lunch, where he rubbed elbows with the world, ranged from thirty to forty cents.

Belfort was not his name. A man whose patronymic was Dolan would never get anywhere in the musical world. To draw business, it had to be Russian, Polish or French. So years ago he had selected *Belfort*, lopping off the "l" when he pronounced it. By now he *was* Belfort.

He was a dapper little man, with white hair, a thin, smoothly shaven face, dreamy blue eyes and a pleasant voice. His hands were slender, well-kept and surprisingly powerful, as the hands of pianists generally are. He played well, with feeling, but not well enough for the concert stage. The thousands and thousands of good musicians who cannot get anywhere! He could have eked out a fair living by playing in a moving-picture theater, but at his age—fifty-six—the hours were too long; he would never have had any time to himself or for his dreams.

He was not conscious of it, but walls suffocated him. When he was not giving lessons, he was always wandering about the streets. He loved the free sunshine, the trees, such gardens as he could see beyond the palings of the rich. Sometimes fortune bewildered him; he needed so little, and often that was denied him. Still, fortune was kind to him in one degree; he was alone, without dependents.

He taught children. Mothers sent their little boys and girls to

him. Some had music in them; but most of them had nothing but sullen rebellion. He understood this rebellion, however. Youth craved sunshine just as he did. As soon as they could play their first piece, they were taken away to some fashionable teacher, at five dollars an hour instead of one.

He was glad that he had not taken up the violin like Sobolski across the hall. Even when his pupils struck a wrong note, the note was true. But over in Sobolski's! Nothing is more horrible to the sensitive ear than a false note on a fiddle-string.

A man is known by the rooms he lives in, as well as by the company he keeps. In these two rooms—bedroom and studio—there were no cobwebs, no dust, no disorder. The windows which overlooked the dingy court were perfectly transparent, so that between eleven and one the sun had no difficulty in flooding the rooms. More than this, the air in these two rooms was always fresh.

In the studio the eye was always first attracted by the grand piano, highly polished so as to look like new; but the ivory keys were yellow with age. There was nothing astonishing about the piano; in fact, it belonged to this room. But when your glance roved about the walls, there was real cause for astonishment. Not a photogravure of Mozart on his deathbed, none of Beethoven playing "The Moonlight Sonata," no portraits of the celebrated composers and performers; nothing of this character was visible to the eye. Instead there were colored lithographs of hunting scenes. Here was a man netting a fat trout; another was aiming



Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

at a bull moose in the lily pads—and so on, forest and water scenes in profusion, got from the outing magazines, cartridge and gun manufacturers' calendars, all neatly but cheaply framed. Thus it will be understood that though the owner had used the name of Belfort for thirty years, he was still a Dolan. The roving Irish instinct was still strongly entrenched. But in this studio Opportunity was something to be read about, skeptically. In one corner of the room was a fat pile of well-thumbed sporting magazines.

The location of the studio was central. In fact, it was in the heart of the business district. The ground floors were given over to shops, the second floor to beauty parlors, milliners and a barber-shop, the third floor to more beauty regenerators, manicurists and tailors, the fourth to dry-cleaners and the studios of Professors Henry Belfort and Ignace Sobolski. Fortunately for Belfort, there was an elevator which ran from six in the morning until eight at night.

The Professor finished his breakfast, brushed his threadbare coat, trimmed his collar and cuffs, dressed and entered the studio. No prescience warned him that this was going to be the day of days, that Opportunity was about to throw her arms ecstatically around his neck. No. He never went beyond the present minute, never felt that something was going to happen in the next. Who does? The sun was shining, and it required no sibyl's penetrating sight to inform the Professor that it was going to be a—day in June.

He sat down at the piano and touched the keys lovingly. Thirty years old, and sweeter now than when he bought it. Why shouldn't it be, with all the care he had given it? He loved it; it was a mistress who answered all his moods; it fed and housed him, and once in two or three years gave him a new suit of clothes. Suddenly he got up and began to paw the sheaves of music, finally bringing forth a tuner's key. He tightened up several wires, then began to play, improvising.

The bell rang.

"Come in!" he called.

Little Annie Fuller entered, timidly and fearfully. Always this

Harold MacGrath was one of the first "column conductors" in America; and that job makes a man put a lot of himself into his work. Though he long since relinquished his column on a Syracuse paper, Mr. MacGrath still sometimes follows the old-time method. For instance, he's constantly buying fishing rods he'll never use, though he's an expert fisherman—as does Synde in the present story. Moreover Belfort, the catalogue sportsman, is a cherished friend, with whom he's often gone on long, adventurous hunting trips in his own library.

day of the week her soul became steeped in terror. If she did not hold her hands just so, the Professor's baton would crack her knuckles; if she returned home without a good report, her father's rattan would crack her elsewhere. Poor little Annie, with no more music in their souls than there is in pig-iron, harried and harassed toward an objective in

which they have no concern and never will have: and later in life, forgetting their own miseries, they will send their offspring through the same tinkling treadmill. Education, they call it.

Let us draw the curtain over this particular hour, the misery of the man (who needed the dollar) and the misery of the child (who needed only a set of mud-pie tins) and again come upon the man as Annie tripped happily to the elevator-shaft.

The Professor had two more lessons to give this day, but as these came into the time between two and four, he would be free for several hours. With a light heart he put on his fedora (four years old, but given a new ribbon each spring), locked the studio door and went down into the glorious June sunshine, for all the world like a man who was about to keep an appointment with a pretty woman. True, he noted them today in their light summery dresses, as he noted the flashing sedans, the shop-windows, the bold white clouds and the patches of blue sky beyond. Nothing was a picture in itself; he saw only the ensemble.

He walked briskly. He was a sound man; his back was flat, for all his fifty-six years. Always planning to take a vacation in the wilderness some day, he had kept himself physically fit. His only dissipation was a pipeful of tobacco after his dinner at the Biltmore Lunch. He read as he smoked. Upon finishing the pipe, he threw up the windows and freshened the room.

Briskly, then, he walked down the main street of the town, turned into a side-street and finally came to a halt before the double windows of a sporting-goods house. One window was given over to fishing-tackle, the other to camp stuff. He nodded approvingly at the patent flap-closer of a tent. That would keep out the bugs if you wanted to read. He smiled cheerfully and entered the shop, passing along to the rod department.

"Hello, Mr. Wills! Got those new rods you told me you were getting?"

"We sure have. Got two new catalogues for you, too."

"Fine!" The Professor rubbed his hands pleasantly. "But first, let me see those rods."

The clerk smiled and laid out on the counter ten cases, some in aluminum, some in canvas. Belfort opened them one by one, fitted the rods and worked them gently, commenting as he did so.

"Not bad, this one."

.... But too whippy. Too much backbone for trout. Too long for three ounces." And so on, until he came to the eighth rod. "Ha! Here's a rod: just the right backbone; four ounces to ten feet. My, my! I never held a better."

"Professor, you're a wonder. That's the best rod we ever had in the store; and we couldn't think of selling it under seventy-five."

"That lets me out," said Professor Belfort ruefully. There were men in this world, then, who could afford to pay seventy-five dollars for a fish-rod?

"When do you expect to run wild?" asked Wills, as he helped to replace the rods in their cases.

The question was a part of the game he played with the Professor. He had played it for several years. He knew that the Professor was never going to take this vacation he planned so regularly; and the Professor knew that he knew.

"Maybe in August. Have you got any of those barbless flies?"

"Yes; but no call for them."

"It seems to me mighty poor sport to torture fish when you don't intend to eat them. Now, a barbless fly gives you the thrill of a break and a tug, and then Mr. Trout gets off, none the worse for the adventure."

"Lots of fish-hogs come in here. And duck-hogs, too! Kill 'em, kill 'em; you don't hear anything else. Our job, though, is to sell 'em the murder stuff. We take our hats off to a sportsman like you. No joshing, Professor; I mean it."

The Professor beamed, but he felt a bit of color in his cheeks. Wills was not making fun of him; the irony was unconscious.

"Am I taking up your time?"

"No. Our game is to show stock to those who know, whether they buy or not. We are advertised by our friends. But take a peek at that canoe."

The canoe-rack was already under inspection. Another clerk was explaining the varied merits of the several canoes to a stocky man with a handsome sunburnt face, a blue eye of agate hardness, and a grim mouth and chin. The stranger radiated force, physical and mental.

"I'm used to birch," he said.

"But this canvas is far lighter and more durable," the clerk declared.

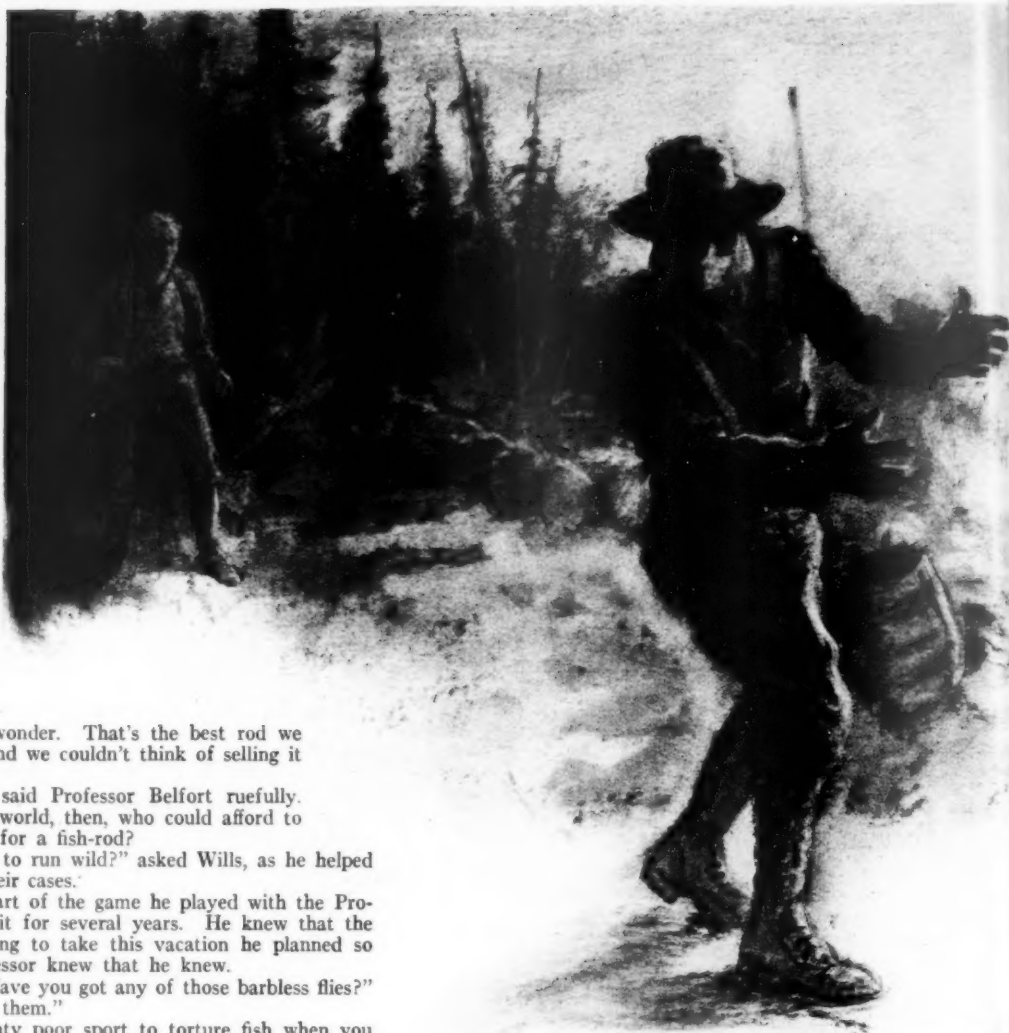
The Professor crossed the aisle.

"Will it carry weight? I'm close to two hundred," said the stranger.

"With that beam," interposed the Professor, "it will carry three times that weight."

"But supposing I wanted to paddle off with a bull moose?"

"Moose? Well, I don't know about that," the Professor admitted, with sudden embarrassment. He wished he hadn't spoken; but what he said was true. Moose—the North Country, the pines and cedars, the great beasts in the lily pads, the midges dancing up and down in the sunshine, the diving loons! "Still,



that's as good a canoe for fast water as you'll find." He reached for the double-blade paddle. "I'd chuck this, though. The single blade's the thing. You can't put the same force into the double-blade."

The agate-blue eyes showed some interest. "Much obliged," said the owner of the eyes. He turned to the clerk. "I'll take the canoe. Now I'll look at some small arms."

Elated, the Professor turned to go, when Wills hailed him. "Here's your catalogues, Professor, and some new magazines."

The Professor tucked them under his arm and departed.

Let me see that rod he was praising," said the stranger. Wills took the rod from the case and joined the parts. The big man handled the rod expertly. "The old boy is right. This is a real rod. I don't need it, but I'll take it. What's the use of a little extra coin if you can't fool with it?" He smiled, and his face became winning and boyish. "Who is he?"

"Professor Belfort, a music teacher," answered Wills. "There's a good yarn there. He knows more about tackle and guns than nine-tenths of the chaps who call themselves sportsmen. And yet if he ever wet a line it's been in the town creek, a few miles outside the limits. Shiners and bullheads."

"You mean to say he's never done any fishing or canoeing? How come?" demanded the big man, now thoroughly alive with interest.

"Sporting magazines and catalogues. He devours them from cover to cover. You see, when he began coming in, we got sore laying aside things for him and listening to his apologies; but



"Stop that!" At the north of the clearing stood a little man, at his hip an automatic.

yarn to carry North." The stranger laughed. It was a deep rumble, but contagious, for Wills laughed, too. "By the way, ship the stuff via Montreal."

"Yes sir."

After this unusual customer was gone, Wills thoughtfully studied the list of purchases. The canoe, rod and reels were all right. But six army automatics and two hundred rounds of ammunition? Well, it was no business of his. The house had made a nice profit.

Meantime the object of this curiosity went on down the street. From time to time the laughter rumbled in his throat. Got his stuff out of catalogues, eh? Funniest thing he had ever heard of. A Simon-pure bluff; and yet he could pick out a rod like that without practical knowledge, without that experience very hard to acquire, merely by some instinct not translatable into

the boss got the facts of the thing and ordered us to humor him. And by jings, his judgment is always correct. Sounds fishy, but it's true. Just gave him a few rods to look over, and he picked the winner."

"Well, that gets me. Never heard of anything like that before." The big man began to laugh. "I guess I had him up a tree when I asked how I could pack 'moose in that canoe."

"I guess you did. He's been planning a vacation for years, but he'll never get enough money to make it. Seems a darn shame, too. When he's in here, he's as happy as a child; and I don't know of any child more guileless."

"Hasn't he any friends?"

"None that I know of."

"Humph." The stranger stroked his blue chin.

"And a tough life he leads, too, teaching kids to murder the piano as painlessly as possible."

"Let me look at the small arms. I wasn't going to buy anything when I came in; but you know how it is. You've just got to buy something each year, or the fun is spoiled."

Half an hour later the stranger extracted from his trouser pocket a huge roll of twenty-dollar notes, paid out two hundred and eighty dollars, scribbled his name and address, and was about to fare forth into the street, when a thought caused him to pause and turn.

"What did you say the old codger's name was?"

"Henry Belfort."

"All out of magazines and catalogues, eh? That'll be some

words. He wondered if the old boy could lay a fly. Get the old geezer with a lot of elderberries behind him—that would be a scene worthy of a moving-picture camera. No man living could lay a fly by reading about it; the thing had to be done a thousand times, and even then some dubs never got the hang of it. What a notion! What a damn-fool notion! He began to laugh again. Just the kind of an adventure he needed, a break in the damnable monotony that was more and more engulfing him. Something to laugh at!

He entered the first drugstore he came to and asked for the city directory. He wrote down Professor Henry Belfort's address, bought a cigar, and returned to the street. If the old geezer could cook—it would all depend upon that. It would be as good as a vaudeville show. Of course, he wouldn't be able to cook like Pierre—the snooping fool! Well, Pierre had got his. If the old fellow could cook bacon and eggs and flapjacks and good coffee—

AT five minutes after eight that evening, the last trip of the elevator, the Professor entered his studio, turned on the reading lamp, got his new catalogues and sporting magazines and his pipe, and sat down for an orgy; for a man can get drunk by the way of reading quite as easily as by the way of the lips. But tonight the orgy was not destined to run any length of time. At half after eight, the bell tinkled. The Professor was somewhat astonished. Not half a dozen times the year did anyone ring his bell at night.

Reluctantly he laid aside his pleasure and went to the door.

"What is it?"

"This is Professor Henry Belfort?"

"Yes. Wont you come in?"

As the light struck the visitor's face, Belfort's astonishment became audible in the form of a sharp gasp. The man of the canoes!

"A lot of steps to climb, but I decided I wanted to have a chat with you," said the burly stranger. "My name is Synde. Joseph Synde—pronounced like *Sinned*. More sinned against than sinning. Ha!"

"Have a chair, sir." The Professor shut the door, his bewilderment stupefying him. What in the world could this man want?

Synde dropped into a chair and adroitly sailed his cap to the piano-top.

"I see you smoke, so you wont mind if I take a whack at my pipe. I was interested in your knowledge of rods this morning. Couple of years ago I leased a camp in Canada. Good trout-fishing, and plenty of moose in the fall. Eighteen miles from the nearest railway station, but I've blazed a fairish auto trail, if you don't mind a few bumps."

"If I don't mind a few bumps!" echoed the Professor.

"I want a man familiar with the big open spaces."

"Of which I know absolutely nothing."

"Good. I like honest men. I'm honest myself—occasionally." Synde's laughter rocked the walls. "The clerk told me all about you. Hang it all, I get lonesome once in a while, and there's no intellectual fodder in my guide's talk. I want a companion, a man not too proud to cook simple food and wash up after, who'll smoke with me at night and talk about books and things. There's a piano, but nobody knows how to play it. Maybe it's in tune; I don't know. A hundred dollars a month and your fare back. Can you cook?"

"Why—" Belfort stupidly rubbed his forehead.

"No fancy stuff. Bread, bacon and eggs, coffee and the like. You're wanting a vacation, and I'm wanting the society of a mental equal. That's the milk in the coconut." Synde laid a bronzed, powerful hand upon Belfort's knee. "What do you say? I'm an impulsive beggar. It kind of hit me, your digging away in those magazines and never going anywhere. I want a companion, but I want three meals a day when I'm around. What say?"

"I can cook." Belfort was certain that he had fallen asleep in the chair; this conversation was of the stuff of nightmares.

"Bully! You'll have lots of time on your hands, and you can whip the trout-stream to your heart's content."

"But how would I get to your camp?" There was more continuity to this than was usual in nightmares.

"With me. I take the whole trip in my car. I had to have the magneto fixed, or I should have gone through this town. Life's funny; huh? I went into that store this morning because I had nothing to do. I didn't need a darn thing, but I bought a lot of truck just the same. Man's a fool about some things." Synde made an imaginary cast, struck and began to reel in. "Nothing like it. Once there, it never gets out of the blood. Like war!"

"You were over there?"

"Yes, I was in that war." Synde chuckled; and little as he knew of human notes, Belfort sensed a wild and bitter defiance in the chuckle. It gave more life to the nightmare notion.

SYNDE looked to be about forty-five, for his hair was graying, and frosty wrinkles spread from the corners of his eyes.

"How old are you?" asked Belfort, without considering the impertinence of the question. Besides, impertinence in nightmares didn't count.

"Thirty-five. I know, I look ten years older. War—piled ten years on top of me." Synde bared his left arm to the elbow. From the elbow almost to the wrist ran a broad red scar. "Heine's bayonet. My back is a sight, too. I don't know what it is about war. Meat-chopper! You go in a man and come out God knows what." He laughed again. "Well, how about it?"

"I'm confused. I'll want a day or two to think it over."

"Tonight," declared Synde. "I'm leaving after lunch tomorrow. Perhaps it's the cash. I'll give you two hundred now to clinch the deal."

"I'll go," said the Professor recklessly; and having passed the Rubicon, he wanted to dance, sing and indulge in he knew not what other nonsense. Of course he would wake up shortly, with his knees covered with pipe-ash. He often did that.

"Fine! We'll get along. You'll cook, but you'll eat with me.

Here's the dough. You'll know what you need. Don't bother about tackle. I've got rafts of the stuff. Can you shoot?"

"No."

"I'll put you through the mill when we get there. You'll be left alone some. There's a lot of tough customers wandering about. If they knew you couldn't handle a gun, they might loot the camp. You're not afraid, are you?"

"I might be."

"You're all right, Professor. The yellow-streaker never admits that he might be afraid."

Synde produced his roll. Never had Belfort seen so much money save behind a teller's cage. He took the ten twenties mechanically, but could not take his gaze off this queer Hercules who was hiring Henry Belfort to satisfy some deep-moving whim.

"Call at the hotel at noon. G'night."

Synde snatched his cap off the piano and departed in a kind of furious mirth, for the befuddled Professor could hear his laughter all the way down to the next landing.

Belfort closed the studio door, and stared at the crisp bills in his hand. Next, he struck a chord on the piano, paced the room, stared through the window at the bright stars, and finally plopped into a chair and gazed at the walls. In an hour or so he would wake up, worse luck!

Below, Synde climbed into his powerful roadster, unlocked the engine and addressed the world at large.

"Joe, you're probably a damn' fool!"

He swooped in a quick half-circle and rolled rapidly away. His laughter broke forth afresh. Was there ever a joke like this before? He wouldn't hurt the old boy, not a hair of his head; but he would use him in lieu of the comic supplements. What would Stony Mike say, Jean, Lefty Luke and the rest of the gang, when they saw Professor Henry Belfort washing dishes at Camp Sinister? A whale of a joke!

"**N**O, no!" cried Synde, wiping the tears from his eyes. "Don't yank it. Let it be, and I'll show you how to get the line down."

He took the rod from the Professor's hand and gave it several sharp pats. The line looped off the branch, but the fly stuck.

"I'm sorry," said the Professor. His nose was red and peeling. The general aspect of his face was that of a man who had just escaped violent strangulation. So works the sun and wind upon the tender city epidermis. "I thought I knew something, but I don't."

"Forget it. Everybody has to learn. Besides, this kind of casting is vaudeville stuff. You gave me a good laugh, though."

"You're welcome."

The Professor had not so long ago found out that when human problems confronted him, he was helpless, his powers of analysis negligible; yet this camp and this man affected him oddly, gave him the sense of an impending storm. Frequently morose and given to long spells of silence, there were times when Synde fascinated him with his brilliant talk of books, art, peoples. But it was when he played the piano that he got a glimpse of the man's soul—a thing in torment; for once he had turned suddenly and discovered tears in those agate-blue eyes. The bitter mockery, the bursts of sardonic laughter were but a mask.

"We'll lose the fly," Synde remarked.

The leader broke. But Synde turned the broken end into a scientific loop and attached a new fly. He stripped a few feet of line from the reel and let the fly rest upon the water. A fillip of the wrist, and the line rose in a beautiful loop. Up, up, until it almost touched the pine; another fillip, and the line darted magically toward the center of the pool, paused in midair; the fly touched the water with the airy lightness of a feather.

"I'll never learn to do that," said the Professor.

"In time. You're working like an old-timer in the open. It's no cinch to land three pounds of native trout from a still pool as deep as this one. You've got the gift. Well, I guess this will be all for today. It's eleven. Never anything doing in the middle of the day."

This was the Professor's second week in the wilderness. Fourteen days of unimaginable spectacles! He had seen wild deer, a cow-moose and her calf, partridge, loon, duck, porcupine. He had got three duckings trying to manage the canoe, and Synde had laughed himself sick. His first exploit with a rod had cost him flies, leader and line; for he had not thought to knot the line to the reel. But he hadn't broken a rod yet; and Synde had told him that breaking rods was always a beginner's trick.

"You'll do," Synde had said. "You've got the knack. All you've got to do is to forget every- (Continued on page 140)

Illustrated by
Howard Chandler Christy

Arthur Roche will tell you that one of the most interesting experiences of his life was his long association with the motion pictures, in Hollywood, whither he went to assist in the filming of several novels. Out of that experience he gained numerous different "slants" on life. To one of them he gives expression in this story of the understanding that finally came to one woman.

Alms of Love

By
ARTHUR SOMERS
ROCHE

EVERYONE wondered how long Kitty Wheeler would stand it. And yet, in the very moment of wonderment, everyone felt that Kitty would stand it forever. She was that kind, one of the "until death do us part" folk, who take the marriage vow seriously.

Besides that, she was crazy about Jim. It had been one of those mad youthful passions that neither the years nor children could cool. One had only to watch them together to know how greatly she loved him. And for that matter, Jim adored her.

Mrs. Peter Schoolcraft, that ample dowager whose tongue was as hard as her heart was soft, sniffed scornfully when Kitty remarked upon her husband's devotion. Mrs. Schoolcraft looked at her watch.

"My dear, it's nine-forty-seven P. M. standard time. Averse as I am to fast modern habits,—you know, my dear, that I never play for more than a tenth of a cent a point,—I'd nevertheless be willing to wager a great deal of money that you can't tell me where your blond rascal of a husband is at this moment."

Kitty Wheeler elevated her dimpled chin. The angle at which the movement slanted her face caused her to look downward through lowered lashes, at her guest. It was an entirely unconscious pose, and because of this perhaps the most attractive in her repertory. It exposed the clean proud line that curved from the tip of her chin to her bosom; the lowered lashes gave a touch of

inviting mystery to the deep brown eyes; hers was one of those profiles that do not need to be seen "just so."

"I know where his heart is," she retorted proudly.

"But where is his hulking body?" demanded Mrs. Schoolcraft.

"Wherever it is, it will come back to me," replied Kitty.

Mrs. Schoolcraft sniffed again. "With the scent of another woman's perfume, and perhaps a stray hair upon his shoulder—"

"You needn't be disgusting, Aunt Jane," said Kitty.

"Well, which is the more disgusting, the deed or its description?"

"Malicious gossip is worse than either," evaded the wife.

Mrs. Schoolcraft laughed. "Kitty, I'd like to shake you. I'd



like to spank you. If you were a blushing debutante—I apologize to the younger generation—I mean if you were a smirking bud, I'd forgive you. But you've outgrown certain kinds of folly. After all, you're thirty-one years old; you've been married ten years; you have a daughter seven and a son six. You have a brain. Experience and mentality! Will you always refuse to be guided by either?"

"I also have love, and I prefer to let it guide me," said Kitty.

"Love being notoriously clear-sighted," scoffed Mrs. Schoolcraft.

"All right," Kitty Wheeler leaned forward. "What would you have me do?"

"Do? I'll tell you what I'd have you do. I'd have you divorce this husband of yours!"

Into Kitty's smooth cheeks crept a touch of color. Usually no hint of red disturbed the creaminess of her skin. Only her lips were crimson.

"And then what?" she demanded. There was a touch of contemptuous anger in her voice which matched the danger-signal in her cheek.

"Now you're talking sensibly," declared her aunt. "You'll be free of the rake who makes you unhappy now. You're young. You were never so beautiful in your life as you are today. And believe me, my dear, times have changed. Once a woman with children didn't have a chance. But the modern man is apparently grateful for a ready-made family. Kitty, you'll be able to pick and choose."

"Pick and choose what?" asked Kitty.

"Another husband," answered her aunt.

"But I happen to be in love with the one I have," protested Kitty.

"That's just as ridiculous as your remark of a moment ago to the effect that Jim adored you. You're in a rut. You think you love him. You won't look at another man, because of your ridiculous fidelity to a man who's notoriously unfaithful to you. Kitty, have you no pride?"

"What has pride to do with love?" countered Kitty.

"In your case, apparently nothing. But it should be part and parcel of love."

"I thought that loyalty was more important than pride," said Kitty.

"But why be loyal to a man who doesn't appreciate loyalty? If you proved yourself desirable to some one else—"

"I think that such intriguing is loathsome," interrupted Kitty.

"Happiness isn't worth working for, then," sneered Mrs. Schoolcraft. "If you won't divorce the man, you might at least endeavor to bring him back to you. I don't mean to let him come back when he feels like it, but to hold him to you."

"That is as loathsome as intriguing. Love isn't a matter of work. If it isn't spontaneous, it isn't love," asserted Kitty.

"You think so?" Out of her greater experience Mrs. Schoolcraft laughed mirthlessly. And it was not her words, but her laughter that set Kitty Wheeler to thinking.

And so, having thought, she did the thing that everyone had hoped she would do, and had never thought she would do. She divorced Jim Wheeler. There was no difficulty about it. Once Wheeler was convinced that she desired her release, he gave it to her.

"And I guess that proves that Jim wasn't so madly devoted," said Mrs. Schoolcraft shortly after the decree was granted.

"I suppose it does," admitted Kitty.

Now, the Wheelers had known each other since they were little children. If there is any permanent American society, they

both belonged to it. Neither of them had been born of extremely wealthy parentage, but their families had been a bit more than well-to-do. So it happened that Kitty had gone to the same finishing school attended by Jim's sister; Jim had been a fraternity brother of Kitty's first cousin. They knew the same people in New York. They had been guests at the same functions, the same house-parties, on the same yachts, for some years before their marriage. And it was impossible for them to avoid seeing each other now.

Society has become hardened to the spectacle of ex-wives and husbands meeting at the same party. Divorce is so common that it becomes next to impossible to keep former mates apart.



He almost ran through the gate of Kitty's garden. "Don't get up," he cried. "I'm Macready—Zenith Films. Know me?"

But to Kitty the thought of meeting Jim was offensive to her sense of good taste. And so she went into seclusion.

"Try and remember," said Mrs. Schoolcraft, "that your widowhood is not sod, but grass. No necessity for going into mourning; and besides, it's unhealthy."

There was reason in her aunt's remarks, and so Kitty went to California. True, at Santa Barbara she would meet the same people whom she and Jim had known so long, but at least, Jim himself would not be there. In the bungalow which she rented for the winter, she hoped to find that measure of peace which seemed denied to her in New York. Away from the feeling that she might see Jim coming around any corner,

she might be able to rid herself of the overwhelming longing for him.

For she had not ceased to love him. It had been pride that made her seek the divorce. Her aunt's arguments had failed, but her contemptuous laughter had prevailed. She had tried to believe that loyalty was more important to happiness than pride; yet she had yielded to the latter.

But pride is unappetizing food. In vain she caused her mind to dwell on Jim's faults. Within a year after little Jim's birth he had become involved in an affair with a girl of the chorus. Repentant, when the flame burned out, he had come back. Kitty had forgiven him. Six months later it had occurred again.

how after half a dozen years of acquiescence, she could no longer bear to share Jim. He must belong to her as utterly as she belonged to him, or life was unendurable.

But life wasn't much more endurable now that neither belonged to the other. The winter gayeties at Santa Barbara palled upon her. Always a devoted mother, her children had reached the age when the outside world and its people were infinitely more interesting than home and its inhabitants. She had looked for comfort from them, but she did not find what she had hoped for.

Not that little Jim and Helen weren't affectionate as well as the most beautiful children she had ever seen. But they had emerged from babyhood; they were even beginning to think for themselves. And even had they been babies, they would not have sufficed for Kitty. For even as her long-lashed brown eyes spoke of languor, and her dimpled chin of gaiety, so did her high-arched nose and broad forehead speak of intelligence and of the need to be doing something. She was of the type that could submerge this need for love, but for nothing else. Marriage would prevent her from having a career, but nothing else could stop her. She began to cast around in her mind for things that she might do. She even started a novel.

Then, one day, while she vainly sought inspiration for the next chapter, from the window she saw her two children playing in the garden. Jim was extremely indignant with Helen because, although taller, she refused to pick an orange which was beyond his reach. Welcoming the opportunity to get away from what she was beginning to find an impossible task, Kitty went into the garden.

She was in the midst of an explanation of the duty of the taller person toward the shorter, when an automobile slowly passed the bungalow. In the tonneau sat a restless slim man of middle height. For half a mile he had been peering from side to side, apparently in search of something. Evidently he now saw what he wanted. He ordered the chauffeur to stop the car, leaped from it before it ceased motion, and almost ran through the gate of Kitty's garden.

"Don't get up," he cried. Over his shoulder he beckoned to a man who had descended more cautiously from the automobile. To that man he spoke. "Set it up just inside the gate."

He turned again to Kitty. "Excuse me. I'm Macready—Zenith Films. Know me?"

He had taken off his hat, and exposed a head of black curls. His eyes also were black, and his nose was thin and curved. His skin was tanned brown, and this suggestion of the outdoors was borne out by the lithe swing of his slim body.

Amusedly Kitty looked at this man, who if he had worn a bandage about his forehead, and trousers instead of riding breeches, would, with his shirt opened at the throat, have needed only a cutlass to make him seem like a reincarnated buccaneer.

"I don't seem to remember the name. Ought I to?" she asked.

"Certainly! Unless you're one of those highbrows who don't care for motion pictures," he replied aggressively.

"I like motion pictures. Are you in them?" she said.

"In them? I am them! Maybe you didn't get my name? Macready. Mike Macready. Black Mike Macready."

"Well, Mr. Black Mike Macready, what do you want?" Kitty smiled. There was something naively attractive about him.

"Been looking for a scene. Unhappy hero wandering about. Separated from his wife. Sees a pretty home with a couple of kids in the garden. The sight brings back memories. You understand. Well, I didn't want any smart-Alec movie kids. The natural thing, if I could get it. Say, you ought to screen well. I don't suppose the money would mean anything, but I thought of an improvement on the script. Not only the children to remind the hero of his own youngsters at home, but the children's mother. How about it?"

Black Mike had an almost overwhelming vitality, for which you either hated him or liked him intensely. Kitty liked him. "What do I do?" she asked, laughing.



Quite without vanity, she had studied her reflection in the mirror many times during the following years. She had found that she was lovelier to look upon than any of the women for whose charms Jim had forsaken her. She knew that she was cleverer than these women, more attractive in every way. The fault, then, for Jim's defection lay not in herself, but in Jim. He was a rake.

And yet how lovable he was! He only needed a flaming red beard to look like the Norse Viking whose descendant he undoubtedly was. And the beard might have served another purpose, too; it might have hidden the too-full lips, and the chin that hinted at weakness. Tall, powerfully built, his blue eyes and red hair lending an air of reckless gallantry to him, he was an extremely handsome man. The full lips spoke of generosity as well as love of pleasure, and the chin denoted impulsiveness as well as weakness. Oh, what a lover he might have remained if only there were no other women in the world!

But unfortunately, the world was filled with women, and some-

And this was her entrance into the films. A week later Macready stopped at her bungalow again. Evidently he was a power in the motion-picture world, she decided. (Soon she was to learn that he was one of the most famous of directors.) For he asked the proprietor of one of the local picture-theaters to project upon his screen a bit of film which Macready had brought with him. There Kitty saw herself with her children.

"A regular actress!" she laughed.

"That's just like all you amateurs!" he cried. "You go on the speaking stage and are so tickled with the sound of your own voice that there is nothing left for you to learn. You see yourself upon the screen, and the contemplation of your own beauty overwhelms you."

Kitty colored angrily. "So does your courtesy overwhelm me," she said.

Macready stared at her. "My God, aren't you fed up with courtesy? Doesn't a little honesty appeal to you?"

"Are the two incompatible?" she retorted.

They were outside the little motion-picture theater now; the two children, who had shrieked with delight at sight of themselves upon the screen, were running ahead. Macready stopped short.

"I've driven ninety miles today to see you, to run this little scene for you. I go to a lot of trouble on your account, and now you ask me for flattery. I want to tell you, Mrs. Wheeler, that my action today is about the sincerest compliment you ever received in all your life. How many women do you suppose could cause me to give up a whole day of work?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. I supposed that motion-picture directors had only to crook their fingers."

"I want to tell you something," said Macready angrily. "I work from sixteen to twenty hours a day, and at the end of that time I haven't strength enough to crook a finger. You make me tired."

"Indeed!" She was too surprised to be resentful. This was a new type to her.

"Yes, you do! I know the kind you are. Always thinking of your sex. Can't you ever forget that you're a woman?"

"Ought I to?" she laughed.

"If you're going to work for me, you'll have to forget it," he declared.

"Oh! So it's all settled, is it?" she asked.

"That depends upon you," he told her. "I didn't come down here to be polite to you. Last night we ran the shot of you and your children. I saw at once that you had something. Oh, I don't mean your good looks. You've got 'em, if that makes you happy. But you have something else that the screen needs. The screen needs ladies, not actresses pretending to be ladies. Not that being a lady is enough—"

"Then you admit I can act?" she interrupted.

"Not a single lick, but where there's a spark, I can make it look like a blaze. You have potentialities; I can make them actualities. What do you say?"

"Why," she said coldly, "I can only say that I have not the slightest desire to become a motion-picture actress."

"Is that so?" he demanded. "What do you desire to become?"

"What right have you to cross-question me?" she retorted.

"What has right to do with it? You ought to be flattered to death because Mike Macready gives you a day of his time."

THIS was too much. She laughed, all resentment gone. Beneath his tanned skin a blush of anger appeared.

"My conceit seems funny to you, doesn't it? How do you suppose your conceit appears to me?" he asked.

"My conceit? What am I conceited about?"

"That's a point I'd like to make. About nothing real. Merely about the fact that you were born of parents with money enough to support you, and with good looks enough to attract a husband, whom, by the way, you were unable to keep."

"You're incredible," she gasped.

"Well, I'm telling the truth. You jeer at the idea of my offering you a job. The offer is an affront to you. And yet what have you ever done that you should be so sacrosanct? Nothing! And you are conceited because of things you have, and not because of things you are. But I started with nothing; I have a lot, but I'm not conceited about it. Not about what I have, but about what I am. I'm the biggest director in the films. I have a right to be conceited. I've done something; I am somebody. You've done nothing, and you are nobody, except a woman who's failed at the only job she ever tackled—marriage. Instead of you laughing at me, I ought to be laughing at you."

In New York, people had never spoken in this fashion to Kitty Wheeler. In Santa Barbara, or in London, no one had ever dared use such speech. But, to her own amazement, the impulse to anger vanished. After all, life had become unutterably boring; she had been seeking something to do. Here was her opportunity. She looked at Macready.

"When do I begin?" she asked.

TO her friends in Santa Barbara—and in New York when the people there heard about it—her adoption of the motion-picture career seemed a thing born of impulse. But many acts which seem impulsive are really the product of years of unconscious preparation. Kitty Wheeler possessed a nature which demanded expression. So long as it could express itself in love for a man, it would seek no other outlet. But when that expression was taken from her, it was inevitable that she should embark upon a career.

It was a stormy embarkation. She moved to Hollywood and began the most trying period of her life. Not for her the revels at the oceanside road-houses, or the Friday-night fights at Vernon. Macready was the hardest taskmaster in the films. He spared neither himself nor those who worked for him. He possessed infinite patience, despite his explosive manner, and he demanded a persistence on the part of others that would equal his patience.

To get a certain effect he would spend hours, even though that effect was so trivial that an audience would never be aware of the craft that lay behind it. A man of no background, he had made one for himself.

Kitty was surprised to learn that when Macready fussed with the lights for an hour and a half, it was perhaps because he was trying to duplicate on the screen a shadow that he had seen in a Velasquez painting. He tried to make his scenes present a rhythm or a mood which to him seemed vital. As poets strive for onomatopoeia, so he sought for tempo. If he was not an artist, it was only because the medium of his expression was not artistic.

He did not feature Kitty in her first part. He gave her a fair-sized rôle, and promised bigger parts later on. But those parts came sooner than she had expected. For there was a winsome merriment about her that attracted attention. Reviewers mentioned her work; other directors bid for her services. Within two years after her first meeting with Macready, Kitty Wheeler was definitely established upon the screen, and stardom was only a year or so away.

She had never returned to New York. She had become definitely engrossed in her work. At first her relatives and friends had written her imploring letters, pleading with her to abandon her work. They seemed to think that there was something ignoble about exposing oneself to the gaze of the curious. But success works a tremendous change. After her first picture appeared, the very persons who had been so opposed to her film work were loudest in their praise. Mrs. Peter Schoolcraft even made a trip to Hollywood during the latter part of Kitty's second year in the films.

"If I were younger, I'd go into it myself," she declared. "Lots of hard work, but lots of excitement. And the letters you receive must be a delight. Any proposals in them?"

"A few," Kitty admitted.

"When are you going to marry this wild Irish director of yours?" demanded her aunt.

Kitty's cheeks blazed. "Whatever put such a foolish idea into your head?"

"What's foolish about it? The man's attractive. If I were thirty years younger, I'd like nothing better than to play with those black curls of his." Mrs. Schoolcraft smiled, and there seemed to be a reminiscent hint in her smile.

"Well, I have no such desire," said Kitty.

"But you're not going on this way forever, are you?" asked her aunt.

"If you mean to ask me if I intend marrying again, let me assure you that I do not," said Kitty.

Mrs. Schoolcraft nodded. "Still in love with Jim," she commented.

The blush left Kitty's face. "He's my husband," she said. "The law says otherwise," asserted Mrs. Schoolcraft. "You gave him up."

"He didn't give me up," said Kitty.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that he still holds me," said Kitty.

"You have no pride," declared her aunt.



"I love scenes," snapped Macready. "Publicity is my meat. I'd as lief thrash you here as anywhere else."

"I had pride enough to divorce him. It's shame I lack, I guess," said Kitty.

Mrs. Schoolcraft sniffed. "Well, it may strengthen your pride to know that the rascal hasn't changed any."

"Let's not talk about him," pleaded Kitty.

"All right; let's talk about this Macready person. What are you going to do about him?" asked her aunt.

Kitty laughed. "You've misjudged him. He's interested in nothing but his work."

"And his work happens to be you," said Mrs. Schoolcraft.

"Why, he hasn't even spoken to me in two years except with regard to his work or mine. He's never asked me to tea, or to dinner, or to go motoring."

"Mark my words, some day he will," stated Mrs. Schoolcraft.

"And if he follows up the invitation with a proposal of marriage, you think it over. He's a man."

"But not my man," said Kitty. "Besides, you're all wrong."

But her aunt was not all wrong. Barely a week later, as she was leaving the studio, Macready stopped her.

"We've been working hard," he said. The final scene of Kitty's latest picture had just been shot. "What do you say to a ride in my car and dinner at the beach?"

Memories of what her aunt had so recently said flashed into Kitty's mind. But her aunt was an absurd old woman. Moreover, a ride and dinner at the shore sounded attractive. She accepted the invitation.

And after dinner Macready proposed to her.

"You've had nearly two years to look me over," he told her. "You know now whether or not I told the truth when I said that I was the biggest man in films. You know what sort of life I lead. Nothing to cause anyone to pin a halo on me, but not so bad. And I love you."

"I'm sure you do," she said. "But, unhappily, Mike, I don't love you."

He sighed. "And that's that. Well, what about the next picture?"

She almost fell in love with him then and there. She knew the temperament that he managed to (Continued on page 129)

Illustrated by Charles Sarka

Miss Pickthall spent several years on the far Northwest coast of the continent, and there all her best—because most mature—work has been done. "Looking out across the sea," she wrote a friend, "I seem to see the stories that I write; the scenes come to me out of the mist, and the characters emerge like the masts of ships oncoming through the fog." Indeed, when all is said and done, it is the notably poetic quality of Miss Pickthall's fiction that distinguishes it.

Sergeant Africa

By
M. L. C.
PICKTHALL

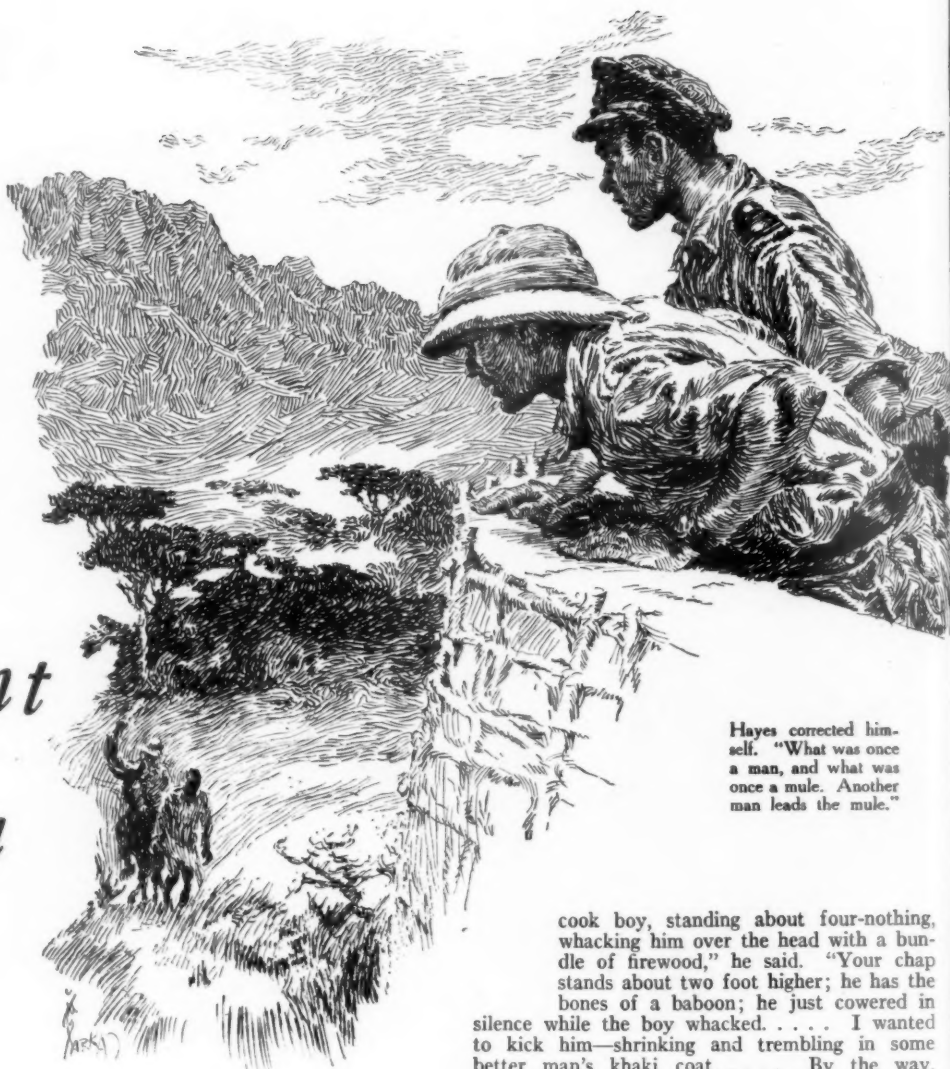
HE drifted into the melancholy convalescent camp on the hill-spurs of Kondarivi at the heels of the rains. The tribal marks incised upon his hollow cheeks showed that he came from far away. Questioned, he told a vague yet impressive tale about five goats and a grandmother. He told the tale several times, and without emotion. Mason said that by the time he heard it, the legend dealt, Homerically, with one goat and five grandmothers. But the effect, in an artistic sense, was the same. Mason was nothing if not artistic, though at the time, he possessed only one and a half shirts, and his gaunt knees under the khaki shorts were tattooed with leech-bite scars. The waif also spoke some Arabic; Mason annexed him to his personal service.

He regretted it almost immediately.

Said Carpenter: "That fellow of yours is the most abject human being I ever encountered. He crawls with humility. He makes me ill."

"It's his nerves," said Mason, but without conviction. "He's come from the outskirts of enemy territory and seen its manner of colonizing."

Hayes wanted to know if he was a human being. "I saw a



Hayes corrected himself. "What was once a man, and what was once a mule. Another man leads the mule."

cook boy, standing about four-nothing, whacking him over the head with a bundle of firewood," he said. "Your chap stands about two foot higher; he has the bones of a baboon; he just cowered in silence while the boy whacked. . . . I wanted to kick him—shrinking and trembling in some better man's khaki coat. . . . By the way, where did he get it? It's a sergeant's coat."

"I don't know," answered Mason thoughtfully. "He just—got it. . . . By the way, Hayes, did you notice what became of the firewood?"

"The boy threw it at him, I think, and he crawled away with it."

"M-m-m," said Mason. Returning to the grass hut, behind the old mule-lines, which he temporarily called home, he gazed upon his servant carefully, wondering if so chicken a heart had ever beaten under khaki. But he noticed too—for he had the same shamefaced pride in his man as he might have had for a cur he'd saved from drowning—that the black skin was gaining a purplish bloom and the front of the old tunic a roundness.

The waif was cowering under his gaze, rolling abject eyeballs. Suppressing some irritation, Mason called: "Hither!" From his place in the shadow of the hut-wall, the black crawled to him, shivering and with little twitches of the skin, like a dog when it foresees punishment.

Mason was at a loss for a moment. He wanted to question the creature; and he realized that he had no words to clothe his curiosity. It was not personal, his curiosity. He wanted to know how the war could have stretched out a line from Europe and jerked, from the oceanlike fastnesses of his native forests, this particularly miserable herring; and he foresaw that the herring would be able to tell him nothing of the process. He asked ab-

ruptly: "Why did you come so far from the place where you lived?"

"Lord, I had many goats—"

"Yes, yes!" Mason was impatient. "I know about the goats. What had you besides?"

"Lord, I had some brass pots. And a grandmother. She—"

"I know also about thy grandmother," said Mason desperately. "Where are these thy goods and thy household?"

The man cringed, lifted a pinch of dust and strewed it on Mason's boot-toes. "Thus, Lord," he said, and giggled deprecatingly.

"Well?"

"One offered me four more brass pots for a milch-goat—"

"Go!" commanded Mason at the word. The creature fawned and went; going, he yet found courage to say timidly: "Master—"

"Speak."

"There was a woman, too. I had a wife."

"Well?" Mason was pleased. No one had heard of the wife before, and seeing his pleasure, the man giggled again. "She died," he said. "She died so soon that I did not have to pay any goats for her. I had many goats and many brass pots and a grandmother. She—"

"Go!" said Mason again in a voice of thunder, and the native fled.

They called him "Sergeant" for his tunic and his unwarlike ways, and "Africa" because he was a mystery. "And probably," yawned Hayes, "he's just like all other mysteries—nothing in him. Mason, I'm due for fever again, I thought I heard machine-guns."

"I'll see to that," said Mason quietly, feeling his wrist. There was another mystery here, for the pulse was not frequent. He had been long enough in the land to despise no mysteries. The shadow and death of that country had laid hold on him; he felt sometimes even in sleep the weight and pull of the unknown beyond the Konda Hills. He went to the mud wall built about their dreary city, evanescent as the grass and canvas of which it was built, and listened.

Had Hayes' hearing been abnormally sharpened? Was there really a sound, as of the ghost of a woodpecker, beyond the river? He was not sure, though he listened till the stars came out. He thought he saw Sergeant Africa listening too—and shaking in the twilight as he listened. . . .

But one of the mysteries was soon made plain to them. Word came of a fight at Rohumba and the escape of a small enemy force.

Sick men brought that word; sick men and wounded followed it. For hours the grass-plain from the river was fur-

rowed with their slow passage. Mason, the weight of the land heavy on him, began to wonder if in all the world there were any sound men left. His old sick helped him care for the new.

They told him, wearily, what there was of news. "Another break-through," they said. "It's Von Esten's lot, of course, but he's lost heavily, and there can't be more than fifty of 'em, scattered between you and Kondarangi. They won't attack. They're more likely to crawl in in threes and fours and give themselves up. Even Von Esten won't be able to hold 'em together now. There's nothing south of Rohumba but sand and thorn. They'll be dead of thirst in four days. Send out, and you could round up the lot."

"Ghosts to round up dead men!" said Mason, and laughed, for he had been working for forty hours.

"Who's in charge of the business here? Hayes? Well, tell him Von Esten's worth taking, if he don't know it. He's been the driving power behind every column and gun for two years." The sick man turned and slept. Mason also went shakily to his house and slept. . . .

Mason woke as usual at dawn, and went to the wall of his city of the sick for the enjoyment of those few minutes which somehow encouraged him to go through with the other thousand-odd minutes which made up his day. The air, which later would be as stale as that of a great town, was now exquisitely fresh; the light of the unrisen sun was veiled in low fog, and tender as pearl. Thorn and stone and mud at that hour seemed to blossom with mysterious iridescence, to be on the verge of some revelation of



"Lord, I am a poor man. I had a herd of goats and a wife, but she died so quick I did not have to pay for her."

beauty: it was the desert in the very act of rejoicing and flowering as a rose. But it lasted no more than a breath. The mist lifted from the river; the silence was riven by the harsh voices of birds; the shadows grew hard as wood; the stones dried. Mason was turning with a sigh, when he saw something moving up from the river-ford.

He was aware of Hayes, discontentedly in search of breakfast. He called, and Hayes went to him. Together they watched. Mason said at last: "What is it?"

"A man on a mule," answered Hayes slowly, hesitating as the bands of mist dimmed and cleared. He corrected himself. "What was once a man, and what was once a mule. Another man leads the mule. And the rider is impartially whacking the mule and the man who leads it, with what looks like a rifle-butt!"

"I thought it was that, but my eyes are a bit groggy. Anything else?"

Hayes was silent while the men and the mule made perhaps fifty feet. Then he said: "Where's your man?"

"Sergeant Africa? Why—upon my word, Hayes, I don't know! Haven't thought of him for two days!"

"Well," replied Hayes briefly, "he's there—leadin' that mule."

Five minutes later, down at the gates with a couple of Hausas, he said again: "Ever seen Von Esten?"

"No."

"Well, that's him, *on* that mule."

Later still, Mason was badgered by his sick men, who wanted to know if it was true that Von Esten had been brought in single-handed by a native camp-follower.

"It seems so," said Mason doubtfully. "At any rate, Von Esten's in a hut with a guard over him, giving orders to everyone, with my best shirt on, condescendingly interviewing Hayes."

There was a silence. Then some one said abruptly: "But the natives would run a hundred miles from Von Esten! And Sergeant Africa—"

"Ask him," returned Mason.

Sergeant Africa had deserted the shadow of Mason's hut for a shadow as near that of Von Esten as the scornful Hausas would allow him to go. Gaunt white men came here and questioned him, and he writhed before them in quivering self-effacement. Yes, it was true. He was a very poor man, but once he had owned goats. "Lord, I had many goats. I desired now a mule to ride on. Yes, it is true—I went away where the fighting was without the leave of my master Masoni. But I thought there would be things there—beasts, a bottle, perhaps a broken gun, which men had thrown away. I desired many things, that I might exchange them for more goats. Once I had many goats, and some brass pots, and a grandmother—"

Here he caught Mason's eye and crouched, fawning. Mason drew back, almost with disgust; the thing was too abject. Urged by many voices, Sergeant Africa continued confusedly, with trembling gestures of hands thin and delicate as black leaves:

"I found a mule that yet lived, also a broken gun and some other things. Will these be taken from me? I am a poor man. I would change them for goats. Then the white man came upon me. He took away my mule. He took away my gun and beat me with it. I am all over sores. He commanded me that I should bring him to a place where he could get food and water, for all his men were dead in the scrub. I brought him here with what haste I could, and all the way he beat me and my mule, which I will change for goats. Once I had goats, many of them, and brass pots—"

HERE and there, a few of the men laughed. Most, however, were silent, staring at the black in the dust at the shadow's edge. Mason said under his breath: "He's all Africa. He's squatting here at Von Esten's command as if by blows that brute had established a *right* over him. How can you help those without soul to help themselves—those too crushed to feel wrong as wrong?"

But he said this to himself. The Hausa sentry spat in the dust. "Allah, Who made men and frogs, knows why this thing wears the shape of a man," he growled to his fellows. "Had I been in thy skin, O Miserable One, that white man should have ridden a spear and beaten the wind."

But Sergeant Africa only giggled and blinked deprecatingly.

He got no credit for the affair, and looked for none. In a desultory sort of way he was fattening his mule. Mason saw him grazing it sometimes in the plain toward the river, nursing the broken gun on his arm. He had attached himself abjectly to Von Esten, which hurt Mason's feelings. He was always there when he wasn't busy with the mule, squatted as near the prisoner's hut as possible. The Hausas spurned him from the neighborhood a

dozen times a day, but he only giggled and shivered and crept back to it. He was so abject, so persistent, that they began to think him mad, and let him alone.

Von Esten was the only prisoner in that camp; he was the most important that had been taken for weeks. Until he could be sent elsewhere, his safe-keeping devolved on Hayes, who cursed him in his heart.—Von Esten had a black record,—and outwardly treated him with consideration. Hayes' nerves, though, showed the strain; and after a couple of weeks of it, and no relief in sight, he spoke sharply to Mason.

"I wish you'd clear your nigger out of my men's way," he said; "Ibrahim's complaining of him."

Mason was tired of being regarded as the responsible owner of Sergeant Africa, and said so. "What's he been doing now?" he asked wearily.

"Ibrahim says he has the evil eye—says he's upsetting the prisoner with it. *That* doesn't matter, of course, but—"

"I'll see what I can do," agreed Mason. He had been long in the land and saw no reason for amusement. He went and spoke roughly to Sergeant Africa, who abased himself utterly, stammering timid gutturals while his shaking hands pawed at Mason's ankles. Mason kicked himself free in a frenzy of irritation. Sergeant Africa fled, and for that day the prisoner's hut was free of him. But Mason was faintly troubled; the interview had left him with a shadowy impression of something he ought to have understood, something he ought to have known; he was bewildered by a vague self-reproach.

RETURNING late that night from his fever-tents, Mason saw the Konda Hills flickering heaven-high in wave upon wave of rosy sheet-lightning; the scrub hissed under squalls as fierce and local as waterspouts; one drove down on the camp, and Mason ran for his own quarters the shortest way, past Von Esten's hut. Von Esten stood at his doorway, grinning at the drowned sentries; Mason saw his teeth glimmer in the lightning; in the shadow beyond the sentries' beat, Mason fell over a native who crouched there in the shelter of a ragged blanket. Mason knew him, before he melted into the rain, for Sergeant Africa.

The next day the camp at Kondarivi was humming like a bees' nest. Sergeant Africa had taken advantage of the storm to pick a hole in the back of Von Esten's hut. The prisoner was gone, and Sergeant Africa and the mule likewise.

Hayes was in despair, and very angry with Mason. "First that black brute of yours brings me a prisoner I don't want," he said, "and then he lets him go. Well—there'll be an accident to Sergeant Africa if my men catch him; he'll be shot on sight. As for you, I do think—"

He thought quite a lot on the subject. Mason listened quietly. He said nothing and continued to say nothing; there was something in the affair which puzzled him utterly; the shadow of that which Sergeant Africa had never succeeded in telling him, was heavy on his mind.

Hayes took his sullen Hausas and went in search of Von Esten and Sergeant Africa. There was no chance of finding them. He dared not let his party scatter, for fear of wandering *askaris* or a stray machine-gun; he hadn't enough men to beat all the Konda Hills. It was as hopeful as hunting for a mouse in a stack-yard. But he went.

He had not returned by nightfall. When the moon rose, Mason took the best mount he could find and went too.

He had no business to leave the camp, but he did leave it. He left it stealthily in a cloud. The heat following the rain had soaked the air in mist; mist beleaguered the Kondarivi camp, though it stood high; it seemed to beat noiselessly on the gates of that desolate city, like ghosts seeking entry. The river-bottom was a solid-seeming level of mist, through which the trees and the scrub thrust suddenly into yellow moonlight. The flanks of the hills were hung with fog-webs; as the uneasy airs lifted or sank, rocks and bushes flattened or towered momentarily.

Mason urged his beast uphill; his nerves were for some reason tight-strung as wires, but he could hear nothing but the frogs croaking under the roofing mist of the river.

He rode very cautiously for some few miles under a growing sense of oppression. It was not a sense of danger, though he was doing a reckless thing. He felt as if he were riding into a widening vacuum, as if the night were slowly drawing in its breath before emitting some vast ejaculation of surprise or terror. He told himself frankly that he was in search of Sergeant Africa, not of Von Esten; and he felt as if all nature were in collusion with the native, that between the deep mist and the moon hovered the very spirit of that dark land.

(Continued on page 155)

There came the day of his "maiden speech." His glance caught the figure of Joan in the galleries.



Sackcloth and Scarlet

Written and
Illustrated by

G E O R G E G I B B S

The Story So Far:

"STEVE, you mustn't treat me so," whispered Polly Freeman to the stalwart young Westerner who was her guide on this last of many horseback excursions from the hotel at Lake Louise. They had ridden far from the usual tourist trails; only snow-capped summits and dark pines looked on their solitude.

Steve was very far from understanding her, could only believe that she was in earnest. Indeed, Polly was perhaps very far from understanding herself, for her overindulged life as a wealthy orphan was not calculated to teach her. Polly had taken advantage of her older sister Joan's absence on a camping trip, to make this unchaperoned excursion to Lake Louise, under cover of the false name "Ruth Shirley" she had adopted for the occasion. It was all merely youth's thirst for adventure, perhaps, and her flirtation with the handsome young guide who had been assigned to her meant no more than that.

Readers of this novel, which is in every way by far the most important Mr. Gibbs has written, will be interested to know that the picture he presents of governmental and social Washington is familiar to him not only from long residence at the Capital in the past, but from constant social and artistic touch with it today—artistic because his paintings are features of Washington's most important exhibitions.

accepted, as he did, as an immediate necessity. He left her at the hotel with an appointment for the morrow, and busied himself in arranging matters.

But the girl was thinking chiefly of herself, of losing her freedom, of the difficulty of introducing the awkward young Westerner as her husband to her circle in New York.

Next day Steve came for her; less than ever did he understand when he learned that Ruth Shirley had departed early that morning, leaving no address.

Many weeks later, at their home in New York, Polly was driven to confess her escapade to Joan. And the older sister could see only one solution to the dilemma. Steve—she did not

But—Steve did not understand. "We can't go yet—not like this," persisted "Ruth." "I don't want you to go yet. . . . Kiss me, Steve."

Later, on the way back to the hotel, Steve talked earnestly of their wedding, which he supposed she had ac-

even know his last name—must be found, and an immediate marriage arranged. But at Lake Louise, whither she at once journeyed, she learned that the guide had left suddenly. They did not know where he could be found.

Polly's baby, a boy, was born in the remote little French village to which Joan now accompanied her. Her recovery was slow—and so Joan spared her news of a disaster that presently befell. For while Joan was out wheeling the baby along the road, two wealthy New York acquaintances on a motor trip stopped and recognized her. So gossip started, with Joan as victim. And later when Joan confronted these people in Paris, she acknowledged the child as hers in order to save Polly, still gravely ill, from the shock of discovery.

Presently Polly grew better, but her character was not changed. She evinced no affection for her son—consented, indeed, to Joan's sacrifice. And soon, keeping her secret, she married one Joe Drake.

Joan adopted the boy as her own and remained in France till he was two; then, taking the name of "Mrs. Freeman," she removed to Washington, and lived in seclusion there for some years—until one fateful day Jack all but drowned himself pursuing tadpoles in Rock Creek and was rescued by young Congressman Stephen Edwards, who, with his secretary, Bob Hastings, happened riding by. (*The story continues in detail:*)

THE HONORABLE STEPHEN EDWARDS, in accordance with his promise, called the next day to ask after the boy. The hour was late afternoon; Joan served tea and sandwiches, while Jack sat on a chair, his legs dangling, listening with unconcealed disapproval to the conversation, and finally rather bored, sought his own devices with a tin automobile on the hearthrug. "I'm sorry Mr. Hastings couldn't come too," said Joan.

"Oh—Bob? He had a lot of work to do. Bob is my secretary. He put one over on me yesterday, pulling your boy out of the water when I might have been doing it. In revenge, I set him to work writing letters so that I could take his place and come to see you. How's Jack?"

"Splendid. He has been talking about you and Mr. Hastings and your wonderful horses, all day."

"Has he?"

"Oh, you've made a deep impression, both of you. Neither of us will forget your kindness. I sent your coat to the tailor's, but it's all ready for you. There were some letters in the pockets. I couldn't help reading the addresses and learning who you were—"

"You mean my job? Oh, yes, I'm an M. C.—just one of the little roosters in the big barnyard on Capitol Hill."

"Not little exactly," she said with a smile as her glance ran over her length.

"Yes, little. I always used to think that it was the little roosters that crowed the loudest, but one of the first things I learned, when I found out how little I mattered in Washington, was to keep my mouth shut."

"But surely no man with a vote in the House can consider himself unimportant in times like these," said Joan as she poured the tea.

He laughed at a whimsical thought.

"I've been trying ever since I've been here to feel that I was just as important as though I were back home in Colorado, but it can't be done. When I rolled into Washington last year, I thought I was a pretty big man from a pretty big State. The crowd that elected me gave me a fine send-off—hired a brass band, got up a procession and escorted me down to the station." He laughed again. "But I got lost in the crowd when I stepped down on the platform of the Union Station in Washington, and I've been lost ever since."

She smiled in sympathy with his amusement.

"Oh, I'm just a green Congressman," he went on. "And you ought to know that a green Congressman in Washington is just about the least important creature in the whole of creation."

"But he doesn't stay green," she commented, smiling.

"No, I'm not as green as I was. Neither is Bob. He came with me. We know our way about a little better, but I can't help thinking when I get into my seat in the House that I'm just a kid again, back in school, with the Speaker ready to stand me in the corner if I don't behave."

He smiled and drank his tea. "Do you ever go up to the House, Mrs. Freeman?"

"Not often. People who live in Washington put off going to places because they can go any time. But of course I read the papers."

He glanced around the room with a new interest.

"You belong here? You're an old Washingtonian?" he asked.

Somehow his interest made his curiosity inoffensive.

"No. I've lived here only three years," she said.



"Oh. But you seem to belong to this house, somehow. You have a settled air—with old things around you, old pictures, furniture, books, that look as though they had been used and lived with. There's something fine about a house that's been lived in. It's got a personality—that's the word—and traditions to live up to."

"Traditions, yes. But I sometimes think traditions may be a very doubtful asset. People who have traditions are very likely not to have anything else."

She had not meant to use the cynical note, but if he noticed it he gave no sign. He only ate his sandwich with a contemplative air.

"Well, if you'd knocked around as much as I have, ma'am, you'd know better, maybe, what I mean. There are men in the House, and in the Senate, with traditions. They're big men, the chairmen of the important committees, the leaders, the men the new men look up to. They've got something that gives them an advantage over the rest of us. I don't know just what it is—but it's there."

"But aren't those men leaders, not because of their traditions but in spite of them? If I were a man, I think it would be a fine thing to make traditions of my own, for other men to envy."

Joan was surprised to find how freely she was speaking her thoughts to this man, a stranger whom she had met in such an unconventional way—a little startled that she had been led so easily from the commonplaces of conversation to real opinions. He was, it seemed, as artless as a child, and as sincere, and he seemed to be taking a genuine enjoyment in her society. She owed him that privilege at least. The acquaintance must end soon, as all acquaintances ended for her; but she found herself



"The President sent for me yesterday to come to the White House."
"Splendid! Mind telling what happened?"

at once interested, amused and slightly curious as to this strange simple creature from out of the West, who spoke fine thoughts with so matter-of-fact an air.

"That's what I want to do. I had an idea that I might do something useful, something constructive. But it's a bigger job than I thought. Nobody on the Hill seems to think of anything but politics. You might think we'd been sent here to carry on the old sectional fights instead of using the brains we've got in the service of the country. I thought I'd escaped from 'deals' and vote-swapping, but here in Washington I find I'm in it worse than ever. But I'm boring you, ma'am."

"Not in the least," said Joan sincerely. "I'm really flattered that you should want to speak of these things."

"Well, I'm obliged to you. I don't know many people here yet, outside the families of our own delegation; and I'm glad to meet people outside the political crowd, people who have a different angle on things."

"I'm afraid you'll think me very ignorant. I've never even been in Colorado."

"Then, ma'am, you've never been to God's country! He knew what He was about when He made our mountains. He built 'em high because He was so proud of what He'd done that He wanted everybody to see."

She smiled. "I might have guessed you'd lived in the open."

"Yes. I've always lived in the open. I couldn't get along without a horse. That's why I sent for Jenny—my mare."

"You must have had a very varied career," she ventured, "to go so far in such a short time."

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose I'm what you'd call a lucky man. I've ridden with the boys punching cattle, mined more or less up and down the Rockies, besides doing my bit on the other side, with things mostly going against me. Then—I struck it."

"Gold?" she asked.

"No. That's the joke. Not gold—oil. I was tired of wandering. I had a little money saved and bought a thousand acres of land in Wyoming—cheap—to run some cattle on. It was pretty poor land to look at, but I hadn't had it three months before they found oil on it. Some people made me a fine offer for it. I sold out and went back to Colorado, where I was born. Got in the Legislature, first. And then those fool neighbors of mine sent me here—to Congress. And here I am, full of good intentions and no place to exercise them in, except the House of Representatives, where at the present moment they haven't any use for such an article."

"But," said Joan slowly, "if you have convictions, they will surely make themselves felt in time."

"Yes," he hesitated. "I think they ought. I think they will in time."

At this moment Jack, now thoroughly bored with the manipulation of his small automobile along the rug, got to his feet and stood at the visitor's knee—patiently awaiting his attention.

"I'm goin' out to Rock Creek tomorrow to hunt tadpoles again," he asserted with a defiant glance at Joan.

"You are?" said Edwards, taking the child on his knee.

"Yep," said Jack. "And if I get drowned, will you make your horse come and get me?"

"You bet I will. But I mightn't be there unless you let me know."

"I'm goin' tomorrow. You'll let me, wont you, Maman?"

Joan laughed uneasily. "Jack, dear, Mr. Edwards is very busy. He can't go to Rock Creek just because you want him to."

"Yes, he can, Maman. He said so."

The childish logic put all equivocation to shame. And Edwards met the issue squarely.

"Jack, you and I are going to be great friends. If your mother will drive you out into the Park tomorrow afternoon, I'll put you up for a ride on my horse's back. That is,"—and he turned to Joan with a smile,— "if Mrs. Freeman doesn't mind?"

Somehow the repetition of the title aroused Joan suddenly to a sense of her situation, showed her in a flash how far the natural friendliness and sincerity of this man had led her from her usual seclusion.

She rose, turning away and fingering the teacups. "I'm sorry, Mr. Edwards," she said quietly, "but I don't think it will be possible."

She felt his gaze on her averted profile, a gaze of inquiry and surprise at the change in her voice and manner.

He got up, glancing at her uncertainly.

"Another time, then, Jack," he said gently. "Good-by, old man."

The boy was at the point of tears, but he winked them back bravely and marched out of the room.

Joan turned toward him quickly. "Mr. Edwards, I can never forget what Mr. Hastings and you did for us," she said. "Please don't think I'm ungrateful. And it was very kind of you to come. I hope the coat is undamaged. I wish you all the success in the world. Good-by."

There was no doubt that she was dismissing him. He took the hand that she offered.

"Thanks," he said quietly. "It's been a pleasure to meet you." At the door he paused and turned. "I just thought I'd say," he added, "that if you thought of coming up to the House, I'd be glad to send you or your husband cards to the Members' Gallery."

Joan did not meet his gaze. She couldn't, and only murmured her thanks as she turned away.

The new member from Colorado glanced at her curiously and went out of the room.

Chapter Nine

THERE was a saying not many years ago that all a man needed to become a part of Washington society was a suit of evening clothes and a smile. Those were the happy days, when the Capital was little more than an overgrown village—when money was reckoned in thousands instead of millions, when foreign nations supported modest legations, when everyone knew everyone else, when people of the best families sat with their friends on the front steps of their houses in Southern fashion on the warm evenings of summer, when United States Senators watered their own front lawns with the garden hose, and Honorable Justices of the Supreme Court took to the front platforms of the horse-cars of Pennsylvania Avenue to smoke an after-breakfast cigar and exchange pleasantries with the driver. Halcyon days,

before the first of the millionaires came to build his palace near Dupont Circle, days of national simplicity reflected in the daily existence of the representative city!

But from the moment of the arrival of that first millionaire, the village life was doomed. It became undignified for United States Senators to water their front lawns. The cable and trolley replaced the horse-car, and smoking was not permitted, even to Judges of the Supreme Court, upon the front platforms. Washington suddenly awoke to the fact that it was sophisticated, and with the coming of sophistication, the old democracy of the village life was banished forever.

Members of Congress came from their constituencies wearing strange hats and ready-made clothing, to fall under the spell that the first millionaire on Dupont Circle had cast. Tailors prospered. The humble dressmaker became a *couturière*. People no longer went to dinner. They dined. And after six o'clock in the evening, evening dress became the hallmark of respectability. More millionaires came, building other palaces. The city had discarded its swaddling-clothes and attired itself in purple, awakening with a belated consciousness to the fact that it was a world capital.

UPON the rich, seeking social advancement denied them elsewhere, Washington looked kindly. The Augustus Bains had come to Washington, it is true, at a time when millions had ceased to be a novelty. And there were, of course, other millionaires who had more millions than Gus Bain, with whom a competition on even terms was inadvisable. So Mrs. Bain, intrusted with the social destinies of the family, had wisely planned a waiting campaign of complacent but insistent infiltration, and by the time of her daughter Natalie's coming-out party (delayed a year until they should know more people), she had a visiting list compiled quite solidly from the Social Register, with a sprinkling of diplomats, a few Senators, fewer Representatives, and at least one Cabinet member. All this had been accomplished by strict attention to business, unflinching patience, and an innate social instinct long suppressed by the lack of means to gratify it. Gus Bain with his check-book was background, though he played golf at Chevy Chase with the Cabinet member whom he had known in Chicago, and managed to endear himself to a crowd of older men to whom he lost money at cards with great amiability. For this, he knew, was the stepping-stone to the Metropolitan Club.

The future assured, their rented palace had been bought, and the dinner-dance by which the elder daughter of the house made her debut was a success. Natalie Bain was pretty but colorless; all her mother's efforts to endow her with the lively qualities of the young ladies of her generation had been unavailing. She always did exactly as she was told, and she was so well-behaved that she was sought by anxious mothers who thought her a safe companion for their wildish daughters. But desirable young men came to the house—and went away, to the wildish daughters. Poor Natalie, who had been educated within an inch of her life, who played the piano and the harp and spoke French as well as any governess, saw them go, and wondered what was the matter. But her mother did not despair. She was content to wait. It had been her experience that all things came if only one waited long enough. Some day the right sort of man for Natalie would appear, a man of distinction, an older man discriminative enough to understand and appreciate a girl of Natalie's quality.

It was after Sophy's announcement of her engagement to a young business man from their own home town near Chicago, that Mrs. Bain permitted herself to indulge quite seriously in these dreams for her rejected elder daughter. For in Stephen Edwards, the new Representative from Colorado, she seemed to find the positive ingredients necessary to counteract the qualities of the negative Natalie. He was wealthy, ambitious and good-looking. To judge his future by his past, the prospect of his achievements seemed limitless. He was sturdy, picturesque, and so simple and serious of purpose that the youthful extravagances of the day passed over him without leaving a trace. And Natalie liked him, for here was a man who danced as badly as she did.

To Natalie's parents there was, too, a pleasure in recalling their early days in Denver, where Gus Bain had been in the real-estate business; for Stephen Edwards, it seemed, in spite of a wandering life was now very much a part of the recent history of Colorado and knew all of the people that had made it.

He came frequently to the Bain house on Massachusetts Avenue, rode horseback with Natalie, or smoked an after-dinner cigar with Mr. Bain while they discussed the stock-market, the speculative possibilities of Washington real-estate, or more generally in the family circle, the political and national questions of the day.



The man from the West made believe he was a bucking bronco and that Jack was "busting" him.

It was natural, therefore, that Stephen Edwards should turn to Mrs. Bain, who seemed to know everybody, for information about the Freeman family, and more particularly about Joan Freeman herself. He related quite briefly the circumstances leading to his call at the house, and commented in his quiet way upon the boy and upon the many attractions of the mother.

Mrs. Bain's expression immediately fell into sober lines.

"Poor Joan!" she said. "I don't know that I ought to speak of her misfortunes to anyone. It seems almost a sacrilege—but her story is public property. Everybody knows. It's strange you haven't heard of it."

"Misfortunes!"

"The worst that can happen to a woman."

"I don't understand. Her husband—"

"She calls herself Mrs. Freeman, Mr. Edwards. But there is no Mr. Freeman."

"But the child, the boy—"

"It's *her* child. She adores him and has given up her whole life to him. That's all—the whole story in a few words."

Edwards sat staring at the hearthrug but made no comment, and Mrs. Bain went on:

"Oh, I'm so sorry for her. Everybody is, I think. She was one of the loveliest girls I've ever known. We met out West. There were two sisters, Joan and Polly, such lively, splendid girls. We were just moving to Washington then, and we hoped that we might see them in New York when this—this thing happened."

As Mrs. Bain paused, Edwards raised his head.

"Tell me about it, Mrs. Bain," he said slowly.

"There isn't much to tell. During our first winter here, the Freeman girls left New York for France. Natalie was only sixteen then, but she was very fond of them both. It was all very difficult for Natalie."

Edwards nodded soberly, and she went on:

"Nothing was heard of them for more than a year. Then people came to Washington who told us that Polly was living alone in an apartment in Paris—that Joan was living quietly in Brittany, Joan, who had always seemed such a gay creature, so impulsive, assertive, so much in love with life and with people. No one could understand. Even Polly, it seemed, could not explain. . . . There was a reason why she didn't."

"Yes ma'am?" said the visitor as she paused.

"A short while after Polly's marriage in Paris, ugly stories

about Joan were whispered in New York and came to us here—that she had been seen by somebody wheeling a baby-carriage along a road in an obscure French village—that the baby was hers, and that was the reason why she had not come back to America.”

“This wasn’t gossip, ma’am? There was no doubt in your mind, then?”

“Unfortunately, none. Joan Freeman came to Washington, three years ago, with her boy, to live. Natalie and I went to call on her. Dear Natalie has *such* a kind heart, Mr. Edwards. Joan was very quiet, very self-contained. The change in her was quite apparent. But she gave us both the impression that she was not in the least dependent on us or on the world. It was curious, a kind of aloofness—her old self-sufficiency, perhaps, but differently expressed. Natalie and I commented upon it afterward. She didn’t give us the slightest impression of being—well, regretful—though of course we didn’t question her. There was a dignity about her that made the very thought of such a thing impossible.”

“I see,” said Edwards. “And then?”

MRS. Bain made an expressive motion with her shoulders. “We saw that she had no intention of discussing her—her situation—and so, after a while, we came away. It is a dreadful position for her—so dreadful, too, for the boy, who is *such* a beautiful little creature.”

Edwards stared at his clasped hands.

“Yes, he is—a wonderful boy.”

“Poor dear! And Joan idolizes him.”

“Yes. I noticed that.” And then after a pause: “Does nobody go to see her?”

“I’ve always felt ill at ease with her. There is nothing that I can do, and she doesn’t return my calls. So I’ve stopped going there.”

“And so people have turned their backs upon her?”

“Yes, Mr. Edwards,” said Mrs. Bain. “She isn’t received in Washington society.”

“I see,” he said quietly, at last. “And no one knows who the man is?”

“No one. That’s the mystery. She has never spoken of him. And yet I don’t think she’s unhappy. Sometimes I think that the life she lives is better than those of numerous society women who turn their faces away when they pass her on the street.”

“You’re right about that, ma’am—no matter what she’s done,” he said, in tones of deep conviction. “I’ve only met Mrs. Freeman twice. But I’d say from what I’ve seen,” he finished with spirit, “that some of the women of the society set here aren’t fit to black her shoes.”

Mrs. Bain glanced up in surprise at the warmth of his tones.

“I feel just as you do Mr. Edwards,” she said mildly. “And so does Natalie—though, poor child, she knows so little of unhappiness like that. But what can people do?”

Edwards rose and took a pace or two along the rug.

“I understand,” he said in a deep, resonant voice. “It’s just the animal instinct to torture another animal sick or maimed. You can see it in a herd of cattle or a flock of birds. They’ll harry the sick one or pick it to death if it can’t defend itself.”

Mrs. Bain was silent a moment, thinking.

“It’s quite right for a man to defend a woman. I would think less of you if you hadn’t done so, Mr. Edwards. But I can’t see how I or dear Natalie can go again to a house where we aren’t wanted. Can you?”

“I don’t know, ma’am,” he said quietly, “unless your charity was wide enough to make you keep on going until you *were* wanted.”

Mrs. Bain had an unpleasant sense of being criticized, and the frankness of the man from Colorado rather took her aback.

“You don’t know Joan Freeman, as I do,” she said uneasily and deftly turned the subject.

AS the member from Colorado went down the Avenue in the direction of the apartment building where he had his rooms, he recalled, one by one, bits of conversation that he had had with Joan Freeman and understood now the reasons for the sudden change in her manner that had led to his dismissal.

And yet, the story that he had heard was only an incentive to know her better. Whatever the flaw in her character, she had, he was sure, a fine soul. She was, he thought, like a Greek statue, which has suffered vandalism, attaining a better meaning through its imperfections.

The new member from Colorado had always seen beauty in

the flowers, the sky, the mountains. But he was no sentimentalist, for he had grown up in a hard school. And so he was a little surprised at his own idealism, which found an interest in this chance acquaintance who was all the things that other women were not. The thought that entered his mind of calling again at the house had been a dozen times conceived and rejected. Bob Hastings had gone and had been rewarded by an invitation to stay to dinner. It had been very pleasant, his secretary had reported, a graceful recognition of a personal obligation. But Mrs. Freeman had not asked him to come again. And so Edwards was glad that he had not gone to the house. At last, as winter came and Congress met, he ceased to think of her. His fancy had starved for lack of nourishment.

THERE came the day of his “maiden speech,” an address to consume exactly five minutes of time, granted him by the grace of the chairman of the committee reporting the bill. He spoke soundly, rapidly, with an air of great familiarity with his subject, in plain language and with a sense of conviction. So, beneath the light patter of complimentary applause which greeted him as a newcomer, there was a note of deeper appreciation, especially from colleagues from Western States confronted by similar problems, who crossed to his place and warmly shook his hand.

It was at this moment that his glance, directed by chance to one of the visitors’ galleries, caught the figure of Joan Freeman, leaning forward with an air of interest in the proceedings. As soon as he could, he hurried out through the cloak-room and up the stairs, where he met her just as she was emerging into the corridor.

There was a moment of surprise, slightly awkward as he greeted her, for she colored gently as though caught in a transgression. But she returned his greeting warmly enough.

“It was just good luck that I happened to see you, Mrs. Freeman,” he said, “but good management that I caught you before you got away.”

“It’s very nice to see you again.”

“I’m glad to hear you say that. I’ve thought a great deal about you and about Jack. How is he?”

“Very well.” And then: “I liked your speech, Mr. Edwards. Even the House will listen to sincerity.”

“For five minutes! That’s all they’ll give a new member. They happened to put me on that committee, and the chairman let me have a chance. Have you been here often?”

“Yes, recently. It’s very interesting, isn’t it?”

“Sometimes. But I don’t spend much time on the floor. The real work of Congress is done in the committee-rooms.” And then quietly: “I was beginning to think I’d never see you again.”

“I’m so glad you did,” she said formally; “but I really must be going now.”

He walked down the corridor with her. He felt awkward and ill at ease, for it seemed so difficult to say just the right thing. But he had determined not to let her go without an effort to resume their broken acquaintanceship.

“I’ve wanted very much to go to see you again, ma’am. I’ve been afraid of intruding. I had an idea that maybe you might not see me.”

It was difficult for her to say what she wished to say. She could not be rude to him, or even cool, though she was sure now that he must know why she did not wish the acquaintance to continue.

“I live very quietly, Mr. Edwards, as you know,” she said slowly. “Mine is not a gay house. I hadn’t thought that you might care to come again.”

“But I do want to come again,” he said with a laugh. “That’s just the point. We seemed to get on so well. I’m a friendly sort of man, and pretty lonely myself, at times.” He laughed quietly. “I thought you mightn’t mind if once in a while you and I were lonely together.”

The corners of her lips twitched a little; then she smiled. “Do you really want to come to see me?”

“I sure do. I’ve thought a good deal about you and Jack and the house you live in. It seemed more like a real home to me than any place I’ve been in since I left Colorado. Then Jack,” he added, “—your boy seemed to take a real shine to me. You said so yourself, ma’am.”

She looked away from him as though weighing the matter. “Yes, I know,” she said uneasily.

“Well, then,” he put in, “why shouldn’t we all be good friends together? I think we’d get along fine.” (Continued on page 122)

Illustrated by
Ernest Fuhr



"I wouldn't take it too much to heart, Miss Lasher," the old editor answered. "The young chap doesn't understand."

Personal Mention

By

WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

IT was a sunny May morning when the Dicks boy—who had been working as a reporter on our Vermont town daily a matter of two weeks—turned into Alec Potherton's shoe-store.

"Well," he called out cheerfully, "gimme something good this morning for the 'Personal Mention' column!"

"What's the use of giving you items when they never see print?" snarled Alec, morosely making up his cash for the day.

"Blame it on Sam Hod, my boss!" returned the Dicks boy. "I turn 'em in, all right. But like the one you gave me about the School Committee yesterday, Sam claims most of them are libelous. He says to avoid School Committee items coming from you. You're sore on school-folks here, because your boy didn't pass."

William Dudley Pelley used to run a paper-mill, and from that it was only a step forward for him to become a newspaper man. Finally he achieved an old and famous paper of his own—"The Caledonian," published at St. Johnsbury, Vermont. Most of his stories are about the folks he met every day as editor. And this is one of his best.

Alec's hands went down on the edges of his cash-drawer—in the weakness of speechless anger.

"We'll see about that!" he cried darkly. "I've had about enough of Sam Hod and that *Telegraph*!"

Joe had told Alec the truth, because he considered the friendship which had suddenly sprung up between them warranted the intimacy. The reporter had been attracted to Alec from his first morning. He admired Alec's clean-cut lines, his fighting jaw, his forceful and aggressive personality, his advanced ideas, which seemed rather out of place in a little country town. He considered the shoe-dealer a bright man.

Alec was a bright man. But we who had known him since boyhood, had come to recognize that much of his brightness was only self-



assertive bigotry. The Dicks boy was twenty-two and limited in his knowledge of human nature. And he was gullible. Therefore he had listened to Alec's classification of the town's business men and taken as gospel truth everything the shoe-merchant had told him. Each morning, when Joe Dicks came in for news-items, Alec gave the history of the liars and double-dealers and villains and scoundrels and thieves and swindlers who passed outside. And Joe accepted Alec's classification without question and went about his local duties handicapped by prejudice.

It totally escaped the boy that most of the liars had outlied Alec at some time or other, that most of the double-dealers had put one over on the shoe man in some trade, that the villains and scoundrels and thieves and swindlers had acquired that reputation by combating Alec's half-baked theories. So when Joe brought in his string of news-items, Sam Hod, who understood Alec, "killed" most of them, or toned them down. And Alec grew sullen in consequence.

"Do you know what there ought to be in this town?" the shoe merchant demanded angrily. "There ought to be a good, bright, spicy little paper started. If a young fellow came in here with a few modern ideas, and started an up-to-date paper, there are hundreds of people here who'd stick with him until he'd put that damn Sam Hod and his old-fogy *Telegraph* out of business! That young chap would clean up!"

"It would take a lot of money," suggested Joe timidly. "It would take brains—brains and push and up-to-date ideas! I'd sign up right at the start for two thousand inches of advertising in such a paper. I can name you twenty other merchants who'd do the same."

"Yes?" replied Joe, whetting his lips.

"Take this School Board affair! I'm reminded of it because right now across the street I see old Dr. Dodd and Angelina Lasher. What does Dr. Dodd—an old Methodist minister—know about modern education, that entitles him to a place on the School Board? What does a female like Angelina Lasher—an old maid with no kids—know about teaching youngsters? It's a farce and a joke, the School Committee. Turn 'em out and let's get

in some young blood—a School Committee with teachers who know their business! All we need is a leader. But the leader can't lead unless he's got a mouthpiece to reach the public. You've come along at a psychological moment, young man. Why don't you buy out Joel Sibley's job plant, start a new paper and clean up?"

"I'll—think it over," responded Joe. He went out and did his work that day with his head in the stars.

Now, when a young man's head is in the stars, he is apt to be foolishly independent of his employer and sensitive to discipline. Matters reached a climax a week later when Joe had made certain the funds were available to buy the Sibley "job plant."



There fear for her husband held her. The mob came through and seized him. Came the fateful cries: "Lynch him! Lynch him!"

One morning he brought in an exceedingly amusing story about one "Broken" Jones, an odd character who lived in our town.

Broken Jones had been a bright man in his younger days, but illness—a spinal trouble—had made his life difficult; at sixty he was down and out. He eked out a humble living by doing odd jobs for the Main Street merchants and acting as janitor in the Opera House block.

A stock-company had used our local playhouse the evening before. After the performance, Broken Jones smelled smoke, and investigated. Everywhere was that smell of smoke, constantly growing stronger. Though he couldn't discover the flames, the hunchback was positive the place was afire. He ran out and turned in an alarm. A few minutes later the fire chief got a bucket of water. But instead of using it about a burning building, he doused it over the janitor himself. For Broken Jones had put his corn-cob pipe into his coat pocket without knocking out the hot ashes, and was himself slowly turning into a holocaust!

It was a promising humorous story, and Joe was proud of it.

He turned it in and went to dinner. But when the paper appeared, he protested to Sam Hod in sullen anger:

"You didn't get in my Opera House fire story—except four lines in the locals that some one turned in a false alarm last evening!"

"You mean the Broken Jones story? I killed it, sonny."

"You're a lot of old fogies in this office!" railed Dicks. "You don't want a man who recognizes human-interest stuff and how to play it up! You want some one who simply brings in the same old 'Personal Mention' about Susie Smith of the Morgan Bargain Store being sick with bronchitis, or Grant Brown of the Photograph Studio visiting his relatives at Block Island. I'm sick of it! I won't stand it another day! What people want is bright, snappy, human-interest stuff like this Broken Jones yarn. No wonder you're only running a bally little afternoon newspaper! Go ahead and fire me! I wish you would! It would give me the chance to supply this town what it wants!"

"Joe," said Sam quietly, "sit down and cool off! The trouble isn't that I'm an old fogey. It isn't that I have objections to seeing the columns of our paper made snappy and full of human interest. It's that you're one of those unfortunate young scribes who can't write that sort of thing without leaving a barb in it somewhere that hurts."

"Tell it to the marines!" snapped Joe.

"Here's this Broken Jones yarn, as an illustration: In a little town you can't get away with it. Jones has his friends—they know his history and sympathize with him. In the first place, instead of calling him Ezra P. Jones, you bluntly term him 'Broken' Jones in print. Now, Broken Jones is what the town calls him, and he probably doesn't resent it, and neither do his sympathizers. But you can't call him Broken Jones in

print, Joe. Printing it makes it cruel insult. Then, all through your yarn, you've suggested that if he hadn't been half foolish, it wouldn't have happened. Maybe he is, Joe. But the little local paper can't come out and say so in print, either. It can't parade the weaknesses of the home folks, no matter how humble. To get your name in the paper in a little town is a mighty serious thing. People demand that their names and activities be handled with dignity. Don't you get my point, Joe?"

"No!" retorted the boy. "You're old-fashioned! The most successful city papers are those that brighten up their columns with magazine features and wit and satire and cartoons. You're losing ground because you keep on sticking to the methods of yesterday."

There was a lot more to that quarrel. It ended when Joe demanded of the bookkeeper the money due him, and walked out.

"Poor kid!" mused Sam. "I thought when I brought him up here, he was going to be just the lad I wanted to brighten up the *Telegraph* with human-interest stuff and lively Personal Mention. But I guess the city chap who could do it simply can't get the small-town viewpoint."

Sorrowfully he locked the office and went home to his supper. Four days later a bright new sign appeared on Joel Sibley's weather-beaten old shop. It read: *THE PARIS DAILY Blade*.

The first article in the first issue of our esteemed but misguided contemporary was an attack on Sam Hod under the heading: "THE MOSS-BACK."

"How many people know the origin of the word?" the boy asked editorially. "It comes from the fact that there are alligators in existence which science estimates from six hundred to a thousand years old. These creatures are supposed to suspend animation during the winter months, and even in the summer they must be prodded with a club to determine whether they have life. And because they are dead without knowing it, vast quantities of moss grow upon their backs." Then after a reference to Sam which made the town feel that shame which one suffers when a fellow-human makes a fool of himself, the Dicks boy concluded what he considered a brilliant piece of writing: "A rolling stone may gather no moss, but who the devil wants to be mossy, anyhow?"

Into the office a week later came Uncle Joe Fodder, the kindly old Civil War veteran who runs the local livery. In his hands was a copy of our new contemporary, the *Blade*.

"Look here, Sam Hod, this wont do at all!" the hostler swore. "He's hurtin' folkses' feelin's. Look at tonight's issue! He's pokin' fun at Dr. Dodd for bein' on the School Committee."

"Alec Potherton's probably got him all het up about the School Committee," Sam observed.

"It aint right, all the same! Of course, old Dodd wont do a thing—he aint that kind. But it'll hurt him, fierce, to read these slanders! He never wanted to go on the Committee anyhow; there's allus a row over somethin'."

"The boy's got to learn, Joseph. Nothing like experience to teach a chap. And he's going to find it out."

"You'd think he'd go slow at first, and

sort o' feel his way along, him with a business to build among strange folks—and a wife and baby to support."

Sam leaned back in his chair, a far-away look in his eyes. For he knew that the boy's young wife had arrived from Boston and each day pushed a baby-carriage down the street and into the print-shop and watched her youngster while she helped out at the type-case because the *Blade* could not afford a linotype machine. Perhaps the old editor remembered a time when a good woman had kept down his composition-bills also, by helping at a type-case. That is the pathos of the country press. Legion are the country editors who could not always make a living if it were not for the unselfish and unpaid assistance of their wives.

"Poor boy and girl," he mused aloud, "—trying to get ahead! It's pathetic, Joseph Fodder. Wish I could help him to steer straight. Alec is a false friend, and I'm afraid Joe's going to pay dearly finding it out."

Sam and the old soldier were still discussing the thoughtless insinuations in the *Blade's* School Committee editorial, when the door opened and little Miss Lasher entered the office.

Now, Angelina had been teaching school for over twenty years. She was not as cheerful as once upon a time. She was small and frayed-out and gone to seed. We knew privately that the Board had several times considered dismissing her. Yet twenty-five years before, when Miss Lasher was not old and frayed-out and gone to seed; she had been loved by two young men. One was Broken Jones, before misfortune overtook him. The other was Jack Sheldon.

Angie Lasher had chosen Jack and been engaged to him at the time of the Spanish War. Jack had died in camp at Chickamauga, and little Miss Lasher's heart had been buried with him.

The town knew her story and was kind. The School Committee continued to change her from building to building and room to room; she in turn knew that she kept her place from their pity, but she tried to bear bravely, and not let it embitter her and come out in her treatment of the children.

"Mr. Hod," she began awkwardly, "I wish you'd tell me just what to do; you're a member of the School Committee, but I haven't anyone else to whom to go. The new paper has been saying some things lately that are kind of hard to overlook—or answer, Mr. Hod."

She stopped because there was a little choke in her voice.

"He says, this young man does," she finally went on, "—that the School Committee's letting too much sentiment interfere with the choice of teachers. I know he means those who've been there a long time and maybe got into a sort of rut. But at the same time, it's hard for us to resign—" She could not continue.

Sam knew, and Uncle Joe Fodder, staring over his spectacles, knew also, that she meant to say that she couldn't afford to give up her place. It was the only thing she could

do to earn the dollars necessary to keep her from the poorhouse. So the old editor answered:

"I wouldn't take it too much to heart, Miss Lasher! This young chap doesn't understand the situation in this town and (Continued on page 108)



"I'm a peaceable man!" he roared. "Generally known as a mossback. But I aint forgot how to get law and order."

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin



"Our money!" one cried in Spanish. "Shore," Bronco Bob answered. "We'll get down to business now."

For the Sake of Business

By

FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

THE men of Paradise were sitting in gloomy silence under the wooden awning in front of Beaver Smith's store. The only sound among the flat-roofed adobe buildings which stood like two rows of dismal sepulchers in the blistering sunlight was a penetrating voice emerging from the house of Beaver Smith across the way.

Within the narrow strip of shade afforded by the awning, the men of Paradise remained immobile; their backs were bent; they regarded the hard-beaten earth of the roadway before them with eyes in which there was no light of interest. They hardly seemed to heed the voice, whose arid vibrancy increased as time dragged by.

Frederick Bechdolt often leaves his home in Monterey County, California, and back-tracks over grass-grown trails of the old Southwest to recapture something of the spirit of bygone days. Therefore when you read an "Old West" story by him, you may accept it as authentic, for the germ has been provided him by a participant in the scenes described.

Even a stranger would have been able to understand that all was not well in Paradise after reading that legend. Nor would the rankest stranger, had he been passing through the town that afternoon, have been in any doubt as to the smallness of esteem in which Ma Smith at present held her lord and master.

The store's long, cool interior behind them was empty of human kind. In the rear of the room, which was the only spot in all the town affording comfort to a human being on a summer day, there was no occupant. The whisky-barrel stood in solitude, surmounted by a pine board which bore the announcement: "TRUST MAKES BUST—ALL GOODS IS CASH HERE."

He saw a head against the brown water. The loop whined, describing a wide circle.

But it had needed neither the sign on the whisky-barrel nor the evidences of domestic infelicity which were assailing their ears to banish light-heartedness from the citizens out there on the sidewalk. The depression which had settled upon them and the whole town was but aggravated by these sour revelations of human frailty.

For Paradise was in a moribund condition. The mules which were indulging themselves in a series of skirmishes down in Pony Deal's corrals had been bickering there in idleness for a fortnight now. The wagons had not turned a wheel. And as one day had succeeded another, the listless pessimism which comes with idleness had grown among the leading citizens. So they sat now with backs bowed down by an indifference which was not serene, until at length the sun began to steal away their little strip of shade. Bull Louis was first to stir. He straightened slowly and looked across the street.

"Well," he said drearily, "we all have got our troubles."

"She shore's a vigh'rous woman." Curt Wilcox stroked his mustache.

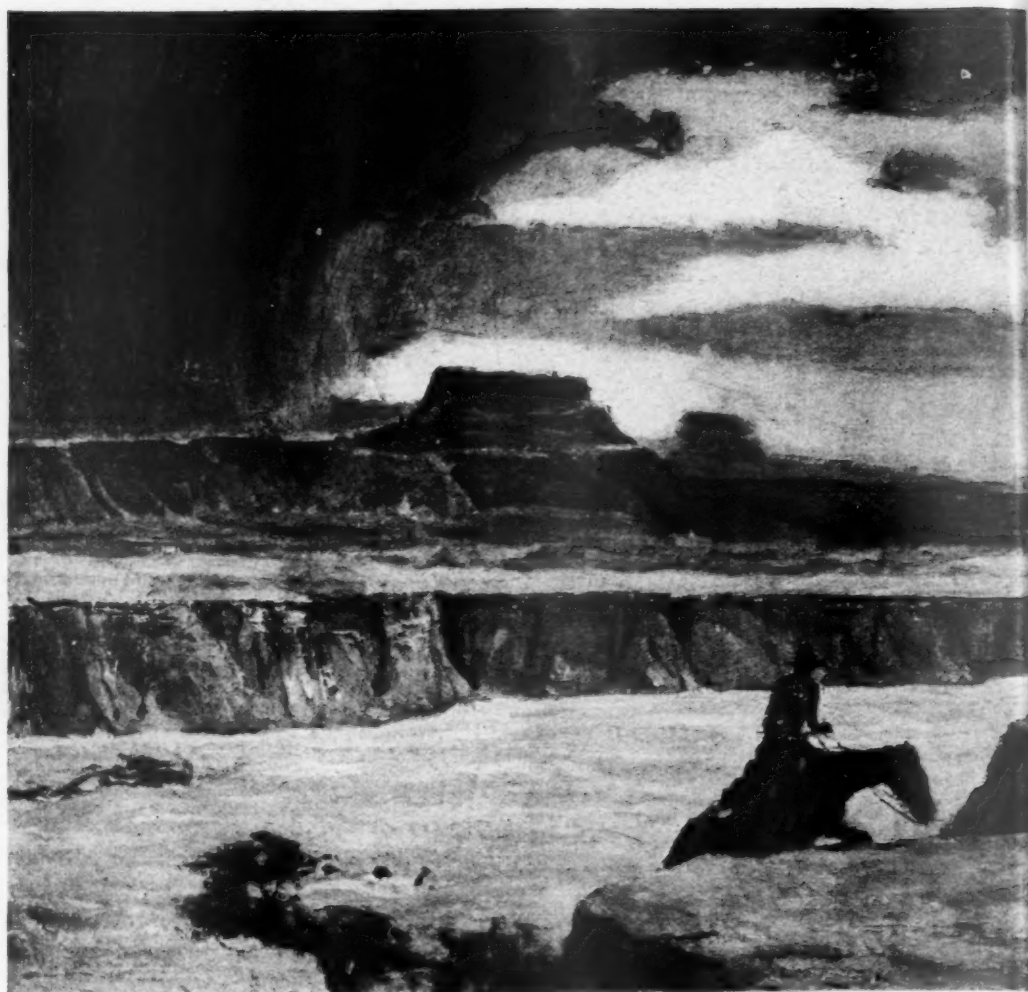
A door banged within the house opposite; and a moment later the leading merchant of Paradise appeared crossing the street. His manner was that of a man who has been undergoing an ordeal. When he had wiped his brow and stowed away his red bandana in a rear pocket of his overalls, he halted before them.

"That ol' woman of mine is plumb on the peck." He shook his head. "What d'yo' reckon she wants? Why, she's got it into her haid she's goin' to buy a parlor organ. An organ!" He swore. "An' business this-a-way!" he stood there for a moment twiddling with his goat's beard. "Any word from the Bronco Mine?"

"I done rode over there this mo'nin'," Pony Deal growled, "an' they're still waitin'."

BRONCO BOB LEE, Tinkham and Shotgun Moore were holding down the mine that summer. Where the cañon opened to the mesa, the gray dump scarred the hill's bare flank. Cacti and dry tumbleweeds showed among its sharp rock fragments; the planks at the shaft-mouth were warped by the suns of many seasons, and the weather had stained the disused windlass a pale gray. There may have been some old tools rusting about the place, for all that any of the partners knew. Such things as pipes or drills did not beget their interest.

The adobe house with the bullet-marks on its thick walls stood a stone's-throw or so below the dump overlooking the mesa. A road wound like a dun-colored ribbon into the west, where the



town of Paradise showed at the bluff's brink. Southward the plateau stretched away, to merge with distant mountains down in Mexico whose saw-toothed peaks took on new glories of gold and amethyst or cloaked themselves in new mantles of mauve and purple, according to the hour of the day.

Bronco Bob Lee, Tinkham and Shotgun Moore were standing before the adobe's open door. The torrid wind was cuffing their cheeks; and the sun, which had just crept over the eaves, was pouring its first volleys upon them as if from ambush. There was that in their spare frames and their lean, hard faces which made them fit into the savage border landscape; and as if they were a part of it, they neither took note of its beauties, nor did they heed its discomforts. They were gazing toward the southern mountains, from out of whose mysteries a line of dots was overdue to resolve itself, and crawling along the mesa's tawny surface, to swell into a train of pack-mules flanked by sombreroed outriders.

Twice every month that pack-train had come winding out of the distant sierra. Twice every month the swarthy smugglers from half a dozen Sonoran villages, with their huge silver-decked sombreros and their bell-mouthed trousers, had spread a blanket on the adobe's earthen floor, to bicker over prices in border Spanish with the three partners, tossing the enormous silver dollars of their country upon the cloth before them when the bargaining was done. Twice every month they had loaded their pack-mules with the dry-goods, hardware, cheap perfumes and gewgaws which were the only output of the Bronco Mine. And in the interims between those fortnightly visits, Pony Deal's wagon-train had brought from Tucson new stores of goods.

Trade begets trade. Sometimes Curt Wilcox and the cowboys from the Double Dobe Ranch dropped into Paradise to buy a few supplies; occasionally some of the hard-eyed rustlers from the San Simón rode into town for chewing-tobacco, whisky or cartridges. But such stray visitors brought little in the way of



business. Upon the boarding of the teamsters and their custom at the store of Beaver Smith, prosperity depended. And the Bronco Mine's traffic with the Sonoran smugglers was the only thing that kept the wagons moving.

Two weeks ago the pack-train had failed to appear. Within the adobe house the calicoes and hardware, the boxes of scented soap and of coffee in paper packages, still lay ranged in neat piles along the walls, awaiting its arrival. Bronco Bob Lee and his partners stood without, and as the day wore on, they realized that for the second time their customers were overdue.

"No sign," said Tinkham after a long while, and shoved forward his sweat-stained hat to scratch his grizzled crown. With his gray hairs the years had brought him none of that benignity which they usually bestow upon old men.

Shotgun Moore had dropped on one knee, tucking the high heel of his other boot under him cowboy fashion, while he rolled a cigarette.

"Reckon them greaser Customs men jumped 'em?" he hazarded. Bronco Bob shook his head.

"This mo'nin'," said he, "Pony Deal rode over from town, while you fellers was out on the mesa. He done tol' me how he got word that them Turkey Crick outlaws was stealin' some cattle down across the line two weeks ago. Looks like they might of run ag'in' 'em. That bunch has been a-comin' into Paradise too thick to suit me lately. They've smelt them dove dollars, I reckon."

Old Tinkham leaned forward, peering intently into the south. "Some one a-comin' now," he announced. "Right on a line between that pile of termatter cans an' the high peak in the middle of the range."

The others looked where he directed, and saw a speck emerging from the hazy spaces where the mesa seemed to blend with the mountains. It came on slowly, growing by imperceptible degrees.

"Man on a mule," Shotgun Moore declared some minutes later.

"The's two others away behind him," Tinkham said. "Mebbe it's three. It's them, all right—what's left of 'em."

Now as they watched, the rearward dots took form; the rider in the lead grew clearly visible. His head was sagging until the sombrero with its silver trappings bobbed grotesquely; sometimes the high crown pointed straight before him; his shoulders drooped; his body was limp, weaving from side to side. The mule began to mount the rise, and they got a glimpse of the man's swarthy face; the lips were swollen, scarred with bloody cracks, and there was blood upon his shirt.

"I'll fetch some water," Tinkham said.

When they had helped him into the adobe's cool interior, the smuggler sat with his back braced against the wall, supping the last drops from the tin cup which old Tinkham had handed him.

"*Muchas gracias.*" His voice came in a crackling whisper, and he held forth the cup for more.

"There are six of us left," he went on in his own tongue, when he had drunk again, "and three are wounded. Me, I am not hurt so badly as the other two."

"How did it come?" asked Bronco Bob. The smuggler shook his head.

"How can I know? All that I see is this: My friend Ramirez is riding in the lead, and we are in the cañon where the cliffs come close. I am far back. Then one comes riding down to meet us in the trail, a great tall man with a thick mustache that reaches below his chin. He is alone, and so we let him come right on. I see him shaking Ramirez by the hand." He flung out his own hands in a wide gesture. "I hear a shot and see Ramirez fall. This big man spurs his horse away, and it is like the Apaches; every rock is spitting the bullets upon us. What can we do? We ride to save our lives."

He drank again.



The commands came, and the men of Turkey Creek obeyed. They swung their partners and

"Two weeks ago," he went on slowly, "we see some men in this same place and do not like the looks of them. So we turn back. Maybe, I think, these are the same. I do not know."

"All right!" Bronco Bob Lee turned toward the door. "You come along with me, Tinkham; we'll saddle up."

BEFORE the store of Beaver Smith, Bronco Bob Lee told the story to the men of Paradise in about ten words, and when the tale was done, he nodded to old Santa Cruz Casteñada, the wagon-master.

"Hook up four mules to that light rig," said he. "Some of yo' boys will have to go with him to the cañon and help round up what's left of their outfit. Me an' Tinkham is headed after them outlaws. Curt, Beaver, Pony an' Bull Lewis—with us two, that makes six. We'd like to have yo' ride along."

The group dissolved as he was speaking. Now men were hurrying along the brief wide street, and rawhide ropes were swinging under yellow dust-clouds in the corrals. Dogs barked; the rattle of hoofs mingled with the voices of the riders as the saddle-ponies dashed up the roadway to the hitching-rack. The *pop-pop* of a whiplash rose sharp above the clashing of iron-shod

wheels, and the wagon came swinging round a corner with little Chilson, the crack skinner, holding the ribbons, and Santa Cruz beside him on the driver's seat. The mules broke from a brisk trot into a run, and vanished in a swirl of dust beyond the edge of town. Half a dozen horsemen followed, roweling their ponies.

Within the store of Beaver Smith the five who had been chosen dallied briefly with their leader. The murmur of their voices rose in the room's cool dimness.

"Two sawed-off shotguns is enough."

"That big feller with the long mustache would be Larne."

"The way the greaser told it, sounds like the' was eight or ten of them Turkey Crick outlaws with him in the deal."

"Hey, Beaver! Be yo' shore them ca'tridges is buckshot?"

"Well, here's how!"

Their spurs tinkled on the hard earthen floor as they trooped forth into the glaring afternoon. They swung into their saddles and were off at the running walk.

"The idee," Bronco Bob Lee told them as they went down the street, "is this: They'd fool round an hour or two at the cañon for fear they'd miss some of them dobe dollars. And they'll take the long road by the west side of the valley so's to keep in



made the best of it. "Strike up ag'in," old Tinkham shouted. "Lively! Shake a leg!"

the clear from Paradise. We'll stick to the shortcut along the mesa. Our hosses is fresh; we ort to beat 'em to the Cold Springs Ranch."

Where the road narrowed heading northward as it left the town, they strung out two and two. Pony Deal spurred up alongside the leader.

"Not meanin' to shove my nose into yo'r business," said he, "but that there Turkey Crick bunch is a hard one."

"Meanin'," the other interrupted, "I've left considerable many of the boys to go with the wagon. Well, it's this-a-way: Outside of Santa Cruz, we're better off without 'em. Little Chilson would be a-frettin' fer his fambly, and the rest is young fellers. They'd be plumb shore to overshoot or go to cuttin' loose before they ort. Six ag'in' ten aint so bad, when yo' have seen them six a-burnin' powder before."

The mesa stretched on ahead of them, as tawny as a lion's skin, narrowing with perspective in the dim distance until it seemed to join the naked mountains at their right. The torrid breeze had died away. A huge heap of cumulus clouds was climbing over a ragged peak in the middle distance; it deepened in color from the snowy edges to a dull greenish black. Now

and again an irregular line of lightning traversed its surface; and the dull rumble of thunder came from its murky depths. Off to the left, five miles or so away, the valley floor lay far beneath them, shimmering in the hot sunshine.

"I knowed this feller Larne back at Fort Griffin," old Tinkham was telling Bull Lewis. "I helped hang his brother in the fall of seventy-three."

"Reckon the Lowry boys is with him?" Pony Deal looked over his shoulder as he asked the question.

"Most likely." The speaker paused long enough to worry off a mouthful from a plug of chewing tobacco. "They robbed the Benson stage together last spring. Then the's Jake Gauze; he throwed in with the bunch after he killed that dance-hall man in Silver City; an' the little one they call Doc that used to wear a poncho an' pack a sawed-off shotgun under it up in Abilene."

"I see Larne drop a Mexican line-rider one day down on the Rio Grande," Curt Wilcox remarked. "Done it just to show the boys what a good shot he was." He thrust his wrist through the reins while he rolled a cigarette; and when he had lighted it: "Turkey Crick is gettin' tough. They tell me over in Tombstone that the sheriff dassen't send a deputy (Continued on page 146)

On a vine-hung porch, overlooking lovely Pompton Lake, sits Albert Payson Terhune—wind and weather permitting—in the environment of his small-boyhood, and dreams the stories that have made him one of the most popular of living American tellers of tales. Four or five of his famous collies lie beside him. So peaceful is the scene that a stranger would never assume the writer once to have been a champion amateur heavyweight boxer.



Illustrated by
Frank Spradling

Time and Chance

By

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

ORRIN WADLEIGH concluded his dry little speech with the first interesting words he had spoken since the chairman introduced him. Laying down his notes, he looked out across the small and none-too-impressed audience, letting his sober gaze rest for the very briefest instant on a sallowly bald man in the last row.

"When Colonel Ginter asked me to come here and address your meeting, tonight," he said, inclining his head slightly in deference as he referred to the bald man, "when he asked me to come here and give you a little informal talk on present-day banking, I told him I was no authority on so great a subject. And perhaps, having listened to my talk, you'll agree with me. In any event, I still insist that Colonel Ginter, as President of the Aaron Burr National Bank,—the foremost banking institution of this city,—would have been a far more edifying lecturer on the subject than a mere assistant cashier like myself. But he said his Bible class heard enough from him on Sunday afternoons, and that you would be glad to hear some one else tonight—though why he should have selected *me* for this honor rather than one of the older and abler men at the bank, I don't know.

"Pompous old swine!" Whether Wadleigh intended the epithet for Colonel Ginter or the policeman, matters not.

"Yet, such as I am, I have one worth-while message for any and all of you young men who may be fitting yourselves for positions of financial trust. It is a rule I had to devise for my own safety, at the very outset of my business career—a rule that has been a veritable lifeline to me. It has not merely strengthened me to resist temptation. It has done more—far more. *It has made temptation an impossibility.*"

Wadleigh was now speaking with a tense sincerity that roused new interest in his youthful hearers. Even Colonel Ginter looked expectant. The orator continued, after a brief rhetorical pause:

"The rule is this: When you are handling other people's money, tell yourself it is not money at all. Tell yourself that, and make yourself believe it. Tell yourself it is not money, but that it is just a pile of counters in a game that you are playing.

"The dollars you shove out through the wicket to a customer, the dollars you carry to the bank for your employer, the dollars you take in for goods you sell for your employer—remember, these are not dollars at all. They are *not*, so far as you are concerned. They are merely the checkers, the chessmen, the beans or chips, in a game you are playing. Keep this firmly in mind; and it will no more occur to you to steal or borrow any of those dollars than it would occur to you to pocket a handful of counters in a checker-game.

"Those dollars have no relation whatever to the money you receive for your services on Saturday night. There is no magic or mystery in teaching oneself to believe this. And once you have learned the lesson, it lasts for life. Henceforth you are honest, not only because it is right to be so, but because you have no temptation to be otherwise. Perhaps there may be other methods for avoiding financial temptation, but assuredly there is none simpler or more efficient. Think it over, boys."

Orrin Wadleigh sat down, to the accompaniment of mild ap-

plause. As he seated himself, he stole another oblique glance at the president of his bank. And on that dignitary's sallow face, he read beaming approval.

Colonel Ginter was waiting for him at the Sunday-school door, as the meeting broke up.

"I'll give you a lift, as far as the viaduct," volunteered the president, waving toward a limousine at the curb. "Come along."

Murmuring his gratitude, Wadleigh stood aside with deference while the great man slithered crablike into the gleaming car, and then followed him.

"Good talk you gave the boys!" commented Ginter as the machine got into jarless motion. "Especially that last bit! That was really good. Made up the rule yourself, eh? Good—very good, indeed. Of course, in addressing a Bible class it might have been more expedient to stress the sin of dishonesty and the rewards of probity, rather than to point out merely a specious way of avoiding temptation. Still, the idea is excellent. I could see it impressed them. And I'm obliged to you. They— Oh, here we are at the viaduct, eh? Good night. Thanks again, Wadleigh."

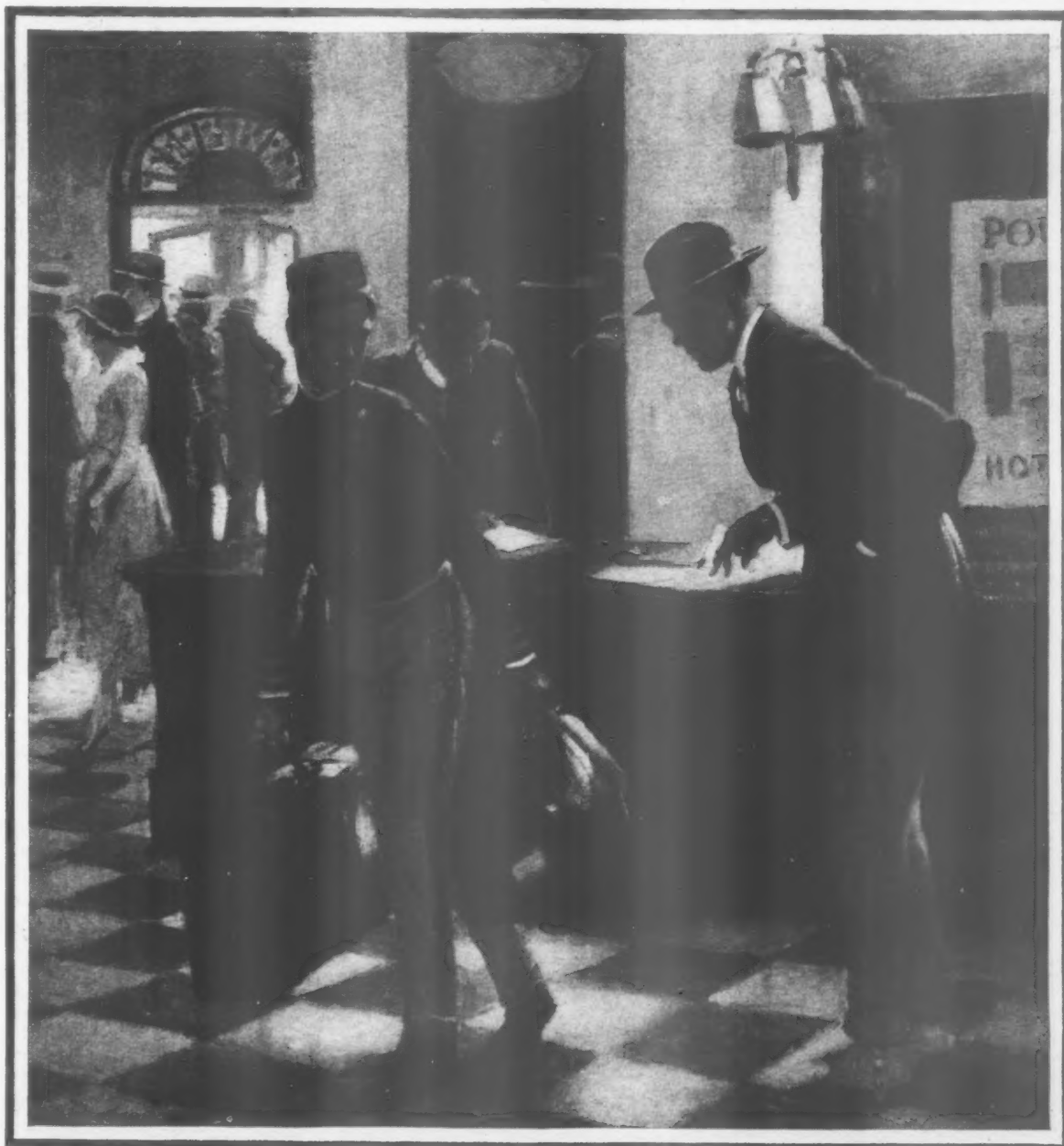
The assistant cashier shook the large soft hand tendered him.

Then the obese car rolled on, down the lamplit street, leaving Wadleigh standing on the corner, while the razorlike breezes of January toyed with his ears and nose and lower legs.

"It'd have taken him a whole quarter-mile out of his way, to drive me home," mused Wadleigh, as he faced the buffeting wind and struck out at a lively pace toward his boarding-house. "And yet I had to thank him for carrying me this far, after I'd wasted a perfectly good evening in haranguing his pet assortment of high-school brats! I think I'll read myself to sleep, tonight, on 'David Copperfield,'—chapter where *Uriah Heep* lectures on the cash advantages of being 'umble. The pompous old swine!"

Whether Wadleigh intended this vehement epithet for *Heep* or for Colonel Ginter or for the well-upholstered policeman who paused to glower suspiciously at the muttering pedestrian, it matters not. The assistant cashier was indulging in one of his rare spurts of anarchistic bad temper. And he was, moreover, thoroughly enjoying it.

Orrin Wadleigh had been with the Aaron Burr National Bank for sixteen years. He had entered the institution's service, as errand boy, at fourteen. Thus, for more than half the years of



He shook in his shoes as he watched a bellhop swing the suitcase on the way to his room.

his life he had been in the bank's employ. And at thirty he had been promoted, recently, to the post of assistant cashier.

In another fifteen years, with luck, he told himself, he might dare hope to step into H. J. Boyden's shoes as cashier, unless by that time the directors should decide to import some younger and more wide-awake man for the job. Tonight, as he breasted the stinging wind on his homeward walk, he once more indulged in this brilliant bit of optimism. He did it, as a child might chew wantonly upon a sore or aching tooth. And with much the same mental results!

He was tired. He was blue. Athwart his soul drifted the clouds of utter depression which are the accursed heritage of every high-strung worker. Perhaps it was because of his memory of the bored boyish faces at his lecture. Perhaps—most of all—it was due to Ginter's selfishness in dumping him on the sidewalk, at the viaduct, instead of taking him all the way home.

In any event, a fierce surge of rebellion swept over him. And another memory added its full quota to the urge—the memory of a girl he had been mad to marry, some five years back, a girl whose parents had persuaded her that a receiving teller's salary would keep her bound down to a shabby-genteel poverty all her days. As a rule, Wadleigh kept this tormenting memory in limbo. But it had its times of escaping and of springing at his ungaurded heart. This was one of the times.

He had worked so hard! And what had he to show for it? A lonely present, a lonelier future, a barely sufficient salary for his modest needs, the off-chance of a beggarly old-age pension some thirty years hence. Cinders, ashes, dust!

Suddenly, almost at the entrance to his boarding-house, Orrin Wadleigh stopped short. He stood looking down the empty side-street. The scowl was gone from his eminently correct face. In its place was an expression of calm determination. He looked almost happy. Then he ran lightly up the steps of the boarding-house, let himself in and went directly to his own room. Locking the door behind him, he crossed to the glass and surveyed his mirrored self. There he saw a face alight with a great resolution—a resolution which all but transfigured it.

"And I never even thought of it, before!" he repeated. "Why didn't I? It's the easiest thing in the world. I—I haven't been slaving, all these rotten years, for other people. I've been working for myself! To build the foundation of a fortune. I couldn't have done it in much shorter time."

BRIEFLY, the resolution which Orrin Wadleigh had just formed—the resolution which made him so strangely happy and at peace—was to enrich himself by robbing the Aaron Burr National Bank.

He sat down on the side of his bed and forced his mind to face the most pessimistic features of his course. This was like Wadleigh. And from time to time the trait had saved him from many a false or foolish move. In rough draft, he and Pessimism held somewhat the following conversation:

"It's jail and disgrace and eternal ruin, if you're caught," cheerily observed Pessimism.

"But I'm not going to be caught," Wadleigh made glib answer—adding explanatorily: "I've had sixteen years' training in every phase of the banking game. If that game *can* be beaten, I ought to be the man to beat it."

"So other fools have thought," urged Pessimism. "And they've got numbers, now, instead of names."

"And why?" retorted Wadleigh. "I'll tell you why. They were crooks. That means, they were fools. They had expensive tastes or expensive girls or expensive families, or expensive speculations. These goaded them on to grab money regardless. When a man is in such straits, he acts on crazy impulse. He can't think clearly and coolly. Necessity or temptation keeps lashing him. He gets hold of some money in the easiest way his idiotic mind can grasp. Then, when it comes to covering his tracks, he's panic-stricken. He shuts his eyes and runs amuck. The next thing he knows, the law has him."

"Quite so," assented Pessimism. "And what's to keep you from doing the same thing?"

"Everything is going to keep me from it," said Wadleigh in steadfast confidence. "In the first place, I've no immediate and tearing need of money. There's nobody interested in me, and nobody I'm interested in. I've never speculated or gambled. There's nothing to hurry me, nothing to confuse me, no immediate issue at stake. I have no scourging temptation, to rattle me or make me hurry. Mine is a resolution, not a temptation. I can think this thing out in every detail—test it from all sides, strengthen any weak spots, plan every step. I can afford to spend

five years on working out my campaign, if I have to. I can make it failure-proof. I am embarking on it, with my brain calm and with nothing to confuse me, and with all the time in the world."

"Well," grumbled Pessimism, falling back to its last line of defense, "suppose you do succeed in looting the bank? Suppose you get away with it? What then? You can't stay here. You'll have to turn your back on everything familiar to you, and start life all over again, in a strange place."

"When a man has no ties and no cherished friends and no family or sweetheart," answered the triumphant Wadleigh, "there's no great wrench in leaving a place—especially if it's a place where he's suffered and slaved—and starting out in a new city or even in a new country. And when he carries along enough cash to grease the ways for him, there's no trouble about starting life all over again somewhere else. He can choose his new home. His money will get him as many new friends and as many pleasures as he can make use of. Besides, I'm going away with my head up, not as a fugitive. Good night! I'm going to turn in. I want a clear head for tomorrow. Because, tomorrow, I'm going to begin!"

Twenty minutes later Wadleigh was sleeping as sweetly as any child. On his ascetic face flickered also the ghost of such a smile as a child's features might wear—a child who in its dreams looks forward to a happy morrow.

THE chief difficulty about robbing a bank is somewhat like the chief difficulty in stealing a ship. The matter of clearance papers and a clean bill makes it all but impossible to take a stolen vessel, in safety, to any civilized port. The difficulties in robbing a bank are similar, in their way.

If a sum of money is sent from a place, it has a definite destination. If it does not reach that destination at the appointed time, report is made; and all the powers of the law are set in motion for its recovery. Moreover, large-denomination bills are numbered, and account is kept of their numerals. A like rule applies to negotiable securities. Equally close watch is maintained on the movements of all gold reserves. Still closer is the watch on employees' accounts.

If a messenger is sent forth with a satchel of money or of securities, and if he chances to stray, he has but a few minutes' start on certain pursuit, a pursuit whose dread efficiency makes such lapses extremely few and unprofitable.

All of which explains why banks do not go out of business every other day, and why a poorly paid bank messenger finds it profitable to stick to the narrow road of honesty. It also explains some of the difficulties that lay in the path of Orrin Wadleigh's proposed scheme—difficulties which he prepared to meet with a sunny certainty of overcoming them.

Time—the foe of most embezzlers—was his ally. He had the wit to realize that if a man can afford to wait long enough, soon or late his waiting will be rewarded by those two great masters of destiny: Time, and Time's twin-brother Chance.

Wadleigh could afford to wait. And while he waited, he laid his lines. For example:

A month or so after his address to the Bible class, he began to wear a worried, almost woebegone look. He took pains to wear this aspect at such times as he was likely to come into contact with Colonel Ginter. And in less than a week thereafter he was rewarded by Ginter's stopping at his desk, one afternoon, and asking civilly:

"Sick, Wadleigh? You've been pretty glum and peaked, lately. What's wrong?"

COLONEL GINTER would have known better than ask such a question of a married employee or one whose tastes and habits he did not know. This, lest some tale of domestic or financial hard luck might prelude a plea for a salary-raise. Even now, Ginter half-regretted his solicitude for a valued employee, and waited with nervous worry for Wadleigh's reply. But almost instantly the president's brow cleared.

"I didn't mean to look glum or cranky, sir," said the assistant cashier in quick contrition. "I'm sorry if I did. You see—well, the fact is, I'm a bit unhappy, these days. I—I don't like speaking of family matters in office-hours. But—well, you may have heard me mention my uncle Stephen. Stephen Grey—lives out in Oregon. He brought me up. He was the only father I ever knew. In my boyhood he was both father and mother to me. When I got on my feet here, I wanted him to come and live with me. But he wouldn't. He'd fallen in love with the Far West, and he wouldn't live anywhere else.

"He and I have always corresponded, pretty regularly, of



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course. This past month, I haven't heard a word from him. And I was afraid something was wrong. So last week I telegraphed. And his secretary wrote back that Uncle Steve is in the hospital, suffering from burns. He's an inventor, and he's always puttering with explosives. One of his experiments seems to have gotten him. He's old. And at his age, any serious accident may mean death. I've been writing or telegraphing, every day since then. He—he doesn't seem to be getting any better."

Wadleigh's voice grew suddenly husky. He turned away with some abruptness and began to riffle the papers on his desk.

"H'm!" sympathized Ginter. "Too bad! I'm sorry to hear this, Wadleigh. Heartily sorry. You—he has my every wish for a complete and speedy recovery. Let me know, from time to time, how he is, wont you? I don't wonder you seem unhappy lately. I honor you for the feeling. It is filial, my boy—filial."

HE made as if to pass on, and Wadleigh began to fear lest the chief point in his own narrative had been too subtly worded to get across. But presently he noted with relief that he had scored. For at the threshold Ginter came back.

"H'm!" ventured the president. "Did I understand you to say your uncle has a—secretary? He must be more successful than most inventors, if—"

"Oh, his inventions are just a rich man's hobby," explained Wadleigh, "just a fad. They don't accomplish anything much, except to keep him amused. He's been mighty lonely, since his wife died. And he turns to invention as a sort of—"

"I see," said Ginter. "I see. Certainly. And"—he hesitated—"I take it you're his favorite nephew, from what you said about his being like a father to you. And—and he has no wife or children to—"

"To be with him during his illness?" put in Wadleigh with much simplicity. "No. He hasn't. That's what worries me. I'm his only near relative. It must be hideously lonesome for him, laid up in a hospital, with only hired nurses and all that. I wanted to drop everything and run out there to be with him. But he wont hear of it. He says a man's place is at his job, and not taking leave of absence just to go to a relative he can't really help. He was most emphatic about it, his secretary writes me. Uncle Steve is a martinet, about business. I owe to him whatever business conscience I may possess."

With a grunt of approbation and a globbed repetition of his condolences, Ginter departed. Wadleigh permitted himself the luxury of a grin.

His was not the "tangled web" that follows so close on the trail of deception and which waits to trip up short-memoried liars. For the groundwork of the story he had just told Ginter was quite true. His uncle Stephen Grey had really brought him up (with surly reluctance), until Wadleigh was old enough to be tossed into the world, there to fend for himself. Stephen Grey, too, lived in Oregon, and was a man of tolerable means.

But Wadleigh had always hated him,

and he had always hated Wadleigh. Indeed, only through a paragraph in his weekly home-paper had Orrin chanced to read of his uncle's accident. Yet an hour after his talk with Ginter he sent a telegram to Grey's secretary, asking a collect answer as to the old man's condition. And when next day the president stopped again at his desk and made polite query for news of the invalid, Wadleigh fished from his pocket a newly received dispatch and handed it to the inquirer.

"This is today's report," he said gloomily. "I wish it were more hopeful."

The president glanced over the telegram, a message which announced tersely that Mr. Grey was no better and that his strength seemed failing.

"Time and Chance," Wadleigh told himself, for the hundredth time, after Ginter had moved on. "Time and Chance! Those are my trump cards. I've plenty of Time. And when a man has Time enough, Chance is inevitable. Soon or late, Chance always waits on Time. The only trouble with most people is that they haven't the Time to wait on Chance. I have."

And he waited. While he waited, he watched.

The object of his interest was young Charles Benham, lately assigned to the post of bank messenger. The youth was not in any way the usual messenger type. But he was a nephew to Mrs. Ginter, an ample and pompous dame who, like others of her breed, was prouder of her husband's rank as president of a small city bank than was Josephine of Napoleon's elevation to the throne.

When Benham was dumped down upon his Ginter relatives, his aunt could not bear that the logical job of office-boy should blot the social escutcheon of her nephew's name. So, by hook or crook, she arranged, through her husband, to give him the temporarily vacant post of messenger. She explained to everyone that it was a position of great trust and responsibility, and that during his short tenure of it Benham was learning the banking business from top to bottom, in order to take in due time his rightful place in its loftier realms.

In the meantime the weak-mouthed and dissipated young man was having a delightful time—and living far above his salary. This, to the knowledge of Wadleigh and of more than one other employee. Also, from scraps of a tirade caught, recently, in passing Ginter's private office, Wadleigh had gathered that the president was planning to steady and discipline the lad by cutting down his private allowance.

Orrin felt he could foresee the outcome. There was nothing novel in it. It had happened a hundred times before. Some day, pressed for need of ready cash, Benham was fairly certain to forget that the big sums of money he carried were only "counters in a game."

And Wadleigh waited. As usual, while he waited, he worked out his other lines.

One morning there came a telegram from his uncle's secretary, with news of Stephen Grey's death. Carefully, Wadleigh erased the typewritten date—and waited. Ten days later he chanced upon young Benham sitting in a dark corner, back of the coat-room, his head in his

hands. Wadleigh halted, sympathetically, beside him.

"Headache?" he asked.

Benham lifted a seared and twitching face to his questioner.

"No," he said hoarsely as he thrust into his pocket a letter that lay on his knees. "No, it isn't a headache. I—By the way, I don't suppose you could lend me five hundred dollars, could you?" he went on with hopeless wistfulness. "I could pay it back, out of my salary, in a year at most. I—"

"Five hundred dollars!" exclaimed Orrin. "Why, I haven't so much ready cash as that, in the world! I wish I had. But surely Colonel Ginter will be glad to—"

"No, he wont, either," grumbled the pallid Benham. "He told me, last time, I'd have to get along with my pauper pay-envelope, for the next six months. For the Lord's sake, don't say anything to him about it! Just forget I asked you, that's a good chap."

He pulled out the letter again and began to reread it. Wadleigh passed on. Going to his own desk, he took from it the telegram announcing his uncle's death, typed in the date, and went into Ginter's office.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Colonel," said he, laying the telegram before his chief, and speaking with studied repression. "But I think I'll go home for the rest of the day. I'm—I—well, this news has hit me a bit hard."

"Too bad! Too bad!" clucked Ginter, scanning the message. "Heartiest sympathy, my boy! Go home, by all means. But—don't let this prey too heavily on you. 'In the midst of life, we are in death,' you know—and all that. 'His lot the—the common lot of all,' you know. Still, I understand your grief. Certainly. Go home. If there is anything I can do—"

"Thank you, sir," said Wadleigh gratefully. "I appreciate your kindness, more than I can say. And it makes it harder for me to tell you that I may have to—in fact, I may have to resign my position here, at any moment, now. I know how it will inconvenience you. But—well, you see I infer from something my uncle dictated to me, in one of his last letters from the hospital, that it is more than likely I—I may—may— The estate is somewhat large, as I think I told you. And I am the nearest of kin. And—in short, I may be summoned out there, at any moment, on urgent business, and may have to stay on there indefinitely. If it would be more convenient to you to have me resign at once, of course I am ready to. But if you'd care to have me wait, as long as I can—and if you'd be willing to have me leave, then, at perhaps an hour's notice—"

Colonel Ginter assured him, almost with respect, that it would be far more convenient for the bank if he could stay on as long as possible, certainly until the paying teller could be broken in, more or less, for his work. And so it was arranged.

THAT evening Orrin Wadleigh committed the first real extravagance of his life. He went to a private detective agency. There—for seven dollars a day

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and expenses—he hired an expert to shadow young Benham. The sleuth was to report to Wadleigh at the boarding-house. In event of anything sudden or exigent, he was to come to him, if necessary, at the bank.

Seven dollars a day and expenses—chiefly expenses—mount up, in no time, to a sum which does things to the fattest pocketbook. And sorely did Orrin grudge the daily cost of learning such silly items as the hour and place of Benham's dinners, the companions he met, the poker-games he sat in, the frail creatures whose cavalier he was.

But even the longest road is at last marked "Detour!" And in precisely three weeks and two days after Wadleigh had announced to Colonel Ginter the death of Stephen Grey, the unstable Benham boarded the ten-fifty-five morning train for the East, carrying with him, among other hand-luggage, a bag containing twelve thousand dollars in small bills, which represented the weekly pay-roll of a dairy company, and which he was supposed to deliver to that company's offices at about the time his train got into motion.

Before the express had attained full speed, the tidings of Benham's flight had been brought to Orrin Wadleigh. The day was Saturday. And in this luck favored the Chance-worshiper. For in the cash safe reposed something more than ninety thousand dollars, in currency, there awaiting the exigencies of a score of weekly salary lists. Not for another half-hour would the bulk of this sum be called for by company carriers, or delivered, as in the case of the dairy concern, by bank messenger.

Wadleigh had rehearsed his routine, over and over. And now he had every move well arranged.

In the coat-room stood his big suitcase. Every day, for more than a week, he had brought it thither, on the chance that a sudden summons from the West might force him to take the only daily train for Oregon too quickly to permit of going home to pack.

In leisure moments he was wont to go to the coat-room and open the suitcase—always in the presence of some fellow-worker—in order to put in or take out or readjust some article. It had grown to be a joke at the bank, this fussily meticulous care of Wadleigh's in arranging and rearranging the contents of the bag. Incidentally a dozen people (Colonel Ginter among them) had seen the innocuous contents of it.

Strolling, now, to the cubbyhole room

"RICH WHITE TRASH"

There is such a thing, when you come to think of it; but it's never been called that before, so far as one recalls. But it's very faithfully pictured in a story shortly to be published in *The Red Book Magazine*, a story by—

MARGARET CULKIN
BANNING

where stood the cash safe, he took therefrom as many packages of bills as he could carry unnoticed inside his coat. These he placed in the suitcase, and went back for more.

It seemed a criminally reckless thing to do. As a matter of fact, it was entirely safe. It was the short rest-time before the eleven o'clock Saturday rush should begin. As assistant cashier, his duties took him to the cash safe. And as a newly fussy packer, his inclinations took him, in this interval of slackness, into the coat-room. Nobody noted his several visits to either place. But anybody, noting them, would have been without suspicion.

He made the last trip, and then went to a drawer in the outer office. Rum-maging there, with a sheaf of documents in his hand, he found the long slip whereon were jotted the numbers of such large bills as were included in the various pay-rolls. When he moved away from the drawer, the numeral list was still where it had been lying. But it was not the same list. It was a schedule of numbers copied from a list of three months earlier. The original slip lay crumpled in his pocket. No one, by help of that slip, would now send forth word to banks and police to be on the lookout for bills of the numerals corresponding with those in his loot.

It was very simple. So is a handful of dust simple. But thrown into the eyes, dust causes temporary blindness, and sometimes gives fugitives a good start.

Then, leaving the suitcase unlocked and indeed slightly open, Wadleigh went back to his desk—and waited. This time he had not long to wait.

He had scarcely filled in a date on a "received" telegram-blank which he had cherished for days and now composed and typed with much verisimilitude, when the storm broke.

It did not break as outsiders might have imagined. When a cashier goes or sends to a pay-roll safe, and finds that it has been cleaned out, he does not rush around, screeching; nor does he take all the clerks and any casual customers into his confidence. Thus, fifteen minutes passed before quiet summons came to the busy Wadleigh to go to the president's room. There a green-white and gargling Ginter told him what had happened. Wadleigh was aghast. In his horror, he let fall on Ginter's desk the telegram he had just received. Guiltily he snatched it up again, saying in apology:

"I was just coming in here to show you this. It's the message I've been waiting for. I was going to catch the four o'clock train, this afternoon. But of course, now, I'll wait till this thing clears up. You've—you've no suspicion, of course, no idea who could—"

By way of answer, Ginter wheeled upon the bank detective who came scurrying into the office without knocking.

"Well?" rasped the president, striding toward the newcomer. "Did he deliver it? Speak up, man! Don't mind my feelings!"

"No sir," responded the detective, shuffling his feet and for once losing his professional aggressiveness. "No sir. He—he didn't. And—"

"Well, well, go on!" croaked Ginter,

albeit his face sagged and puckered like a paralytic's. "You're holding something back! Go on! What else?"

The detective eyed his own square-toed and shiny boots. He cleared his throat and said sheepishly:

"The—the chief ticket-fellow down at the station knows him. Says he sold him a ticket for New York, about an hour ago. Says he saw him board the ten-fifty-five. Had a couple suitcases with him and—a black bag and—"

The recital ended then and there. Colonel Ephraim Ginter had so far departed from all banker etiquette as to lurch forward in a faint across his own sacred desk.

Mrs. Ginter was sent for. It was Wadleigh who, amid the general confusion, thought of that. He thought of it at once. And almost by the time the president could sit up on the edge of his leather office couch and sniff the aromatic spirits of ammonia brought him from the corner drugstore, his regal spouse had arrived.

"If that cowed old catamaran lets him sick the law onto Young Hopeful," thought Wadleigh as he went chastened back to his own neglected work, "I miss the best guess of my life. Anyhow, it's due to hold things up a lot. At the very worst, she'll be able to make him keep it quiet till they can lay hands on the poor boob. And when they do—well, who's going to believe a crook who says he stole only twelve thousand dollars of the hundred thousand or so that's gone? If he stole part of it, he stole it all. That'll be the verdict of any jury ever born. . . . Poor Benham! He was pressed for Time. That's what catches them all—the lack of Time. His creditors were after him. And that phoney check, to the jewelry-people, was sure to come in by today or Monday. No, he didn't have Time. None of them do. Except me."

HE finished his day's work. Then he went to the president's room. Ginter, looking like a corpse, sat huddled low in his chair. He had refused to go home; and he had just dismissed the last of twenty hastily summoned people who had been in successive conferences with him since noon.

Sorrowfully, Wadleigh tendered the telegram. In a vague way Ginter recalled seeing it or hearing it spoken of, earlier in the day. And the news it contained did not strike him with any special suddenness.

"If I can be of help to you, in this crisis, sir," said Wadleigh, "I'll sacrifice my own interest, and stay on here. But if not— You see, the wire urges haste. There are papers to sign, and—"

"No," answered Ginter dully. "There's no need of your waiting. But I appreciate your offer, just the same. There is nothing anyone can do, nothing that even I can do, until that wretched boy can be found and brought back. Though he took a ticket to New York, it seems he left the train at some way-station. He had left it before our first wire could overtake it. And it may be a matter of weeks before we— But that need not be talked of now. I am sorry you must leave here, at such a time. Otherwise—well, I hoped



The traveler today comes through journeys and discomforts charmingly fresh

SHE KEEPS THE SAME PERFECTION OF CLEAR SMOOTH SKIN



*In spite of icy winds,
desert sands, or
burning tropic sun . . .*

THEY'RE everywhere—these women who travel—riding light-heartedly across burning deserts, frolicking in the shadow of eternal snows, en-

folded in the beauty of vanished civilizations.

But the amazing thing about them is their easy way of coming fresh and lovely through journeys and discomforts. You'd think no complexion could stand the attacks of furious icy wind, the flying storms of sand and dust, the terrible tropic sun. Moreover, water is often a luxury and is likely to be brackish as well as scarce.

And yet these women have the most charming complexions. For the very hardships of travel have taught them the necessity of a perfect method of skin cleansing and protection.

To fulfill these two essentials of skin loveliness, cleansing and protection—the Pond's Method and the two famous Pond's Creams were developed.

Pond's Cold Cream spreads easily and sinks deep into the pores. It not only cleanses perfectly but gives the skin a youthful suppleness. Pond's Vanishing Cream protects the skin from the coarsening of exposure and holds one's face powder for hours.

Every night, and after severe exposure, cleanse your face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream. Apply it freely to the skin with fingers or a bit of moistened cotton. Then wipe off with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue. Do this twice. If your skin is very dry put on a little more cream for the night.

In the morning, freshen your face with water—use Pond's Cold Cream again if your skin is very dry. Then smooth on evenly Pond's Vanishing Cream. Your skin responds instantly with a fineness of texture, a clear fresh tone. This cream should be used during the day every time you cleanse your face, before you powder.

One traveler says "I rode through the Valley of the Kings five hours in the white-hot glare of flinty rock. My skin, protected by Pond's Vanishing Cream did not even feel drawn."

Another writes from Peking, "The water here is so hard and the climate so trying, I wouldn't have any complexion if it weren't for Pond's Cleansing Cream."

Use this exquisite method yourself. Buy both these delicious creams at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

*Pond's Two Creams used by the women who
tax their skin most and keep it loveliest*

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 10c TODAY
The Pond's Extract Co., 133 L Hudson St., New York
Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every skin needs.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

we might perhaps give you a little farewell dinner or some such mark of our appreciation. But of course, you see it is quite out of the question now."

"Naturally, sir. Don't think of it!"

"Good luck to you, my boy, and a prosperous and useful life to you. By the way, leave me your permanent address, wont you? I know how anxious you will be to learn how this most tragic matter terminates. You are an old and valued employee here, and you have our interests at heart. It will only be right to—"

"I shall be keenly interested, sir," said Wadleigh, taking pity on the old man's floundering efforts. "I'll leave my address with Sellers, to file. Or—anything sent to me care General Delivery, Portland, Oregon, will be called for. Good-by, Colonel. And—thank you for all you have done for me the past sixteen years."

He shook the president's clammy shaky hand and backed out of the office. Then he went to the coat-room, put on his outdoor raiment, strapped the slightly open suitcase, picked it up and made for the street. Looking at his watch, he saw he had nearly an hour before his train was due to start. He hailed a taxi, and drove to his boarding-house. There he paid his bill, piled his small trunk and a second bag onto the cab and started for the station.

AS matters now stood, Wadleigh was a rich man. In case word of his wealth should seep back to his home town, Ginter and several others could say at once that he had inherited his uncle's fortune. In case Benham should elude capture, the world would believe the unhappy messenger had absconded with the full sum that was missing. In the event of Benham's arrest, even the Ginters would not believe the youth had stolen only twelve thousand of the lost hundred and odd thousand dollars. No, every track was covered, even to the numbers of the big bills.

And Orrin Wadleigh, as he told himself all this in high glee, yearned to enhance that glee by shuffling his fortune between his avid fingers, as he went over and over the recollections of his genius-deed. But he was anything but a fool. Pullman porters are inquisitive folk. A Peeping Tom, at the ajar door of a car drawing-room, might glimpse the treasure-gloating. And then, good-by to everything! To avoid the temptation, as well as for the show of economy, Wadleigh had taken an upper berth. He knew he would be too sane to open the bag in such a place as that.

After an endless time, Wadleigh at last set foot on the station platform at Portland. A second edition of a wreck-fear he had experienced en route encompassed him as a rickety taxicab bore him to a

hotel. He shook in his shoes as he watched a husky bellhop swing the suitcase along on the way to his room.

At last the bag was safely on his bed, and the door was locked. He was alone—alone with his wealth!

He pinned towels over the transom glass and draped a handkerchief above the door's keyhole. Then he sat down on the side of the bed and indulged the luxury of staring at the suitcase for a moment before opening it.

At last, with the leisurely anticipation of a true epicure, he began slowly to unbuckle the straps, and afterward to turn the key in its cranky lock.

At that point impatience overcame him. He flung back the top of the case and prepared to toss aside the shell of clothing which masked the interior. But—

Where the money had been, the suitcase was stuffed with crumpled newspapers!

IT was several days before Orrin Wadleigh plucked up courage to go to the post office and inquire at the General Delivery for any mail addressed to himself. His nerves had gone to wreck. And he dreaded he knew not what, in the way of news from home. His dead brain refused to make further conjectures as to the mystery of the suitcase—the mystery which had turned his golden plans to dust.

To pass the time, and to keep from going crazy, he hunted up his late uncle's secretary. From that bereaved personage he learned that all of Stephen Grey's modest fortune had gone to a more distant relative.

Now at last Orrin ventured to approach the General Delivery window and to demand his mail. There were three or four circulars and bills, forwarded from his old boarding-house. There was also a letter from Colonel Ginter. With wabbling fingers, his lips dry and his muscles twitching, Orrin tore this open, and read: "My dear Wadleigh:

"I promised to let you know the outcome of the unfortunate affair which was clouding our institution at the time you left. But I did not expect to have such astounding news to impart. Indeed, if you did not know me for a man of unimpeachable veracity, I should hesitate to tell it.

"To begin at the beginning, and to follow events in due sequence:

"Not more than an hour after your departure, Sellers and Hayne asked audience with me. They were much perturbed. From their recital, I gathered they had been joking you on your habit of rearranging the articles in your suitcase, at intervals during working hours. And they hit on what seemed to them an excellent practical joke. One of them owned a large black suitcase of the same standard design as your own. On Saturday they filled this suitcase with rubbish, and sometime during the late forenoon placed it in the corner of the coat-room where you kept yours. They hid your suitcase in the file-room.

"Learning you had gone, and that you had taken the wrong suitcase, they were much distressed that the joke had gone so far. (It seems they intended only to have you try to rearrange some of the

articles in your suitcase, and find it full of trash.) They picked up your suitcase, to carry it to the station and have it expressed to you. But they did not know your house address in Portland. So they took the liberty of going through the bag—it was unlocked and, indeed, open, they say—in search of some address, on a letter or otherwise.

"You will not believe what they found! Beneath a few shirts were stacks of large- and small-denomination bills. In fact, the case contained every penny of the missing pay-roll money, except the twelve thousand dollars which my wife's nephew had taken with him.

"At first I was thoroughly mystified. Then, all at once, I saw the solution. This is what must have occurred: Charley Benham must have abstracted the entire sum from the safe—though how he gained access to it I cannot guess—and hidden the major part of it in the suitcase, thinking it would not be noticed there for the brief time required before he or some accomplice could remove it from the bank. Then, frightened and losing his nerve, he must have feared to come back for it, and absconded with only the money in his messenger-bag.

"Yes, I am aware this explanation sounds flimsy. Yet it seems the only possible one. And the more I think of it, the more certain I am of its accuracy. It is but merciful to suppose the poor boy's brain was turned. Otherwise, why should he have hidden so huge a sum of ready money in a suitcase already partly packed and obviously open to inspection at any moment? No sane person would have done that. Yet there it was.

"Yesterday morning came a package to my home, by express. It contained the messenger-bag which Charley Benham had taken with him. And it contained the full amount of twelve thousand dollars, except only sixty-four dollars. It contained also a note from the wretched boy. The note said he could not keep the money, that it 'burned into his very soul,' to quote his own hysterical diction, and that he was sending it back. He added that he intends to start life afresh somewhere under another name, and to live down what he has done. Exemplary, but quixotic!

"Thus, my dear Wadleigh, the astonishing incident is closed. And the Aaron Burr National Bank is spared the first scandal in its long and honorable career.

"Mrs. Ginter joins me in every good wish for your happiness in the new and broader walks of life you have chosen. May your well-merited legacy be a blessing to yourself and to those about you!

"Cordially,

"EPHRAIM Q. GINTER."

Wadleigh's glazed eyes remained fixed mechanically upon the primly typed sheets. Long and dazedly he stood thus. Then his cracked lips moved.

"Sellers and Hayne!" he blithered.

"Two fools! And their joke bilked me out of a fortune! I—I had guarded against everything—everything except the work of fools. . . . A wise man may foresee and forestall everything another wise man is likely to do. But not the wisest man on earth—not even Time and Chance, combined—can foretell what a fool may do. I— Oh, what's the use?"

"The Hot-Dog Special"

There's a story-title for you—the story of a horse-race that will make you laugh, the while a lump rises in your throat—that is, if you ever respond to the "human appeal." It will appear in an early issue, and it's by—

GERALD BEAUMONT



"I, as a mother strongly recommend Fels-Naptha for all babies' things. It gets out all stains so easily—often without boiling. The clothes do not irritate Baby's tender skin."—E. H.

What is his health worth?

Doctors agree that clean clothes have almost as much to do with Baby's health as the quality of his food, or the temperature of his bath. By "clean clothes" is meant clothes that not only *look* clean, but which *are* clean, through and through each tiny thread. This is *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness*.

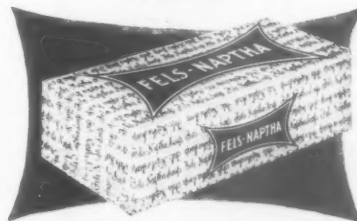
The real naptha loosens all dirt and stains for the sudsy water to flush away, then vanishes completely—leaving the little baby-things fluffy, soft and soothing, and with that clean-clothes smell.

Fels-Naptha does *all* laundry work just as quickly, safely and thoroughly. And it is so easy!

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha. It is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha that gives clothes deep wholesome cleanliness. Get it at your grocer's, and safeguard the health of your family.



Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

TEST Fels-Naptha's unusual cleansing value. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR © 1924, Fels & Co. Philadelphia



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.



Home-Made Cream Puffs

ANY WOMAN, experienced or inexperienced, can get perfect results every time from the oven of a Gas Range equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator.

She can bake delicious Cream Puffs, once considered so difficult to bake, as easily as she can boil potatoes, and make them just as good as any professional baker can.

LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Perfect results are always obtainable from the oven of a Lorain-equipped Gas Range. Just mix the ingredients according to your favorite recipe, light the oven, turn the Red Wheel to the correct temperature, put the food into the oven and—forget it until the prescribed time is up.

Then, too, in the oven of a Lorain-equipped Gas Range you can cook a Whole Meal while you're miles away for hours at a time. And you can place glass jars, packed with fresh fruits or vegetables, in this Magic Oven, remove them an hour or so later, tighten the lids and—your canning's done.

All these wonderful things are made possible by the famous Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, a device that enables the housewife to measure the heat of the oven as easily and accurately as she measures a cupful of flour.

Go soon to one of the 13,000 Lorain Agents and ask him to explain and demonstrate the marvelous advantages of oven heat control made possible by the little Red Wheel.

INVITATION: Would you like to read one of the infallible Lorain "Time and Temperature" Recipes? Then send for the latest one from the Research Kitchens of American Stove Company. It tells how to make light, airy, golden-brown cream puff shells with sweet fillings of whipped cream, fresh strawberry, custard flavored with vanilla or chocolate, or with creamed chicken.

AMERICAN STOVE CO.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World
1123 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

1924

FLOWER OF NAPOLI

(Continued from page 51)

"Why, sure, Norah! Save me out a bottle of wine, and I'll come down and be one of the angels!"

Dio mio! And now the old women were spitting on the sidewalk as she passed! The Signor Cop would think evil things of one who was shunned by her own people. Tony himself was disgusted. He pulled her ears and cuffed her soundly.

"Li'l fools, you!" he complained. "You see whata comes from making eyes at cops? You lucky now if even Carlo Guido, the *pazzo* one, take you for a marry!"

This was a cruel thrust, for poor Carlo Guido lived on the floor below, and fashioned crude statues that no one would buy. Guido was nineteen and not right mentally except for his two great loves: Tita Teresa and Napoli. America meant nothing to Guido, except as a place from which he might flee some day with his "*Tita mia*." The noise of the streets frightened him, and he preferred to sit in his room, pattering with his statues, or staring out the window toward his native land.

The soul of the poet was his, and he missed the *cielo sereno*, the still bluer water, and the lonely grandeur of unbroken heights guarding a city where he and Tita had scrambled for pennies cast into the Via Toledo by the tourists.

Gregorio Vitti, head of the colony, heard the gossip concerning Tita Teresa, and he came around to investigate. Gregorio was built like a bass drum, and was waxing rich—just how, it was not wise to inquire deeply. The plant of the *Stella di Popolo* had been blown up three times because its editor persisted in printing certain news.

Gregorio seemed to expand still more when he beheld the one whom he had come to censure. "So-ho," he rumbled, chucking the offender under the chin, "so this is the naughty pretty one who sets tongues to wagging, and yet aspires to wear the rosary in the procession! Well, maybe I forgive, but the gossip must be stopped. *Dio*, I have lived in solitude too long! Friend Tony, we dine together tonight and talk as befits comrades."

OVER many bottles of wine in the Fiore di Palermo, the deal was consummated. Tita Teresa would become the queen of the *festa*, and on the evening of the same day—the third wife of Gregorio. The leader of the colony was far richer than Cesare, rich enough to promise Tony many things and to pay over at once three hundred lire.

"Nothing too good for my wife," said Gregorio. "I make Tita big lady; and as for you, Tony, I let you lead the procession, followed by the twenty-four angels. Then we banquet as never before, and you make a speech!"

The combination of Chianti, money and honors overpowered the grizzled flower-merchant.

"We are both great men!" he sobbed, pounding himself on the chest. "Both great men, and I salute you as a brother!"

Then he went home, and because the stairs were unlighted and he was very drunk, he toppled over the banister at the third landing. The crash broke his neck, awakened the whole tenement, and created pandemonium among the fifty families that lived under the one roof. Tita Teresa's screams notified everyone that she had been robbed of her protector, and was alone in the world.

Some one sent for Gregorio, who restored order and took charge of the body long enough to reappropriate the money for which Tony Santori would no longer have any use. Then the leader turned his attention to the grief-stricken Tita Teresa.

"Everything happens according to God's will," he consoled. "I pay for big funeral. Come with me, Tita. You goin' live in my house now, and have no more worry."

The Latin temperament meets tragedy with hysteria, followed by despair, out of which one is plucked by whatever agency is the strongest. Bereft in the middle of the night of her sole employer and guardian, swamped in a babel of Sicilian lamentations and advice, Tita Teresa accepted the sponsorship of "Papa" Gregorio with humble gratitude.

TONY SANTORI was buried by the *Unione Siciliana* with much pomp, a band and many badges. Members of Lieutenant Celestini's "White Hand Squadron," in plain clothes, loitered inconspicuously along the line of march watching for faces which they might not otherwise have an opportunity of studying. They did not see the particular man for whom they were searching. But there were others that day who felt the grip of the law—and of cold handcuffs.

The arrests split Little Sicily asunder, and fanned into full blaze the enmity between Gregorio Vitti and Capitano Vittorio Valento, who edited the *Stella di Popolo*. Despite all his eccentricities, and a figure that was far from heroic, the pompous little editor was a famous swordsman who breathed fire upon all occasions, and who wore upon his chest the triple ribbon of San Marco.

Backed by the "Sons of Italy," Valento made speeches and wrote editorials, transcribing the latter from memoranda, with which his white cuffs were always covered. He denounced secret organizations whose activities meant the closing of America's gates upon his countrymen. When threatening letters came—letters that would have struck terror into anyone else,—the doughty little editor merely turned up his waxed mustache a little more defiantly at the ends, flourished his cane and challenged everybody to a duel.

A few days after he had printed an editorial commending the police, Valento received a message intimating delicately that he had better retire from Little Sicily before the *festa* of Santa Fara, so as not to interfere with the general joyousness of the occasion.

"Bah!" said Valento. "I dine that night at the Fiore di Palermo, and all unaided I give myself the exquisite pleasure of pulling somebody's nose!"



"I BELIEVE that I am a pioneer in the Yeast-for-Health habit. I was one of those unfortunate youngsters who are neither sick nor well. I had a very poor appetite, and my mother humored me when she discovered that I liked yeast. (This was years ago.) It was not very long before the yeast started to take effect. . . . I had a desire to play. My body seemed to grow stronger, and my mother said that I was like a new child. I have been using Fleischmann's Yeast ever since, whenever I felt the need of a regulator—a matter of thirteen years." (A letter from Miss Laura Banker, Albany, N. Y.)

"I was a ballroom I managed when possible to hide myself behind a fan. My complexion was an eyesore to others and a heartache to me. . . . But that was last year. As I write, I put my left hand up to my cheek: velvety smoothness—a clear, glowing surface, unmarred by the hundred uglinesses it once knew! And the whole transformation was ridiculously easy: two cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day for a period of three months!"

(Miss Nancy Freeman of New York)

"I DID not eat six cakes of Yeast and feel myself improving immediately. In fact for one month I used 3 cakes a day without any visible improvement. But by the middle of August, 1921, my chronic constipation commenced to give way . . . I again consulted our family physician, who told me to use no other remedies but Fleischmann's Yeast . . . Today my stomach troubles have become ancient history, and my skin eruption a thing of the past—thanks to the remarkable effects of Fleischmann's Yeast."

(A letter from Miss Ruth Rollband of Utica, N. Y.)

ONE SIMPLE FOOD

and they found the Road to Health

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Eat 2 or 3 cakes a day regularly—before or between meals—plain, dissolved in water or milk, or spread on crackers or bread. A cake dissolved in a glass of hot water (not

scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime is especially beneficial in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it. Start eating it today!*

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. M-2 The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.



"I WAS willing to attempt anything to get rid of the terrible pimples on my face and back. Doubting, I ate yeast regularly for one month—and now—no more blues over my complexion—no more a wall flower, but just a healthy college girl who advocates Fleischmann's Yeast to set one right with the world."

(A letter from Miss Corinne Willrout of Logan, Kansas.)



"I AM a mail-carrier, and it may sound strange that a man walking twelve miles a day, six days a week, should suffer from constipation. But I did for over three years. Laxatives gave me only temporary relief. Then about eleven months ago, a friend of mine said 'Black, why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast?' . . . After the first month I noticed a remarkable difference, and when Saturday night came I still had some pep left . . . Fleischmann's Yeast has relieved me completely of constipation, and I feel tip-top all the time."

(Extract from a letter of Mr. J. F. Blackburn of Oakland, Cal.)



"I AM a traveling man. Indigestion is a dreaded foe of my fraternity, but I boasted that I had abused my stomach for years. Then Indigestion landed a knockout! . . . I grew moody, discouraged, and my work suffered. . . . When a friend spoke to me of Yeast, I had no faith in it. But its effect was rapid, and one day I ordered a big steak, and potatoes, and coffee—a wonderful meal, and no bad after-effects! I again eat anything, at any time and any place!"

(Extract from a letter of Mr. W. L. McGahan of Dallas, Texas.)



BATHROOMS OF CHARACTER

Our Plumbing Plan Book is Free

MUCH as you may like to plan your home and the arrangement of your bathrooms, do you know enough to do it? Will you always remember that the piping should not be carried into an outside wall? Do you know the convenience of the bathroom separated from the toilet? These and many other pointers are covered in our instructive plan book, "Bathrooms of Character." It shows many different bathrooms, arranged to meet varying conditions and pocket books. To those about to build or renovate we will be glad to send "Bathrooms of Character" S-7 without charge. It will prove really helpful.

The Trenton Potteries Company
Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A.
New York Boston San Francisco
World's largest makers of all-clay plumbing fixtures

When this reply reached the ears of Gregorio, he bit his thumb, passed one hand lightly across his throat, and turned his attention to more pleasant things.

Tita Teresa, recovering from the shock of Tony's death, was beginning now to realize that in accepting the queenship of the *festa* from the hands of Gregorio, she had unwittingly committed herself to further honors. Gregorio had but hinted at the happiness which was in store for her, but she guessed the truth from the gossip of the women, and particularly from toothless old Benedetta, the seamstress, who was at work on a bridal dress.

"Thou sly one!" mumbled Benedetta. "To pretend such innocence! T-s-s-s, they will no longer spit in thy path! Oh-ho, but the fools are jealous! Turn around once more till I measure."

Though Gregorio watched her closely, Tita escaped one afternoon and ran all the way to the Court of the Three Nations, arriving breathless. It was on Sunday, and Tom Conlin's place was filled by lanky Jeff Tendrill, whose feet fretted him. The substitute for the Ruler of the Universe did not know where Signor Tom Conlin could be reached. In vain Tita tried to explain her dilemma to this uniformed exponent of the law. The officer only gathered that because her father had broken his neck, a very rich man was going to marry her.

"That's fine!" said Jeff. "Congratulations! Tell your sweetie to go to the license bureau tomorrow morning."

"But I am not sure that I wish to marry—"

"Well, don't put it up to a cop," protested Officer Tendrill. "Toss a coin, or get your hand read. Run along now; I'm supposed to be watchin' for a green car driven by a guy with red hair and a wart on his nose."

Tita accepted this official rebuff with a helpless lifting of her small shoulders and a despairing glance toward heaven, as disconsolately she returned to Little Sicily.

POOR Carlo Guido, the foolish one, it was, who derived the most happiness from all the preparations. The young maker of statues, missing his "*Tita mia*," followed to the house of Gregorio and there besought of the leader permission to marry the one of his heart and return with her to Naples. Gregorio evaded the question, but later Carlo saw his beloved being fitted for the bridal dress, and he heard Benedetta say that the wedding would be the big surprise of the *festa*. Thereafter he aided the women in their preparations, and sang love-songs all day long. Nor could anyone, even Tita herself, convince him that he was not to be the bridegroom.

"Poor Carlo!" commiserated the girl. "Better perhaps that we had both stayed in Napoli. Here in America the Signor Cops are too busy to think of *madres* for their *bambini*. Gregorio promise if I become big lady, he give me money for send you back home to Napoli."

"In the big boat," said Carlo. "We

sail together, *Tita mia*—always together. We go where there is no noise and the sky is blue. I know. . . . I know!"

IN the Court of the Three Nations life had flowed onward, marked by the daily traffic torrent that gushed along the city's Grand Cañon, bearing the problems and destinies of a million souls. Traffic Officer Conlin no longer took a flower from his buttonhole each evening, placing it in water so that he might have a bouquet for his babies on Sunday. He missed the smiling maid of Napoli who used to watch him over her shoulder from the northwest curb. The absence was explained by a gentleman named Pete who had fallen heir to the Santori privilege.

"Tony breaka neck an' die—too bad. His girl? Oh, she's all right! Stay home an' make dress for be queen of *festa*. Sure, big time for Cinisarians!"

It seemed that not alone had Fate removed the rainbow from Officer Conlin's life, but the gray world of his existence was growing daily darker. The big Irishman was hungry for the simple pleasures of domesticity. He had starved himself to the limit of his endurance. He was sick of lunch-counters, lodging-houses, landladies and bill-collectors. His nerves were giving under the strain, and twice he had been hauled upon the carpet for coupling abusive language with the performance of his duties. Polano and Anderson told each other privately that big Tom "was slippin'."

THE feast-day of Santa Fara dawned, practically unnoticed in the myriad activities of a modern Babylon. Nevertheless it meant the climax of a little drama destined to interest the governments of two countries and to shake Little Sicily to its foundation.

The time had come when Conlin must find a new home for his babies, and this had been offered by the sister-in-law of Pete Polano, who lived far across town, next to the Nursery of the Holy Name. It was Sunday afternoon, and Conlin made the trip with his babies in a touring-car provided by Gus Anderson, who had pinched the driver a few days previously, and then let him go, after warning him to remember who it was that had been so kind.

At the corner of East Sixty-ninth and Avenue A, the pageant of Santa Fara blocked further progress. Officer Conlin, standing erect in a rubber-tired chariot of the New World, gazed upon an unfolding procession of the Old. He hoisted his babies on either arm, that they might look open-mouthed upon the line of flower-girls, candle-bearers, and gay-sashed guardians of the shrine. He was standing thus, towering above the line of march, a triple-headed, hatless figure, when Tita Teresa recognized him from the rickety float on which she maintained a precarious pose. The Queen of the *festa* stretched both hands toward the Ruler of the Universe, ignoring all else.

"Oh, *signor mio*!" she called. "My prayers are answered! And see the adorable *bambini*! They are thine? Holy Lady, I would rather be their

Duofold converts the 'Die Hards,' too

—the men who think all fountain pens are alike

Its Size and Balance and 25-year Point
put fresh inspiration into everyone's writing

YOU know the "Die Hards"—the fellows who believe all fountain pens are alike. They either never owned a Class A pen, or have four or five cheap pens rattling around in their desks.

They had no affection for alarm clocks either, until Big Ben came along and woke them up. And when Gillette first took the morning murder out of shaving, the "Die Hards" were the last to cheer the safety razor.

But there's one good thing about the "Die Hards"—they can be convinced if you show them. So whenever one of their number starts to expound his theory about fountain pens, just pull out this black-tipped lacquer-red Duofold and give him a taste of the fresh inspiration that Geo. S. Parker has put into every-day writing.

Even the hardest "Die Hard" will own up he never swung a pen with Duofold's inspiring balance—that he never saw one with Duofold's classic shapeliness and beauty.

He'll catch the new idea when you tell him this Chinese lacquer-red color makes Duofold a hard pen to lose—that its size and symmetry give it a friendly feel in the hand. And he can't write his signature without admitting that Duofold's polished Iridium point (guaranteed 25 years for wear and mechanical perfection) is the smoothest thing that ever slid over paper.

He'll like the capacity of the Over-size ink barrel. And when you show how the Ink-tight Duo-sleeve Cap fits with microscopic precision so the Duofold can't leak, the chances are 10 to 1 that he'll soon head for the nearest pen counter.

After all, the Parker Duofold gives the biggest thrill to men and women whom ordinary pens can't stir. That's why good pen counters sell Parker Duofold on 30 days' approval—knowing that day by day this classic grows on everyone.

If you don't own the Duofold already, get this super-pen before the "Die Hards" beat you to it.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK • CHICAGO Manufacturers also of Parker "Lucky Lock" Pencils SAN FRANCISCO • SPOKANE
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Parker
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With The **25 Year Point**
Duofold Jr. \$5 **Lady Duofold \$5**
Same except for size With ring for chatelaine

Rivals the beauty
of the Scarlet
Tanager



Red and Black
Color Combination
Reg. Trade Mark
U.S. Pat. Office

★NEW GOLD GIRDLE—WAS \$1 EXTRA—NOW FREE, DUE TO LARGE PRODUCTION

There's fun in making tobacco that brings such letters

The man who has found the right job, the right wife, and the right smoking tobacco has little reason to envy his fellows.

And some Edgeworth smokers write us as though the most important thing in life were the right tobacco.

We imagine that is because the right tobacco does make even the rightest job and the rightest wife seem a little bit righter.

That's why we enjoy making Edgeworth; and here's a letter from a seventeen-year Edgeworth smoker.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

Norfolk, Va.

Permit me to toss my hat into the Edgeworth ring.



I have always admired the modest tone in which you touch on the merits of your tobacco, instead of advertising it as the best pipe smoke on earth—as, in fact, I believe it to be.

Seventeen years ago my father saw a friend filling his pipe from a tin of Edgeworth Slice and asked for several slices to bring home to me. It is worthy of note that the package was as attractive enough in itself to excite my father's interest in the first place; but when I add that, so far as I am aware, he never used tobacco in any form during his entire life, it is still more remarkable.

Up to that time I was a member of the "Tried 'em All Club." Can I put any more steam behind this testimonial than to say that for seventeen years I haven't spent a dollar for any pipe tobacco other than Edgeworth? The Ready-Rubbed school of smokers enjoys my respect, but for me—give me Edgeworth Slice. Brother, it's a man's smoke and it stays with you!

Long may you make it and long may I smoke it.

One of your boosters,
K. F. Chapman,
1407 Omohundro Ave.

If you haven't tried Edgeworth, send us your name and address and we will immediately forward to you generous helpings of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed with our compliments.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 42 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, it will make it easier for you to get Edgeworth regularly if you should like it.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

madre than a queen! Ah, Meester Conlin!"

Again she held out supplicating arms, and in that brief moment police officer and flower-girl, through some mysterious agency, recognized the call. Tita Teresa made a quick movement to descend.

"Wait till I park my babies!" roared the Signor Cop. "I'll come back as soon as I've parked the kids! Don't bust up the show."

But the little queen of the *festa* had reasons for not desiring to go any farther. "What I care for the procesh!" she called. "P'raps you be late; p'raps you no find. Better I come now."

"No, no!" protested the Ruler of the Universe. "I tell you, I'll come back. Go on with the parade; you've got the street all jammed up now. Tell 'em to move on! I'll have no trouble finding you."

It is ever thus with a traffic officer whose motto in life is "Keep 'em moving!" Nothing gets on his nerves quite so much as a blockaded street. The queen's float moved on, bearing its gayly bedecked sovereign, who beat small hands against her breast and called out something that Tom Conlin did not understand.

Polano's sister-in-law was away from home, and Officer Conlin had to sit with his babies on the front steps for two hours waiting until the mistress of the household returned. Then he kissed his little ones, left them once again in kindly but strange hands, and set off on foot to pay his humble court to the girl who had smiled on him from her cardboard throne.

He was in civilian attire, but his hip pockets bulged with gun and handcuffs. Every other man may lay aside the tools of his trade, but the privilege is denied a police officer, who, like the law he defends, is on duty *always*!

DUSK had descended on Little Sicily, and street-lamps now lent a soft radiance to a street carnival, replete with all the colorful oddities of the Old World. Pitch-men barked at the merry-makers who surged along the street or paused to seek admittance to temporary dancing platforms.

But underneath the gay confusion of the scene trouble was brewing. There had been no wedding at the little church of Santa Fara, for the very good reason that Tita Teresa had disappeared! Some said she had been kidnapped by Gregorio's enemies, who would undoubtedly suffer before nightfall. Others, recalling the blue-eyed stranger to whom the girl had spoken during the procession, laid fingers to their noses, and whispered that, after all, the gossip had been right: Tita Teresa had imbibed American ideas. Even now the clans were gathering in small groups on the corners, and there was a general tendency to drift toward the Fiore di Palermo, where Editor Vittorio Valento, mounted on a table and surrounded by members of the Sons of Italy, was brandishing a cane and shouting: "*Viva Italia-America!* Down with fools and traitors! I dare anybody to put me out!"

Into this setting came Traffic Officer 335, the one man on the whole force

who most desired to avoid further troubles. For half an hour he shouldered his way through an alien land, becoming more bewildered every moment. Nowhere could he find the queen of the *festa*; nor could anyone understand his questions, which was just as well. Finally he caught the glint of a police badge in the shadows of a doorway, and with a sigh of relief he stopped to take counsel with the wearer. Pete Risso was somewhat new to the force, but he had already learned that on some occasions it was just as well for an officer to keep out of sight.

"My name is Conlin," said the older man, displaying his own shield. "Of the Traffic Squad. Where will I find the little queen of the show. I was to meet her, but I'm late and—"

He got no farther. The man in uniform drew him into the shadows with a warning "*S-s-s-sh!*"

"By the Holy Cross of St. Peter," breathed Officer Risso, "don't advertise your presence around here! The next time you go busting up a Sicilian wedding, I wish you'd give us advance notice. The day man on this beat told me he heard you date her up; that's why she ducked the boss of the district. Now, hell's popping. . . . Well, go right ahead and finish it, brother! I'm going to stick right in this door where nobody can get at my back!"

The big Irishman, grown suddenly tense under the tan, held his ground until he had demanded and received such further whispered explanations as his brother-officer could give.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "I didn't know nothin' about a weddin'. I'm the last man in the world to interfere with that kid's happiness. Leader of the colony, you say? Well, how can I square things? How can I find—"

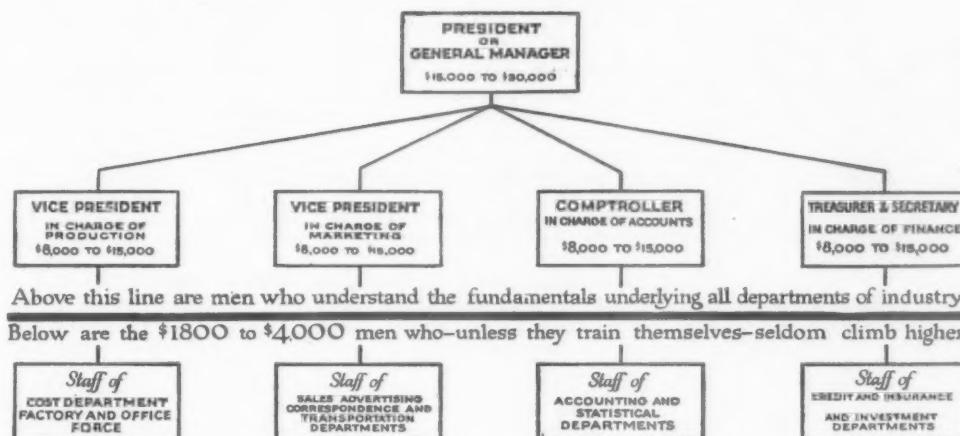
Risso silenced him with a quick movement. Gregorio Vittì, accompanied by a group of countrymen, was hurrying past. Their excited voices reached the two officers in the doorway. Risso translated fragments of the babel.

"They think they've located her," said he. "She's been hidin' in Cesare's place—that's two blocks down. The fat guy is Vittì, and the others are his pals. Now, listen, big fellow: I know these birds. Don't start anything unless you have the reserves at your back—"

"Get ready to call 'em, then," said Conlin. "No gang that looks as tough as that is going to face an innocent kid unless I'm right at her side. I'll not start nothin' unless *they* do, and then God help 'em!"

HE squared his shoulders, hitched at his belt, and swung away on the trail of a constantly growing crowd that seemed to be heading for a prearranged rendezvous. Officer Risso sighed, muttered something about "the damn' fool Irish," and thinking of a blue-eyed girl who worked in the five-and-ten, he left, regretfully, the shelter of his doorway and set foot along the stern path of duty. Two blocks north he crossed to a patrol-box on the opposite corner. He rang in, keeping his eye meanwhile on the ramshackle frame structure of the Fiore di Palermo, into which Tom Conlin had

Find your place and salary on this chart



DISRAELI, with no fortune but his own ability and ambition, handicapped by race prejudice, rose to be Prime Minister of England—the only member of his faith ever to reach that eminence.

"As a rule," he said, "the most successful man in life is the man who has the most information."

Old as that truth is, there are thousands of men who have never applied it to their business lives.

What advancement will the next few years bring you?

THEY would refuse indignantly to sign a contract to work for the next ten years at the same salary they are now receiving. Yet the end of the ten year period will find most of them in the same position, or only a trifle ahead.

For there is only one power in the world that can lift a man, and that is the power of added knowledge and training.

For years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has specialized in one thing; it has only one Course; its sole business is to take men who know one department of business, and by adding to their equipment a knowledge of the

other fundamentals shown on the chart, to fit them for higher positions.

The surest way to attract attention to yourself

THE man who is adding to his knowledge forces himself inevitably upon the attention of his superiors.

"When I learned that some fifty of our men had decided to take up the Modern Business Course and Service," writes the President of one great corporation, "the stock of this company rose several points in my estimation."

The stock rose in his estimation, because he knew that there were fifty men in his company who were directly in line for promotion to higher places, because they were developing the capacity to do larger things.

You, too, may begin now to move forward

THE Alexander Hamilton Institute deals in results, not words. Its advertisements are written in the living experience of the thousands of men who are subscribers to its Course. Some of these men live near you; ask them.

No matter who you are, or what your position may be, there is knowledge in the Alexander Hamilton Institute's Modern Course and Service that will mean added power and income to you.

Are you already the president of a corporation? More than 27,000 of the men enrolled by the Institute are corporation presidents.

Are you a would-be executive, at the other end of the ladder? Men of every rank and earning power are numbered among the Institute's subscribers. It is not today's position that is the test. The test is—are you asking yourself: "Where am I going to be ten years from now?"

It is a question, not of place, but of ambition; and the capacity to decide.

"A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress"

THE 200,000 business men who are following the Course are your guarantee that this Institution is worthy of your investigation also.

To make the investigation easy, a book has been prepared called "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress." It contains valuable business information, the result of years of experience in training men. There is a copy for you without obligation. Send for your copy *now*.

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29 Astor Place, New York City

Send me "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress" which I may keep without obligation.

Name Please write plainly

Business Address

Business Position

Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C.P.R. Bldg., Toronto; Australian Address, 42 Hunter St., Sydney.



EXQUISITE MORSELS
of Vanilla Chocolate,
wrapped in pure tin
foil. Delicious as
sun-ripened fruit. A
delightful food-con-
fection for the entire
family. Tempting to
the last piece.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send
\$1.00 for a pound box.

WILBUR BUDS
The only
Chocolate Buds

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, INC., Phila., Pa.
Makers of Wilbur's Cocoa

* TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

shoved his way. Risso's voice was indignant as he reported to the sergeant.

"The festivities are on again," he announced. "They've found the girl, and now Tom Conlin thinks he's going to show me how to run this beat. Say, I wish you'd keep your damn' traffic cops where they belong. I wish—"

But the man at the other end of the line was never destined to know what else it was that Officer Risso wished. From the direction of the crowded Fiore di Palermo there came the *crack-crack-crack* of a light automatic, the heavy *boom* of a police gun, the long-drawn "*pow-e-e-e-e!*" of a whistle, and then the explosion of a hand bomb that knocked the front door of the restaurant into the street.

Risso screamed into the transmitter: "There she goes! C'mon with all the help you got!"

Without even stopping to wrench his key from the box, the young officer headed for the center of the disturbance, yanking out his stick as he ran. But quick as he was, and desperately as he strove to club his way toward the Fiore di Palermo, his progress was blocked by a tide of struggling figures that swept him off his feet repeatedly. The rush of patrons from the partly demolished café was met by a counter-rush of those who fought to get in. There were cries of "*Viva Gregorio!*" "*Viva Rocco!*" and answering shouts of "*Viva Valento!*" "*Bravo polizia!*" "*Avanti Italiani!*"

In another minute the fight had developed into the long-expected struggle predicted by Lieutenant Celestini. Little Sicily was making a final effort to free itself of those who for years had battered on the earnings of helpless people. The rioting became general. Fighting with all his strength to escape from the human whirlpool in the street, Officer Risso gradually drew nearer to the gap in the wrecked wall of the restaurant, and as he glimpsed the scene inside, he redoubled his efforts.

Captain Valento stood on a table that barred egress from the rear. His cane, by the simple pressure of a button, had become a slender sword, with which the famous duelist was now holding off a dozen assailants. Halfway up a narrow staircase, that marked the only other exit, crouched the little queen of the *festa*, protected from flying missiles by a pale youth with dazed eyes—Carlo Guido. The lower step was guarded by a wild Irishman—coat off, police shield glittering on his vest—and the leg of a table now serving in place of an empty revolver. Knives glittered in the *mêlée*, and two more shots came from the center of the room. The youth on the staircase clutched at his chest, crumpled, and came rolling down, knocking Conlin temporarily off his balance.

Officer Risso saw that much and no more, but it was enough. The young Italian covered the intervening distance like a snowplow, handcuffs wrapped around his left fist and the club swinging in his right. The crowd gave under the rush of the newcomer, and then closed in behind him as he smashed into the room head down.

Conlin had regained his feet, and bleeding from a scalp cut, was slowly

retreating up the stairway. He called above the din: "Guard the door! Hold 'em in!"

Risso, too, had caught the wild wail of a siren from down the street, and he braced himself against a counter by the doorway, gun in hand. Then the lights went out—and in the darkness a swordsman from Genoa, a young patrolman from the Alps and a traffic officer from Kilkenny fought in the defense of American ideals!

Conlin's strength was deserting him, but the reserves were coming nearer and nearer, and he could tell by the increasing volume of the siren that Joe Humphrey was at the wheel.

"Come on, you Joe!" he pleaded as he flung himself on the nearest man, handcuffed him to the banister and then laid hold of two others. "Come on, boys—come on! I'm done for!" Then a soundless well engulfed him.

WHEN Conlin opened his eyes, Tita Teresa was kneeling at his side, and the café was filled with prisoners in the hands of Celestini's White Hand Squadron. Searchlights from police patrols drawn up at the curb made the scene bright as day.

"Atta boy!" encouraged a gray-haired sergeant, helping Conlin to his feet. "They can't kill a traffic cop. Faith, I never saw so many men put on the bum, without anybody gettin' bumped off."

But the sergeant had spoken too soon. The Angel of Death breathed gently on little Carlo Guido only a few minutes later. The young maker of statues looked up from his stretcher in a police ambulance, and saw Tom Conlin on one side of him and his beloved "*Tita mia*" on the other.

"Poor Carlo!" sobbed the queen of the *festa*. "Dearest friend of my childhood! Lie still, *caro mio*—the doctor says there is hope—"

But Carlo Guido's tired brain had been granted a few moments of clearness, and he understood things at last. "Good-by, *Tita mia!*" he whispered. "Make a good life." Eyelids fluttered, and over the face came the look of one who beholds a vision. "*Napoli!*" he murmured. "*Ah—bella—Napoli!*"

IN the Court of the Three Nations, now temporarily reduced to two, Officer Polano descended from the box at noon for a conference with Gus Anderson.

"How's Tom getting along?" he asked.

"Out of the hospital today," said Gus. "He's gone down to the office of the Eytalian Consul General to collect the reward."

Polano grinned and shook his head. "Can you beat that for a lucky Irishman! In the dark, mind you, with fifty to choose from, and he puts his cuffs on the one guy that's got a price on him. How much was it?"

"Five thousand," said Gus. "Them foreign secret-service men that been following this bird for six months, are trying to horn in on the dough, but there's no chance. Celestini is so tickled over the clean-up he's telling everybody how



He never knew why

ALMOST the first thing that greeted him on his return to town was a newspaper announcement telling him that the girl he had hoped to marry was engaged to another man. And, moreover, to a man he had never heard of before.

This accounted for her silence during his absence—not a single letter all the time he was away.

And he never found the real reason why his courtship had been so complete a failure.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle. —Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

For
HALITOSIS



USE
LISTERINE

he planned the whole thing himself. Tom gets a leave of absence and the thanks of two governments."

"Besides the dough," reminded Polano, "and the prettiest girl in the district. Well, Gus, we'll have to fine him."

"You know it!" said Gus.

Not many days later, Traffic Officer 335, preceded by a real-estate dealer, trudged up the steps of a cottage in the suburbs. The Ruler of the Universe was carrying Patrick Terence, and at his side moved a radiant maid of Naples, in whose arms Baby Alice Conlin nestled contentedly.

"Well," said Tom, "it's like this: For

a little more money we wouldn't have to live so close to the cemetery."

"Such an idea!" protested Tita Teresa. "Why, it is a most beaut-i-ful cemetery; and see—there are four whole rooms, not to speak of an entire room for the bath! I think we take."

"That settles it," announced the Ruler of the Universe. "You can have anything you want."

"Then give me Patrick Terence this minute; you have had him all day."

A moment later she was sitting on the floor, cuddling the two babies with all the maternal tenderness of her race. Tom Conlin gazed down at the picture, and his lips trembled.

"Norah dear, be honest with me now. I want us to be happy, sweetheart. You're pretty young to be burdened with two babies. Sure you don't mind?"

"Mind?" said Tita Teresa. "Dio, what a question! My mother have fifteen, and she pray for more. Me—I t'ink I be content with seven."

"Eh?" said Officer Conlin.

"Seven," repeated Tita Teresa. "Four more girls and a—Junior!"

The Ruler of the Universe threw back his head, and the future home of the Conlins echoed to the boisterous laughter of a completely happy Irishman.

(Gerald Beaumont's "The Hot-Dog Special" appears in our next issue.)

PERSONAL MENTION

(Continued from page 84)

he's got a lot of boyish steam in him he's got to blow off. Just you stick in your place and don't resign until we ask you. And from present indications, and what you've been to the local boys and girls, that'll be a long time yet, Miss Lasher. Us old folks are content to keep a slower and more conservative pace—and we're still in the saddle."

Miss Lasher got out her handkerchief with her bony little hands and wiped her tears away and blew her sharp little nose and folded the handkerchief and wiped her eyes again and restored it to her plaid waist.

"Poor Angelina!" mused Uncle Joe after she had gone. "I remember a time when she was the prettiest girl in the neighborhood."

IT was early in April that Joe Dicks had started the asinine little six-column, four-page, boiler-plate effusion he called a daily newspaper. Late one evening the following month his phone-bell rang, and the curt voice of Alec Potherton ordered him over to the shoe-store.

"The annual election of School Trustees comes off the twentieth," Alec announced. "And by gad, we aren't going to have the same bunch of male old ladies on that Board if I can help it. We're going after those mossbacks with hammer and tongs!"

"I've tried to do my best," began the Dicks boy dubiously, "—although sometimes I think—"

But Alec didn't give a hoot what the Dicks boy sometimes thought.

"My orders to you are to start something!" he declared. "Get out your editorial stylus and dip it in vitriol! Punch the eternal tar out of the opposition! Show up our schools for all they're worth! Nothing you can say or do will be too strong—to suit me. Go to it!"

The Dicks boy returned to his office.

"But you'd think he's put up all the money to start this paper," protested the young wife, "—just because he went on your notes to get control of this print-shop. And he hasn't, Joe! All our savings—seven hundred dollars!—have gone into this paper. And sometimes, Joe, it looks as if we stand to lose!" Her voice ended in a whisper, and she swallowed with difficulty.

"I know it, Nan," he answered. "But I can't talk back just now—with the sec-

ond of those notes falling due in June. I've got to do my darndest to turn that School Committee out and put Alec's committee in." And he sat down with his legs under his typewriter and twirled in some paper and lighted his pipe and stared gloomily at the wall-space in front of him.

That was on Tuesday. Wednesday evening his paper appeared with a scare-head of big type. He called attention to the fact that three committeemen had female relatives teaching in the public schools. He contended that Judge Farmer acted as chairman because it put the school money into the Judge's bank. He accused Sam Hod of being represented there because it benefited his political fortunes. Last but not least, he said that old Peter Whipple had no business on the Committee, because Peter's children were in the State reform school. Just what he hoped to gain by that last, is vague. But it was a cruel blow at Peter, the kindly old teller in Judge Farmer's bank who had been cursed with a pair of incorrigible sons. And that night when the *Blade* appeared on our streets, the incensed townspeople gathered together in angry knots.

"He ought to be run out of town!" snapped Jeff Turner of the hardware-store. "I wouldn't advertise in this darn handbill if he gave me the space for nothin'!"

BUT aside from a few telephone call-downs which the boy should have more accurately estimated, nothing came of their wrath. Twenty-four hours later the *Blade* appeared again, pitifully devoid of advertising except for that of Alec Potherton and a few of his sorehead friends slated for the Board themselves.

In three-column heads and fourteen-point type, it "tore to pieces" old Professor Hale's record as a public instructor and superintendent of schools. It called attention to the fact that the Professor had received his education in some forgotten academy during the Civil War and inquired if Paris must tolerate such out-of-date methods as the old Professor advocated. One by one it reviewed the old man's inefficiencies, most of the material supplied by Alec Potherton, until it reduced poor old Hale to a level somewhere between a wife-beater and a horse-thief.

THAT night Alec read the stuff, winced a couple of times, pulled out his "Laws of Business" and tried to find the law concerning libel. But eventually he called up Joe on the telephone and congratulated him. Then lowering his voice, he said:

"Now go after 'em for employing a bunch of female old has-beens on their teaching force."

The boy obeyed. And among other things, in boxed rules on his front page, he printed the following:

Our School Board is a wondrous thing,
Of skirts and bears and moss and fears.

The Rule of Three is still in force;
Our schoolma'ams get their jobs by tears.

To get a place at teaching school
In our town since this Board began,
Is not a case of "normal school,"
But "miss your chance to catch a man!"

To know your job, to handle kids,
To teach them modern things—no chance!

Our School Board's special love is for
The frayed-out ends of past romance.

So then, you girls whose faces plain,
Kill all your hopes of home and kids,
Don't lose your nerve—our taxes will
Some day fat out your sparse old ribs!

Paris read these lines that night with diversified emotion. They struck a few people as being funny. Others shook their heads and said there was nothing funny about it. The consensus of opinion was that the time had come to show this fresh young chap that he was out of place in our midst.

But in one cheap, stuffy little bedroom, upstairs in the rear of Mrs. Mathers' boarding-house, little Miss Lasher read those lines that night with white face—and upon her heart the unkind sentiment fell like blistering acid. The newspaper fluttered down upon the straw matting. With her arm on the edge of the window-sill she wept out her heartache with no one to see.

AT eight o'clock that night Sam Hod came back to the office from supper. He found Pinkie Price with that evening's "esteemed but loathed contemporary" spread out before him. The high-school

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COLE'S PATENT

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Holeproof Hosiery

Your first pair of Holeproof silk hose will be your introduction to wearing quality that is amazing in comparison with the service of ordinary silk hosiery. But extraordinary durability is not the only feature for which Holeproof is famous. It offers all of the style, lustrous beauty, and perfect fitting qualities that well-dressed women demand.

Made in a wide variety of regular and fancy styles in all popular materials for men, women and children. If not obtainable locally, write for price-list and illustrated booklet.

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HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA (Limited) LONDON, ONTARIO



WHAT the vacuum cleaner is to the broom, an IDEAL Boiler is to an old-fashioned heating plant.



Painted for the American Radiator Company by Helen Dryden; © ARCO, 1924

Are you still in the broom age down cellar?

THE BROOM was all right until the vacuum cleaner came along.

But many a home that has every modern convenience upstairs, is still in the broom-age down cellar, tolerating an old-fashioned heating plant that devours coal in wasteful gulps.

Remember this: The IDEAL TYPE A Boiler is just as big an improvement in heating, as the vacuum cleaner is in cleaning. It is dustless, gasless and so economical that it pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

Take a piece of paper and figure what you have spent for coal in the last year. Take one-third of that and you will have approximately the amount that the IDEAL TYPE A will save you next winter, and every winter—a neat sum, isn't it?

There is a particular IDEAL Boiler for every size and kind of home. All you need to remember are these good words:

IDEAL BOILERS and AMERICAN RADIATORS *save coal*

Your Heating Contractor is our Distributor

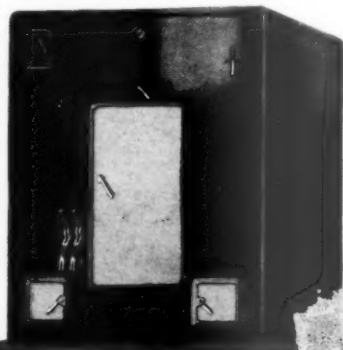
AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

104 W. 42d Street, New York

816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Dept. 53

HANDSOME as a limousine, the IDEAL TYPE A has made thousands of cellars a livable part of the house. Let it dress up *your* cellar and pay for the improvements in the fuel it saves. Send to either address below for the illustrated booklet describing it.



reporter relinquished his copy, and Sam sat down at the exchange table and read the whole "attack" very carefully.

"Damn!" he swore sorrowfully. "Joe's doing the same thing in his own place that he did when he worked in here. It's makin' fun at the expense of people who can't hit back." For several moments he sat smoking. "I'm going to make Joe meet Miss Lasher face to face and teach him a lesson he has coming, Pinkie," he ordered, "run over to Mrs. Mathers' place and ask Miss Lasher to step over to the *Telegraph* office. When you've got her here, run across the street and tell Joe Dicks that the Mossback thinks kindly toward him and wants to talk with him about an important matter. Leave the rest to me."

"Yes sir!" And off the boy started. Pinkie turned into School Street, and not far from the corner overtook Broken Jones.

"That's a dirty rotten thing in tonight's *Blade* about such as Angie Lasher," declared the hunchback. "I'm visitin' Angie for the first time in fourteen years—to ask her shall I punch his fresh young head for that poetry!"

Pinkie smiled. Together they waited on the veranda a moment later for Mrs. Mathers to answer the bell.

"Angie's up in her room," announced the portly landlady. "You two can wait in the parlor if you'll wipe your feet. I'll call her."

THE two went into the front room and found seats on the red plush chairs.

Mrs. Mathers had only been above-stairs a few seconds when they heard a scream.

"Mr. Price! Mr. Jones! Come up here! Quick!"

On the upper landing Mrs. Mathers stood with ashen face.

"The keyhole's stuffed with cloth! There's cloth under the door-crack, and the door's locked. You can smell the gas away back here!"

Pinkie jumped for the door.

"Can I bust it in, Mrs. Mathers?"

"Get her out somehow! Angie may be dyin'! Oh, poor Angie!"

Pinkie threw all of his athletic young weight against the flimsy panels. A second try broke the lock; a third loosened the hinges. The door careened inward, poised, fell over with a bump and a hollow rattle against the cheap wooden bedstead's footboard. The boy entered. Deadly fumes of the thick gas made his head reel. By the dim light of the hall lamp he saw the figure of the life-weary school teacher on the bed. He lifted her weight awkwardly and stumbled out. Broken Jones lifted a chair and smashed out the one window.

"Bring her into my room!" cried Mrs. Mathers. "Oh, Angie! Angie! To think—after all these years! And the fight you've always made against everything—"

"It was the dirty rotten poetry in tonight's paper made her do it!" cried Broken Jones hoarsely. For the first time Mrs. Mathers saw tears on his cheeks, and they looked—ludicrous. But there was nothing ludicrous about the look in Broken Jones' eye. "Some one'll

pay for this!" he declared terribly. "They got to answer to me—Jones!"

"See if you can bring her round, Mrs. Mathers," begged the boy. "I'll run and fetch a doctor—and then I'll tell Sam Hod!"

A quarter-hour later Broken Jones—wild, hatless and disheveled—half ran and half fell into Frank Benoit's cigar-store.

"Boys," he cried thickly, "—Angie Lasher's dyin'! She tried to kill herself 'cause the poetry in tonight's paper just plumb busted her heart! He did it! The city feller who thinks he can run this place by callin' us names where he likes!"

Somebody laughed coarsely. Came an awkward silence. Then somebody swore. A second oath was added to the first. Broken Jones leaned his poor hunched back over the edge of one of Frank's cigar-cases and sobbed. Somebody laughed again. Then came another strange silence.

A MOB is a queerly made thing. No man in the cigar-store had any idea of starting one as they gazed sympathetically at the weeping hunchback. But several of them started into the street cursing—some who had relatives the Dicks boy had handled roughly. They collided at the door. There was a shove and a smash and more cursing. Some one shouted: "He ought to be run out of town!" Came another curse and a guttural: "His place ought to be smashed so it don't happen again!" There was more piling into the street, and a cry: "Let's do it!"

There was some disorderly colliding with pedestrians on the walk; a knot of loafers turned abruptly and came over to find what it was all about. Suddenly the whole walk was full of shoving and fighting and gesticulation and confusion and angry epithets and threats; and at the psychological moment Broken Jones himself touched off the explosion by snatching a club from somewhere and declaring he was going to "show the fresh young city chap his place!" He started forward, and the mass of hoodlums fell in behind to see him do it. And the mob was born.

It took the middle of Cross Street. There was no room for so many on the walks. In the vanguard was Broken Jones, a strange, wild, outlandish figure. Before they had gone two blocks, at his back came a wedge of howling, whistling, vociferating, hooting humanity, out of all police control.

When they reached Main Street scores more joined to see the excitement. Up Main Street came the crowd at a half run. Some of the excited hoodlums picked up brickbats and heaved them promiscuously through windows as they passed. That made panic in the Main Street stores. The crash and the smash and the cries only added to the excitement and mood for destruction. The rack of papers in front of Service's news-room was knocked down; Tony Messini's fruit-stand was sent flying. Then the *Blade* printing-office came in sight. The insane mass charged the place in one invincible juggernaut of destruction.

The print-shop windows were first to go. Dozens were hit by the flying glass. The sight of the wild bloody figures in the chaotic mass only added to the general hysteria. Into the office they broke, the half-witted Jones at their head. Counters were quickly overturned, files sent flying. Desks were smashed. Type-cases were torn out, lifted aloft and their contents showered over the heads of the mass in stinging slivers of metal. The proof-press went over. The big roller fell heavily and crushed a rioter's foot. He emitted a bellow of agony and struck out blindly with his fists. Then the fighting mob ran amuck and that print-shop became a surging, struggling, fist-swinging, swearing human pandemonium.

JOE DICKS had been working at his machine when he heard the first roar of that mob. His wife labored close by, at a type-case. Conscience made a coward of him. He knew instinctively what was afoot.

"Out the back way, Nan! I'll take care of myself!"

His wife's composing-stick clattered to the floor. She stooped and lifted the child from the carriage. When the window gave way with a terrifying crash, she ran down the room, pausing irresolutely by the big drum-press. There fear for her husband's safety held her. And when the mob came through and seized him, scream after scream came from the girl. Then she turned deathly white and fainted, the baby in her arms, but mercifully protected by the big newspaper cylinder.

Above the crashing and smashing and fighting and cursing in that mêlée came the fateful cries: "Lynch him! Lynch him!" A big, hairy man who worked in the process-works' core-room collared the Dicks boy and jammed him with a cruel smash against the west wall. The boy tried to defend himself. His grasping fingers tightened around a proof-brayer; he struck out insanely. The hairy man went down and was trodden underfoot. But in that instant other hands laid hold of Dicks. He was jerked abruptly in another direction, lifted bodily. He went through the door on the bobbing heads and shoulders of the mass.

"Get a rope!" cried hoarse voices. "Smash the hardware-store window and get a rope!"

The next instant something hit young Dicks. His head seemed to explode, and he floated, floated—gently away on a merciful cloud of darkness into oblivion.

They smashed Jeff Turner's hardware-store window and unreeling thirty feet of new hemp. A noose slipped around the boy's wilted figure.

"Telephone pole! Telephone pole!"

The boy's body was torn suddenly through the dust and dirt. Men who had fared badly in the fracas, maddened with anger, caught hold of the end that had been thrown over a cross-bar. Poor Joe Dicks!

THROUGH that frenzied, fighting, cursing mêlée came the burly figure of a hatless and coatless man. And he was doing some cursing himself, and



Germ-spreading crowds—a dust-irritated throat

A RAW throat positively invites infection from the germs of cold, tonsillitis, influenza—many dangerous diseases.

The moist, warm throat membranes form an ideal breeding place for germs. When these tissues are in a healthy condition, germs are easily thrown off, but when they become raw and inflamed they fill with blood and lymph—which furnishes the germs with the food on which to grow and multiply—and their surfaces become weakened—which enables germs to break through and infect the underlying tissue.

Perhaps as high as ninety-eight per cent of all infections occur in this way. This is why physicians are urging the importance of protecting the throat against infection—especially since the influenza epidemics.

In Formamint one of the most powerful of the germicidal agents known to science has been for the first time made available for mouth and throat use in a harmless, pleasant-tasting form.

Unlike any other form of throat prophylaxis, Formamint protects you at the very moment when infection is most likely to occur. Whenever you have to come into close contact with some one with a cough or cold, you can carry Formamint with you. Get a bottle today. All druggists have it.



When exposed to infection; when tired or run down—or when the throat is raw, dissolve a Formamint tablet in the mouth every one or two hours.

To enable you to test the efficacy of Formamint, we will send you a pocket carrying-case containing five Formamint tablets on receipt of 4 cents for postage. Address Bauer Chemical Co., Dept. B-5, 113 W. 18th Street, New York City.

some fighting. Wherever he hit, moreover, men and heads were giving way before him, for he was armed with a baseball-bat. He had laid hold upon one of the bats which the Paris boys had left in our office years before, after an awful drubbing at the hands of the North Foxboro nine. And the bat made an excellent bludgeon. It is really surprising what a man can do with a baseball-bat when he desires to get action in the center of a crowd.

"Stand back!" roared Sam Hod, breathless, red-faced, raging. "It's murder you're committing, but you're too crazy to know it! You can't lynch a man here in New England! Back out of the way, there! Give it to 'em, Pinkie! Lambast their eternal daylights out and teach 'em sense!"

Through the riot plowed the fighting editor, leaving a wake of battered and bruised and bleeding men behind. Straight through to Joe Dick's limp and unconscious figure with the rope about its neck he clubbed his way, and put his one free arm about the boy.

"I'm a peaceable man!" he roared. "And generally known as somethin' of a mossback. But I aint forgot how to get law and order and justice. Burrows! Jamison! Barnes! Waterman! What in hell do you think you're doin'?" And he swiped at four young men who stooped for the rope attached to Dicks' neck.

There is nothing that will bring a mob to its senses quicker than calling its individual members by name. It fixes responsibility for the damage afoot, and when responsibility begins to be fixed, the mob spirit immediately subsides. Lifelong habits of obedience to law and order reassert themselves.

Still hurt and hysterical, but somewhat cowed and sullen, they permitted the fighting mossback to take the unconscious boy from them. Sam dragged his brother editor back across the street, across the car-tracks and the curb and the walk. He swung Joe around and dumped him in on the floor of the *Telegraph* office and shut the door.

Then the editor stood pugnaciously in his own doorway, his clothes half ripped from him, his cheek bleeding from a gash near one eye, his knuckles swollen and battered.

"The cowards!" he cried. "The damned cowards! And I was just getting ready to fight!" Seeing that the danger was over, he stepped back inside and laid his club on the exchange table. "Half a dozen times in the past five years I've been on the point of throwing them war-clubs out," he said. "Now I know what they're good for. They beat editorials all to hell!"

THROUGH the night, on a bed in Sam Hod's house up on Walnut Street, the Dicks boy babbled senselessly and the girl wife wept as she sat beside him.

Then on the noon of the second day, Sam entered the bedroom to find him sobbing like the fatherless, friendless and altogether pitiful lad he was. The editor smiled sadly and sat down.

"Feeling better, sonny? Narrow squeak you had—damned narrow! Hope it wont happen again."

"Oh, what'll I do—what'll I do? They wrecked my shop and ruined my paper. My money's all gone, and I haven't even got a job. And I've Nan and the baby—"

"Sure you've got a job! On the *Telegraph*, my son! You see, I want a boy to go around this town and collect spicy little items of human interest for the *Telegraph* and liven up the Personal Mention. But it's got to be things that haven't any barb in them to jab into human folks and leave a little hurt; and you—"

"But the town wouldn't stand for me—"

"Oh, yes, it will. The town'll stand for you if you go to each man whose property suffered or whose feelings you hurt and tell him you're sorry and apologize like a man and show him you did it all through misunderstanding and thoughtlessness and inexperience. They're mighty human folks in this town. If you've learned your lesson and confess your mistake, a hundred hands will be extended to help you. Because all of us make mistakes, sonny. All of us do things we're sorry for afterward and wish we could undo."

"And I called you a mossback!" exclaimed the Dicks boy.

"WELL, maybe I am a mossback. But it's better to be a mossback than a rattlesnake any time, Joe. After all, come right down to it, what are mossbacks? Aren't they mostly people who have gone through a lot and learned to make haste slowly and be cautious and long-headed, and given to looking at a proposition from all sides before being willing to plunge ahead? Aren't they folks who have paid for their experience with money or shame or pain, and learned to distinguish the things that count from the things that don't really count? All of us gather a little moss as we grow older, Joe. All of us cool down and go slower and think before we act. There have to be mossbacks in society, you see, to act as balance-wheels for those who'd make the world over in a day—and do a botched job. I've run a little paper in a little town for over a quarter-century, and I've learned that going carefully and making sure I'm right about things, and being considerate of other folks' feelings, and printing only things I'd like to see printed about myself if conditions were reversed, is the course that pays the best in the end. How about it? Want to come back and take that job?"

Leaving the boy alone with his wife, whose eyes were shining through her tears, Sam passed out of the room and the house and walked leisurely down to School Street.

He turned in at Mrs. Mathers' gate to report for himself a local for that night's *Telegraph*. And this is how he wrote it:

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Angelina Lasher, who has made friends by the hundreds during her long term as a successful school teacher in our town, is convalescing very satisfactorily from a recent indisposition at her home with Mrs. Ebenezer Mathers on School Street.



A LONG TIME INVESTMENT

Every Dodge Brothers Sedan body is steel built throughout—sills, pillars, panels, frames and all.

This all-steel design—exclusively a Dodge Brothers feature—possesses certain practical advantages which recommend it most emphatically to the closed car buyer.

It reduces cost, assures a structural precision which is particularly evident in the snug fit of doors and windows, and results in a staunchness of construction which guarantees to the owner a long time investment—and a long time satisfaction.

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DODGE BROTHERS





The Secret Revealed!

Why only 3% of
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Egyptians Suffered
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Coarse foods made up the diet of these pyramid-builders. Their gums, massaged as they chewed their foods, were strong and firm and their teeth were white and clean. Decay was very scarce!

Today, though modern diet makes decay more prevalent, you too can have sound teeth and healthy gums. Twice-a-day brushing with this tooth brush built to fit your mouth will not only keep your teeth clean but will stimulate gum tissues—an essential to good teeth.

Strengthen Your Gums by Daily Massage

Good dentists say gums should be massaged daily to keep them firm. Dr. West's Tooth Brush is properly made for this important function. Being small, it fits the mouth and can be moved up and down with ease.

PRICES:

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NEW: A special massage brush in the patented Dr. West's design is now available for persons who want extra stiff bristles. The bristles are of super-quality—the handle made of ivory. Price 75c. Ask your dealer.

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INSIDE



OUTSIDE

and BETWEEN
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The Western Co., Chicago—New York
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WELL LOST

(Continued from page 46)

Nearer at hand, some hundreds of yards along the beach, the skeletal wreckage of a boat lay half submerged, half upon the sand, lapped by tiny waves that failed to break.

The fish was cooked. The man removed it to a palm-leaf, threw a handful of husks upon the fire to keep it in existence, called:

"Adela!"

A woman appeared from among the close-set trunks of the palm-grove, her arms full of dried fronds and fibrous husks. For her only garment, a length of torn, stained silk—in which Captain Molyneux of the Rue Royale would have failed to recognize one of his most exquisite creations—was wrapped around her waist. Her brown hair cascaded loose about her shoulders. Her skin was reddened by the sun, white only on the undersides of her arms. Yet she was beautiful—beautiful as a nymph emerging from a sacred grove. The adult dignity of civilized attire had fallen from her; she was freshly girlish in this reversion to the primitive. She deposited her load, sat down.

ANTONY DRAHAN divided the fish into two equal portions with a pocket-knife, reached for a jaggedly burst-open canister of ship's biscuits close at hand.

"These biscuits won't last for more than a few days longer. We must try to find some breadfruit. It ought to grow on this island. Looks like a melon. I remember reading about it once. You cook it between hot stones." He spoke, not easily conversational, but through a cold constraint, his sentences harshly detached from one another, avoiding a direct glance at her.

She parted the loose hair from her brows to look meditatively out to sea.

"Yes." Her tone also was devoid of intimacy. "I was thinking about that this morning. I found a tree that looked like it. I meant to ask you. I was thinking of a lot of things, in case—" She broke off. "Antony, do you think there's really any chance of being picked up? Are we near the usual track of ships?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know. Nothing has passed these three days. We were about sixty hours in that boat, running before the wind."

She made no further remark and they ate in silence. His mind reverted to a many-times worried-over calculation: what were they doing—seven or eight knots, or perhaps more, or less? He had no idea. It had blown half a gale, but they had driven saggingly in that sea—say, seven—sixty hours—about four hundred miles.

From these calculations, unsatisfying in their lack of stable basis, he found himself looking at a picture of themselves in the boat—the old, gray-whiskered sailor steering, hour after hour at his post with only those brief intermissions in the broiling heat of the two ensuing days when he had slept and the passenger had, after careful instruction, been intrusted with nursing the boat through the racing ever-overtaking surges. Adela, white and si-

lent, her face expressionless as she stared at the threatening sea, sitting against a thwart—himself, when they could abstain no longer for very faintness, doling out the water, the dry biscuit that was their ration. They had been spared the worst of sufferings. The boat had been provisioned upon the davits, contained a keg of water, two canisters of biscuits—of which this upon the beach was the second. He remembered his clumsy efforts to open the tin with the hatchet (for cutting the falls?) stowed away in the locker. . . . And then that dawn, pale above the dark water, with the palm-trees, seen one moment, lost the next, tiny against the sky. They had been driving almost straight toward them, had scarcely needed to alter their course.

He found himself looking at the terror of the reef as they approached it, the great white walls shooting up in ceaseless boom and crash, the hiss of their descent hardly completed before the next breaker rolled in. And then that sudden relief in their anxious tension as they coasted round looking for an entrance—the narrow gap of dark swirling water between the leaping sheets of surf—their rush toward it, borne formidably forward on the breast of a great lifting roller—the half-heard shout of the old sailor as he lost steerage-power in its velocity—the thunderous stunning deluge that crashed down upon them, beating them under—that desperate swim, dragging once more a leaden burden, through an agony of imagined sharks, to the gleaming beach that seemed almost to recede—his fall, face forward, gasping, on the hot sand where he had lain impotent for long minutes before he could sit up and look for the old sailor—in vain.

He saw himself dragging Adela to the shade of the palm-trees, saw her at long last revive, her eyes open at him in a long strange stare, her lips move for her first words:

"You've—saved me—again?"

"Thank God!" His ejaculation had been automatic, his mind not yet functioning to full embracement of antecedent complications of existence.

"I don't know." And, with her slowly uttered words, the mists had rolled back from memory—from that last five minutes in their gilded stateroom—that coldly bitter conflict arrested at its climax, suspended, unresolved.

HE looked round now to her where she sat, shoulder-draped with her hair, found her eyes full on him.

"You're thinking of—Hennessey?" she asked.

Hostility leaped up in him, sensitively suspicious of a taunt. He did not answer. Her reference to Hennessey, evocative of one aspect of the ravaging preoccupations he concealed within himself, was a touch on the yet raw wound she had contemptuously inflicted. If he had brooded, he had reason enough. Heaven knew what was happening beyond that narrow sea-horizon which held him prisoner—a life-work, a whole empire of power, crumbling to ruin! She went on: "You were talking in your sleep last

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The Repainting Days Are Gone Baked Enamel Finish ~ 50 Horsepower Performance \$1325

NO other car at any price, offers you a body built like this New Jewett Brougham. Body is built of separate steel panels over wood frame—wood, because wood absorbs vibration.

Each steel body panel is dipped three times in finest black enamel, then baked at high temperature—with a rub between coats—then fastened to the frame. This enamel finish stands the hardest wear and tear. Won't need painting for years. A wash brings out anew the gloss *all over the car!*

Jewett's full 50 horsepower Paige-built motor—40 per cent more power than "light" sixes—gives amazing performance. And the motor stays good! It

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This New Jewett Brougham is a delight to women; it is upholstered in luxurious velour. And so easy to handle. Gears shift quietly; clutch is gentle. You can change from high to second at 30 miles an hour!

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In all the world no car like this! Jewett Six offers a combination of mechanical superiorities and advantages found in no other car at Jewett's price. See this New Brougham. Drive it. Test its comfort and ability. (606)

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Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

night. I heard you and crawled out of my shelter to see what it was. For a moment, I thought you had met someone else upon the island. But you were sound asleep, gnashing your teeth, and calling out: 'Hennessey!—Hennessey!' She half smiled. "It would have scared him, I think, if he'd heard you." He softened; it was perhaps not a taunt. "It's hard luck for you, Antony."

He looked at her, clad in that shredded rag of clothing, her hands scratched and bleeding from the labors of a primitive squaw, saw her suddenly, by contrast, in that world which had been hers. He saw her quietly smiling, beautiful, exquisitely gowned, in that palatial home where her slightest want was ministered to by a multitude of deferential servants; saw her queening it in those thronged receptions where he thrilled with the pride of precious possession, noted the awed admiration of other men, the whispering of the women she outshone; saw her as he had seen her, in London, Paris and Rome, with ambassadors, princes, aristocrats of that medieval-rooted Europe bowing over her hand as they did not bow to other women. That was her life, her appointed destiny—to grace civilization with her costly perfection of femininity, would be her life with—with George Addiscombe or another man when they got out of this, if ever they did, parted in cold fulfillment of that truncated crisis on the ship.

"It's hard luck for us both," he said curtly.

SHE did not immediately answer—spoke, when she did, out of another plane of thought.

"You must let me cook next time. I must learn to do things."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"As you like."

There was another silence before she spoke again, in a sudden seriousness of apprehension.

"Antony—supposing we never get picked up?"

The corners of his mouth went down in a grim smile.

"Humorous, isn't it? We two—of all people! I sympathize with you."

She looked at him, said nothing. Somehow, he felt a bit of a brute. He cogitated for a moment or two, wishing at the back of his mind that he had some tobacco, chewed a reed of grass to help his thought.

"Look here, Adela," he said suddenly, "we've got to face things out—as you say, we may never get picked up. We can't go on with that—that little discussion of ours left unfinished between us."

"No," she said, staring out to the sea.

"Well, listen to what I've been thinking. All that business—we went go into the rights and wrongs of it now—is outside this isolated little world into which we've been pitched like Adam and Eve. It belongs to that other world where I am Antony Draham of the Transatlantic Trust and you are—"

"Your odalisque." She spoke still staring out to the sea.

"I don't quite know what that means—but I'll take your word for it. Anyway, this is the proposition I want to make. While we're here, we'll shut down

on that little argument, just as it was shut down for us on that ship—forget it. We'll make the best job we can of things, together, until we're picked up. And then—"

"And then?" She still looked away from him.

"Then we go back to where we left off." He paused for a glance at her, chewed at his stiff grass. "I want to tell you this, Adela: I never supposed you were in love with me—as a matter of fact, I hadn't much time to go in for sentiment myself, as you know—but I had no idea you loathed me. I'm sorry. I wouldn't keep a dog that was unwilling, let alone a wife. So you can make your mind easy about that. And I'll provide for you too—so, whatever man you go to, you need never talk of being bought and paid for again. I dare say, from one point of view, there's some compensation due to you. For what has happened to have occurred, I must have made you pretty miserable." He paused for a moment, evidently crushing back the potentialities of that topic. "Is it a deal?"

Her eyes came round to him, uncertain of him.

"You are bribing me again?"

"No." He laughed grimly. "I'm not in a position to bribe. For the first time in my life I'm in a place where if I wrote a check for a million dollars it wouldn't be any use. I'm merely making an amicable proposition. While we're on this island, we forget that we were ever man and wife. When we're picked up, we go back to where we left off. Is it a deal?"

She nodded, with a grave smile, held out her hand to him.

"Until we're picked up—"

He sprang to his feet.

"Come along, then. Who knows? A ship may pass at any minute. We've got to get a beacon ready for her—that's the first thing—something that'll make a smoke visible twenty miles off."

HE snatched up the hatchet, for which he had dived perilously many times that morning, strode off into the palm-grove. She walked at his side, silent through the interlaced and deepening shadows. He conned over one or two commonplace conversational openings in an awkwardly felt incumbency of speech, left them unsaid.

It was she who spoke first.

"Adam," she said, smiling at him a little timidly, their new relationship unexplored between them, "we're like that, aren't we? Adam and Eve—alone—in a new beginning of the world."

He looked round to her, relaxed in their mutually smiling glance.

"Sure," he agreed. "Adam and Eve!" He chuckled. "We might keep that up—it gives us a lead."

"Do you think they were a little frightened of each other at first?" she mused, the smile of fanciful thought still on the face half seen between her long hair. "There was everything to learn about each other."

He was silent for a moment.

"I guess we're like that too," he said, suddenly. He stopped before a gale-wrecked palm, full length in an offering of its crest of sere fronds. "What about this stuff for our fire?"

NASH



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THEY labored through the afternoon, to and from the palm-grove and a little spur of the shore crowned by a bare outcrop of rock. The pile of dead palm-fronds, splintered wood, mosses and dried grass rose imposingly. As they labored, constraint dropped from them. They talked with a direct and unembarrassed simplicity of speech unknown to them in that awkwardly incomplete intimacy when they called each other husband and wife in that New York house. He was surprised by her quick wit, by her unexpectedly sensible suggestions for the organization of their existence, as they came close together in their toil. He admired the unrepeating pluckiness with which she accepted the situation—set it, privately, as a model for himself. He, too, would make the best of it, be cheerful—even if Hennessey was doing his diabolical damndest. He pledged himself to it as he carried down armload after armload of fuel for that eventual fire which might, even yet, bring him face to face with Hennessey, in the nick of time—laughed at her as she dubbed herself squaw.

At last the pyre was finished, head high. They stood regarding it.

"I wonder when we shall light it?" she said.

He shrugged his sun-red shoulders.

"Who knows?" he replied. "Perhaps tomorrow—perhaps not for months. But we must be always ready." He turned to her with a smile. "Now, Eve, since you're the squaw, it's your job to see that the cooking-fire never goes out. I used the last spark in my lighter on it yesterday. And whichever one of us sees a sail or a smudge of smoke on the horizon, must run and kindle this with a brand from it, not wasting a moment. That's the first law in this Eden."

Together they went along the curving shore to the encampment where the smoke of their cooking-fire still went up like a blue thread. He stood, hatchet in hand, contemplating the primitive palm-frond shelter he had put up for her that first day.

"I guess I'll put up a better shanty for you than that," he remarked, "something with a little more room to it."

Her eyes came round to him, large-orbed, as though something had stopped inside her. He met her glance.

"I don't read more into the bargain than you meant," he said. "I'll rig up a shelter for myself over there."

Her visible relief hurt him but he enforced stoicism upon himself. It was an explicit part of the bargain. As man and wife, they had divorced that night in the suite de luxe of that ship surging blindly forward to the sudden shock upon the derelict. And presently another ship would come.

HE watched her as she disappeared between the palm-trunks, and a sudden pang went through him, a sudden hyper-naturally acute perception of her white-limbed reality. It was as if he saw her for the first time—the woman he had called wife. "And there," the thought shot through him, "there—where I could give her everything—she loathed me, loathed me with an aching soul!" Here? But this was only a game of make-believe,

terminated the moment their beacon-smoke should rise into the sky. Or was there, fugitive behind those eyes of hers, a something else—a something new—something that could not peep out when he came home, his soul harshly exultant with a conflict won over telephone and ticker? He ridiculed himself, summoned up, for antidote, an all-too-vivid vision of her frigidly hostile dignity as she stood crumpling that damning cablegram, heard again that searing "Not with you!" Nevertheless, as he went about his new job of building her a shelter, his thoughts had to be forced to remain on the exasperating problem of what Hennessey might be up to at that moment.

THEY sat, in a warm night of unimaginable stars, near the glow of their campfire, red in the somber blueness opening to the shore. Their conversation had ceased, minutes back. Its last note of quiet amicability still persisted through the silence. Their thoughts had gone far away.

He was remembering that it was still daylight in New York. He saw the deep cañons filled with feverishly hurrying men. He saw himself in his office—in the momentary pause of thought before giving a sharply decisive answer into the telephone. A nostalgia for it all clutched him. He craved for the will-subdued excitement of conflict with distant mercilessly shrewd hostile brains, craved for the intoxicating flash of his interest from quarter to quarter of the globe. What was happening to those Anatolian oil-concessions? That freight-war he had initiated against the other South American lines—had Hardwick compromised, frightened at responsibility now that the chief was not there to direct the fight? If only he could get back for just a day! He'd bet all he owned that, in his wild-Irishman eagerness, Hennessey had oversold the market! If he could only get back! He worried at his not yet customary beard.

And she? She spoke out of her reverie.

"It scarcely seems real to me. I have to force myself to believe that it was really I who lived in that great house of ours with everything done for me, with nothing to do but to get up, put on a new Paris frock, loll back in a motorcar, talk inanities with a lot of other idle women. That gala-night at the opera—do you remember?—it was only a month ago today, the night before we started."

He did remember, remembered how mysteriously beautiful she had looked, Cleopatra-like in a magnificence of pearls—George Addiscombe had been there too—he suppressed the thought.

"Supposing a ship came now," she commenced again, musingly, "and we went back to it all—"

He grunted, skeptically, staring out over the dark sea where no ship's light twinkled. He thought of the pyre, undisturbed as they had built it, ready when the moment came.

"And then we should say good-by," she went on, following her thought.

"Yes. Then we say good-by," he agreed curtly, his voice toneless.

"But now—after this—we shall shake hands when we say good-by, sha'n't we?"

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Her eyes came round to him in the night. He forbore to look at them.

"Yes. I guess we shall shake hands," he admitted.

"All we've done!" she said, reminiscently. "I understand now why—over there, in that other world we've dropped out of—you did so much. You can't help it. It's born in you; you are bound to organize, to create. Here, what you have done—out of nothing—it is wonderful! We have lived—almost civilized—even to the needles you hammered out of the nails of the boat, and the thread you twisted out of fiber. What a terrible brain yours is—always thinking!"

He smiled, flattered.

"You've done your share too," he said. "Wonderfully! I'd never have guessed you had it in you."

She looked out to the dark sea.

"It's absurd to say it—but I've been happy," she murmured, rather to herself than to him.

There was a silence where he went suddenly tremulous.

"Adela—"

She turned to him, held up an admonishing finger.

"Eve," she corrected. "Adela is out there, in that other world beyond the horizon—waiting to part from her millionaire husband."

He took a deep breath.

"Eve!" His voice was unsteady. "Do you think that if we got back we might perhaps not—not part?"

He heard her breath also come in a deep inhalation as she stared out into the night.

"No," she said, in a low voice. "No. It would be the same thing. You're not changed. In a month, you'd have no time for me. I couldn't start it again. Let us keep to our bargain—*Adam!*" She stressed the playful name as she forced a dimly seen smile for him.

He sat, dark and gloomy in this rebuff.

"Then you can't—under any circumstances—love me?" he said, with difficulty, jerking out the two final words.

She sighed.

"Perhaps—if Adela and Antony Drahan weren't always ghosts waiting to jump back into life out there, if,"—her smile came round to him, and his intently peering eyes saw its little twist of pathetic wistfulness—"if Eve lived yet a little longer with her Adam in this place where a million-dollar check isn't any use—who knows? *Perhaps!*" Her little laugh quivered as she rose abruptly to her feet. "Good night!"

He sat staring into the red embers, craving a cigar.

THE next day, at an hour when the sun dipped, immense and glowing, to the empty desolation of the ocean, he walked along the beach in quest of certain seabirds' eggs that were edible enough when fresh laid. Eve (it had become almost habit in his mind to call her so) was back at the camp busy at the cooking-fire. They had not again referred to last night's topic; she had been disconcertingly normal when they met this morning. But all day they had gone roving together in search of fresh supplies of breadfruit. Her beauty, emphasized in

its primitive exiguity of costume, haunted him as he walked now in solitude, conflicted with his exasperated imaginations of unchecked bear raids in that far-off, unreachable Wall Street where James Hennessey was now assuredly an unconstitutional king. His glance roved idly, seeing nothing in the double intermingling procession of his thoughts; that elusive tantalizing "*Perhaps!*" That quivering little laugh, ringing in his ears. "*A little longer—*" His thoughts vanished suddenly. He stopped—stared out to sea, incredulous of his vision. There, clear upon the yellowing horizon, was a smudge of smoke!

His first, almost automatic, impulse was to dash back to the cooking-fire for the brand that should light the signal, to shout as he ran. He turned for the action—saw her in the distance, her shoulders glimmering as she bent over the fire—checked suddenly. She had not seen that far-off wisp of smoke, did not see him. He glanced round at the heaped-up pyre, close above him on its platform of rock, hesitated, looked again out to sea. The steamer was passing hull-down on the horizon, but from its bridge his sudden column of smoke would be clearly visible. Then he looked once more, furtively, toward the woman absorbed in her task, unconscious of this dreamed-of chance of rescue, the woman whose "*Perhaps!*" rang in his ears. It was a libel of Mr. Antony Drahan's enemies to call him unscrupulous. He was not. He was fantastic, almost, in his adherence to the square deal. But now Mr. Antony Drahan, grotesque in a single garment of much tattered dress-trousers and tugging at a beard that would have made him almost unrecognizable to friends and enemies alike, was false to his gods. He stood stock still, watching that far-off steamer-smoke grow faint and small upon the horizon.

"I guess Hennessey can wait," he muttered to himself.

He saw the last wisp of it disappear into the glowing micircle of the sun.

HE turned back, empty-handed, along the beach, feeling himself suddenly, sickeningly, a traitor. He hadn't played the game. Adela had her right to rescue—to the resumption of the life that was hers—to that shake-hands and good-bye to which they were pledged. He shrank, in his guilt of conscience, from meeting her eyes, from the necessary casual conversation with her, from even her mere propinquity. But he had to brace himself to it, did so, tried to smile as she looked up at him from the fire where the fish was ready broiled.

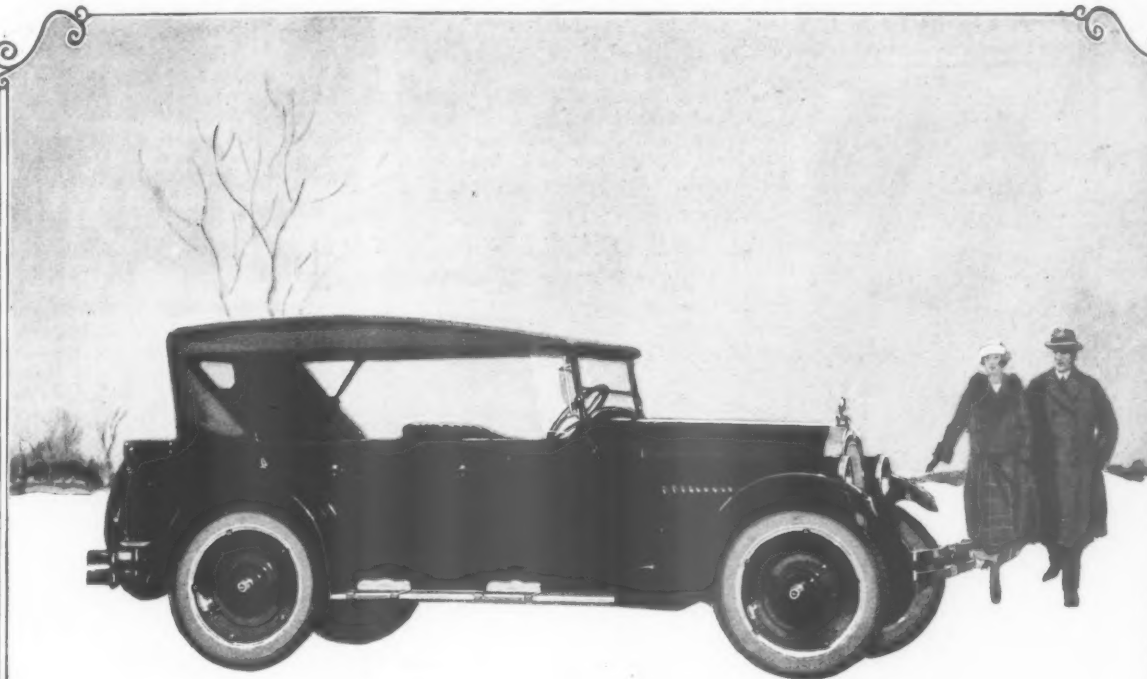
They were silent over their meal that night. The sun had gone down and the swift darkness shrouded them. They sat, both of them preoccupied, awkward in their rare speech. How she would turn on him, hating him, if she knew!

Suddenly she flung herself at him, lay warm and sobbing—sobbing—in his arms, her arms about his neck.

"Antony!—Antony darling! Forgive me! I've—I've let a ship go past!"

He gasped—the full implication of it breaking on him. She had let the ship go past!

He held her tight, soothed her.



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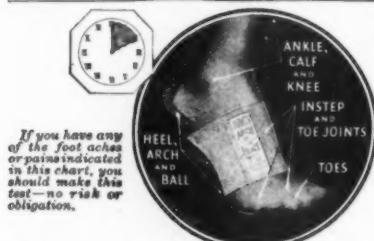
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"Never mind, little Eve—Adela dear! There's sure to be another."

She still sobbed as she clung to him.

"I—I don't care whether there is or not! So long as I've got you!" He bent his head down in sudden tenderness to kiss her brow. She withdrew herself abruptly, pushed him back, looked into his eyes from the night. "Before—before

you do that," she said, "I want to tell you something. George—George Addiscombe was—was *nothing*!"

She lay in his arms, quite silent, while he thought. At last she whispered up to him—"Adam!"

"Eve!"

"Always?"

"Always."

SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET

(Continued from page 80)

Joan's smile faded, and she bent her head, staring down at the decoration on the landing. She liked this man. She had liked him from the beginning. He was like a breath of fresh air from his own mountains. He conveyed a sense of large spaces. Why did she hesitate to take him at his word? Was it in fear that he, like other men who had been her friends, would disappoint her when brought to a test? She did not know. But she gave another smile, as she straightened.

"I think I know now why the people of your district sent you to Congress," she said.

"Why, ma'am?"

"Because they thought if you wanted something, you'd probably keep after it until you got it."

He flashed a bright smile at her.

"Well, when it's just friendship you want,—just friendship you want to give,—that oughtn't to be very hard for anybody."

"No, it oughtn't," she agreed with an air of decision as she offered him her hand. "I must be going now. I hope you will come to see me. Perhaps—could you come to dinner, Mr. Edwards? Tomorrow? Just Jack and I. Will you come?"

"Of course. I'll be delighted."

"Very well, then—six-thirty—early on Jack's account. Good-by—until tomorrow."

THEY dined, the member from Colorado on Joan's right, and Jack with his buttered toast and cocoa opposite. In deference to Jack, who listened wide-eyed to his big new friend across the table, Edwards told about his life on the plains and in the mountains, about the grub-wagon, and roping and branding steers, about the old trails and the fights the first settlers had with the Indians—how they used to shoot the buffaloes, until the buffaloes were all killed except a few moth-eaten ones which were kept in private parks for exhibition purposes. He told the boy about the trips he had made up into the big-game country of Alaska, where he camped, hunting for gold, and shot caribou, which were wild relatives of the sort of deer that Santa Claus used to go and catch, so that he could hitch them to his sleigh.

Then after dinner Joan enjoyed the spectacle of the man from the West down on his knees on the hearthrug, with the small boy on his back holding firmly to his collar, the man making believe that he was a bucking bronco and that Jack was "busting" him. And curiously enough, after a while the bronco became quite tame and easily managed.

It was at this moment that the French governess who had been watching the tremendous affair from the doorway came forward with the announcement that it was bedtime. But Jack rebelled. There had never been and never would be such another man as this in the house.

"I'm not goin' to bed yet, mam'selle," he asserted.

"*Mais c'est l'heure, Monsieur Jack.*"

"I don't care. I'm havin' such a good time. And Maman will never let Mr. Edwards come again," he added reproachfully.

Edwards laughed.

"Oh, yes, she will, Jack, so long as I behave myself."

"He's such a nice horse. Will you, Maman?"

"Yes, darling," she replied, holding him closely.

"Because I like him, Maman," he whispered again, "better than any man I ever saw."

"Good night, dear."

He clambered down, and crossing to Edwards gave him his hand.

"G'night, Mr. Edwards. We'll play Injuns and buffaloes next time, wont we?"

"We sure will—and roping steers."

"With a real rope?"

"Yep. I'll send out West and get you one—that is, if you go right up to bed and go to sleep."

"I will. G'night, Mr. Edwards. *Bonsoir, Maman.*"

The nurse gathered him to her bosom, carrying him up the stairs, tired but happy, to bed.

"I'm afraid you've established a very bad precedent, Mr. Edwards," said Joan. "He'll never be satisfied with anything but bucking broncos, now."

"You'll have to train Mademoiselle."

"Imagine it," she said, laughing. "Mademoiselle has her dignity."

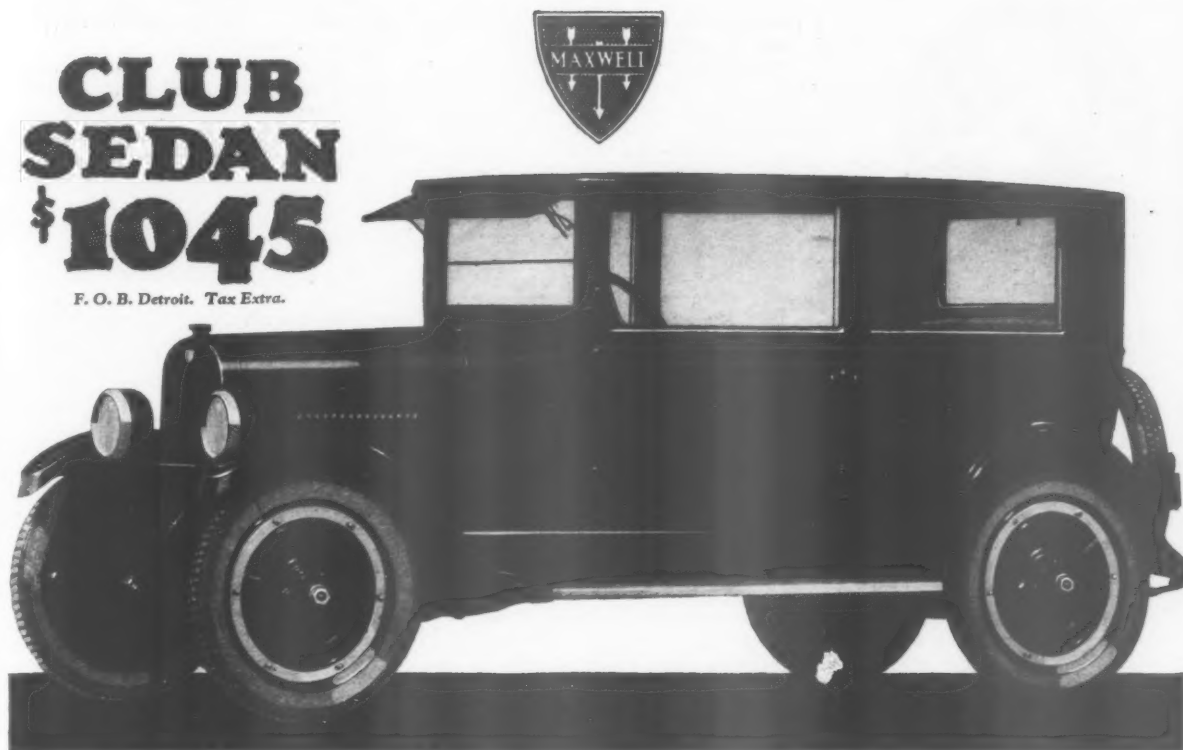
"And so have I. But I have no use for it when I come down from Capitol Hill. You know, I'm like an old cayuse that's been brought off the range into the pasture. The grazing is good, but I'm not used to the fences. I like Washington, and I guess the people are all right when you get to know them. People in the East are stand-offish—especially society people. They all act as though if they spoke to you as if they meant it, somebody would come along and sue them for damages."

She laughed gayly. He liked her when she laughed, for there seemed to be no doubt about the genuineness of her enjoyment; and he realized that tonight he had made her laugh frequently, and that when she did, that look of seeing into the dark was banished.

"If I seem as funny to some of these

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people." he went on with a laugh, "as they seem to me, it's time somebody hog-tied me and sent me back West. I'm green. But do you think I'm very awful, ma'am?"

"If I had thought that, I wouldn't have asked you to dinner," she said lightly.

"Even if I did turn your parlor-rug into a corral. Well, the truth is that I feel I can be natural with you. You're human somehow, though you tried hard to make me think you weren't."

There was a moment of silence as she considered this frankness.

"I wonder what made me break my rule," she said, weighing her words carefully. "It has been my experience, Mr. Edwards, that men are not always just what they appear to be."

There was a volume of meaning in her tone, and he gave his reply the care that it deserved.

"That's too bad, ma'am. But do you think that all men should suffer in your good opinion for the mistakes—the—er—deficiencies of the few?"

"I think you're different," she said again, "different in many ways. It's your downright way of saying just what you think. It's rather refreshing, you know," she added. "I haven't laughed so much in years."

"That's good. It's nice to see you laugh. It's like—" He paused for a familiar figure. "It's like seeing the ice break up on a clear blue river at the first spring thaw. It seems to me that there's a lot of laughter that you've been keeping shut up inside of you for years. It ought to do you a lot of good to laugh."

"I think it does."

He turned toward the door.

"Then you'll let me come again and make you laugh some more?"

"Of course."

Chapter Ten

IT was with some difficulty that Joan readjusted her mind to the situation imposed by the kindnesses of the new Congressman. After several of Edwards' visits, she was convinced that he was familiar with her history—at least, he was familiar with the version that the world possessed. She read it in the continued deference of his manner and in his avoidance of topics which might encroach upon her private affairs. His instinct, it seemed, led him surely along paths which permitted her to accompany him, and she was aware of new vistas that he opened for her along the way. From doubt as to the motives that impelled him to seek her companionship, she became certain that he was no other than he seemed, a large-hearted creature, with a talent for friendships, who came for no other reason in the world than that he liked to be with her and with Jack.

Beatrice de Selignac, who had met the new Congressman, was secretly pleased at the friend Joan had made. But she was a tactful person and made no comment, until Joan, in a confidential mood, asked her advice about the invitation to ride his horses.

"I'm sure I don't see why not," she said, "since he comes to the house."

"There is a difference. Here I'm not thrusting myself under people's noses. He comes seeking me."

Beatrice made a shrug. "Why shouldn't you thrust yourself under people's noses? Of course I'd go with him. He knows what he is about." And then quickly: "You trust him, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. I like him tremendously."

"Like him all you please. Ride his horses. And if people talk, let them. They'll talk anyhow. Whose affair is it but yours and his?"

"No one's, I suppose," she said dubiously.

"Why bother, then?"

"Because Mr. Edwards has been so fine to Jack and to me. He has taken a kind of big-brother attitude." She paused in a moment of uncertainty. "My feeling is rather curious. I don't mind people cutting me, but I'd hate them to put a bad motive on such a friendship as his."

"I see," said Beatrice thoughtfully. "But I'd do as I pleased. You've played the hermit-woman too long already. Life owes you a lot. And if you find pleasure in being with Stephen Edwards, I'd let the world go to the devil."

THE opinions of Beatrice de Selignac, so freely expressed, confirmed Joan's intention. Edwards had the horses sent out to the borders of the city, whither Joan drove him in her runabout. Already he knew the bridled paths and soft roads, and in a short while they were far away from the macadam and concrete, with the world behind them.

After a brisk canter up a long hill, they drew rein at the edge of a wood from which there was a vista of the distant dome of the Capitol.

"Pretty fine, isn't it?" he commented. "The Capitol! Almost the capital of the world, you might say. We've got our faults, we Americans, but we've got a lot of things to be proud of too. It always gives me a thrill when I look at the Capitol Building."

"Yes, I can understand that."

"Even when I know what's going on inside of it!" he added with a laugh. "There's something about it bigger than party, bigger than sectional interest. I guess it's just what it stands for—the opportunities of a free people."

"Do you still feel like a schoolboy waiting to be stood in a corner?"

"Not so much—though I can't say that the Speaker has ever shown any great anxiety to know what I think about things. When I was elected to Congress, I had an idea that I'd reached the top rung of the ladder. It wasn't until after I got here that I found out it was an extension ladder. Now I have to climb all over again. If I hadn't done well in the committee, I guess they'd have given me a job emptying waste-paper baskets—or something."

She laughed.

"But I've gotten to be a handy man for old Ransom, a sort of man Friday. Ransom is a wise bird, but he's old, a product of the seniority system."

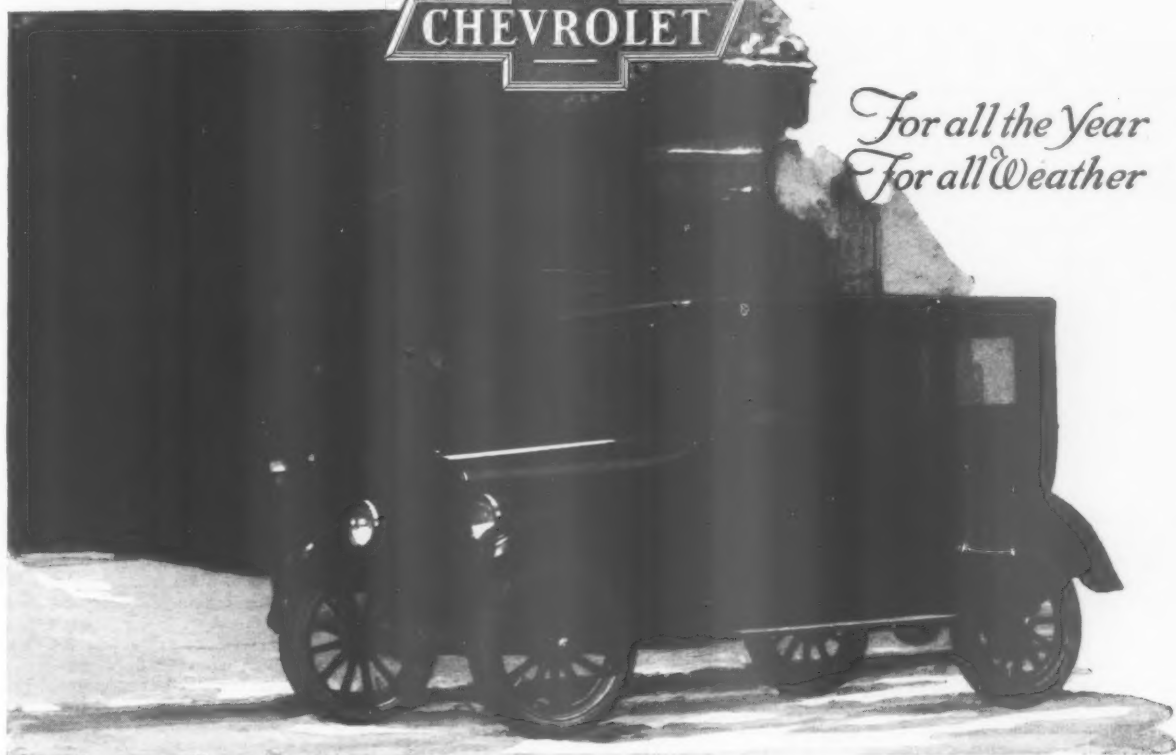
"What's that?"

"The system that makes the man on the majority side who has been longest in the committee, its chairman—so that a man has to be reelected to Congress until

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he's about a hundred years old before he amounts to anything—and then he's too old to amount to anything, after all."

She smiled.

"It can't be as bad as that."

"It is—almost. But it works somehow—sometimes. The old fellows step aside once in a while to give the young ones a show. That's what Ransom did with me."

"You mean he's given you another chance?"

HE nodded. "The President sent for me yesterday to come up to the White House."

"Splendid! Would you mind telling me what happened?"

"No. I brought you out here for that purpose. It seems that the President is interested in the preservation of Government lands—Forest Reserve particularly—in danger of falling into the hands of private interests. That's one of the things that I'm interested in."

"Yes, I remember. Your speech—"

"Well, Ransom had lunch at the White House last week, and the President brought the matter up. There's a lot of valuable land under Government ownership, with fine streams, with great possibilities for power projects—other lands where there have been recent discoveries of valuable minerals, gold, silver, copper, iron. Well, to make a long story short, there's a big syndicate in New York trying to get hold of certain of those lands, by purchase, at a small price from the Government. There's a powerful lobby in Washington this winter working quietly to get a bill through Congress to permit this sale. Ransom knew something about these lands, and so did I. But an investigation showed that they were worth millions."

"And the President was told of that?" Joan asked.

"Yes. Ransom laid all the facts before him."

"And he's going to prevent the passage of the bill?"

Edwards smiled.

"No, not exactly. There are reasons why he can't."

"Political reasons?"

"Exactly. There's an election coming off in New York State soon, and the President doesn't want to antagonize certain political interests there—the very political interests that are behind, and a part of, this syndicate trying to steal these lands."

"Then he will do nothing. I can't believe—"

Edwards gave her a quizzical look.

"Haven't I told you that he asked me to come up to the White House to see him?"

"Yes, but—"

"It was by appointment, not in the Executive offices, but in the White House."

"But why?"

"Because, though for political reasons it's not advisable for him to come out openly at this time, he wants that lobby defeated. Ransom promised to do all that he could, but he's pretty old, and they both wanted me to lead the fight against this bill in the House."

"Oh, splendid!" gasped Joan. "And you're going to do it?"

"I sure am. It's the chance of a lifetime. But it isn't going to be an easy job. These people are powerful, financially, socially, politically, and they've got a lot of favors to give in exchange for votes."

"You mean that they will buy the votes for this bill?"

He laughed.

"Money? No, not money. I wouldn't accuse any Member of that. But money has its equivalents. There are other things besides money that the people on the Hill find useful—interest, accommodation—backing, political and financial."

"Is it any secret who the members of this financial syndicate are?"

"No, not to you. I can trust you, I reckon. It's James K. Curtis and his Wall Street crowd."

"Curtis! Sam Curtis' father!"

"That's correct. And Sam Curtis is here himself—with his wife in charge of the campaign from the social side. They've taken a house on Sheridan Circle and they're going to cut loose with a lot of dinners and balls to which the 'right' people will be invited. You know the Curtises, ma'am?"

"Yes," said Joan, "I used to live in New York."

"Well, they'll all be sore when they know the kind of a fight we're going to put up against that lobby. Ransom is old, but he's straight as a string. He's got political skill and a lot of friends in the party. He knows we've got to save the President the necessity of vetoing that bill by beating it on the floor of the House, and he'll work as hard as he can. But I'm the one who will come out into the open against James K. Curtis. They say he's a bad man to cross. Have you ever seen him?"

"Yes—a silent man with cold gray eyes and a square chin."

"And you know Mrs. Sam Curtis?"

"Yes, I used to," said Joan thoughtfully. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I just wondered. They've invited me to dinner at their house."

"**SHALL** we have another canter?" said Joan suddenly, and touching her

heel to her horse, moved away from him. She wanted a few moments of thinking—Georgia Curtis in Washington! The mention of her brought vividly back the luckless meeting on the road at Plevneuf—the distressing moments at the hotel in Paris where in spite of herself Joan had been driven to the splendid lie that had wrecked her life. Georgia Curtis was one of the memories that had linked her to her girlhood, the link that had broken and sent her far adrift into social oblivion. Joan had not seen her since that day more than five years ago. She had hoped never to see her again, and here she was in Washington, a careless, pretty Nemesis. The thought of Stephen Edwards dining at Georgia Curtis' house disturbed her curiously. But, when, their canter over, they drew their horses into a walk, she said carelessly:

"So you're to dine at the Curtises?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "I think I will. I know Sam Curtis asked me just because I'm on Ransom's committee. But all's fair in this game they're playing. The Curtis crowd hasn't come out into

the open yet. But then, neither have we. The fur isn't going to fly yet awhile. In the meanwhile it won't do any harm to look these people over."

"You'll find Mrs. Curtis a very amiable hostess," said Joan calmly.

They talked of other things then—of Jack and the pony Joan intended to buy him, of Bob Hastings, of the attractions of that bright widow Madame de Salignac, and the rumors drifting about the Capital as to the newest European conference. He talked well, punctuating his remarks with timely anecdotes drawn from his own experience.

But during the drive into town she was quiet, apparently absorbed in her duties as driver, or content to listen. He noted her mood of abstraction, and without knowing its immediate cause, became obedient to it. She was entitled to her moods, and he respected them.

TO Joan, Stephen Edwards was full of surprises. A few days after their ride, he appeared at the house late in the afternoon with a new mechanical toy that he had bought from a hawk on Pennsylvania Avenue. The apparent object of his visit was to bring the toy to Jack. The real object was a cup of tea and a chat with Joan. He had developed a great taste for tea in the afternoon, especially as people in Washington waited until seven o'clock or even eight for their dinners. Another object of his visit, she found, was to ask her opinion of the new suit of clothing which had been sent home that morning from a fashionable tailor that Bob Hastings had found for him.

From any other man than Edwards, the question might have evoked a mild derision, or at least a quizzical irony; but his smile was so bland, his simplicity so childlike, that Joan took him at his face value.

"I think it is very nice," she said quite seriously. "I always liked quiet tones," she added.

The big-brother attitude had begotten a sisterly solicitude which was, it seemed, the most natural return that she could make.

The evening before his dinner at the Curtises' they went to see a motion picture. At the door of her house, as he was leaving, she turned to him.

"Tomorrow night," she said quietly, "you will meet some people who used to be friends of mine. Perhaps I ought to tell you that Mrs. Curtis was once connected, rather unfortunately—in Europe—with an incident in my life." She paused and turned toward the door. "It is a matter, Mr. Edwards, that I don't discuss. But I'll be obliged if—if you don't mention my name to her."

He could not see her face in the shadow, but he knew that into her eyes had come again that look of seeing into the darkness.

"Why, of course not," he answered, "if you don't wish it."

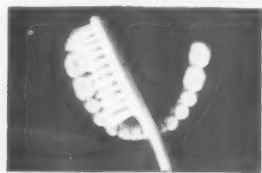
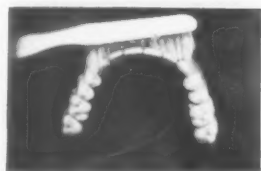
"Thanks," she said. "Good night."

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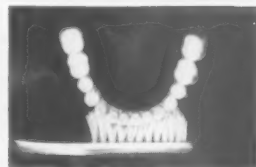
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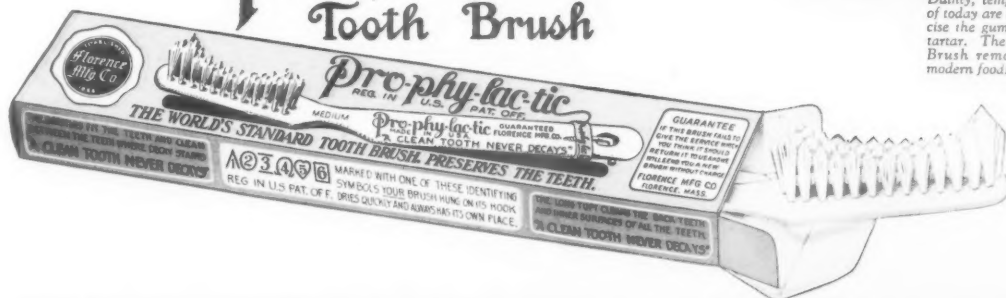


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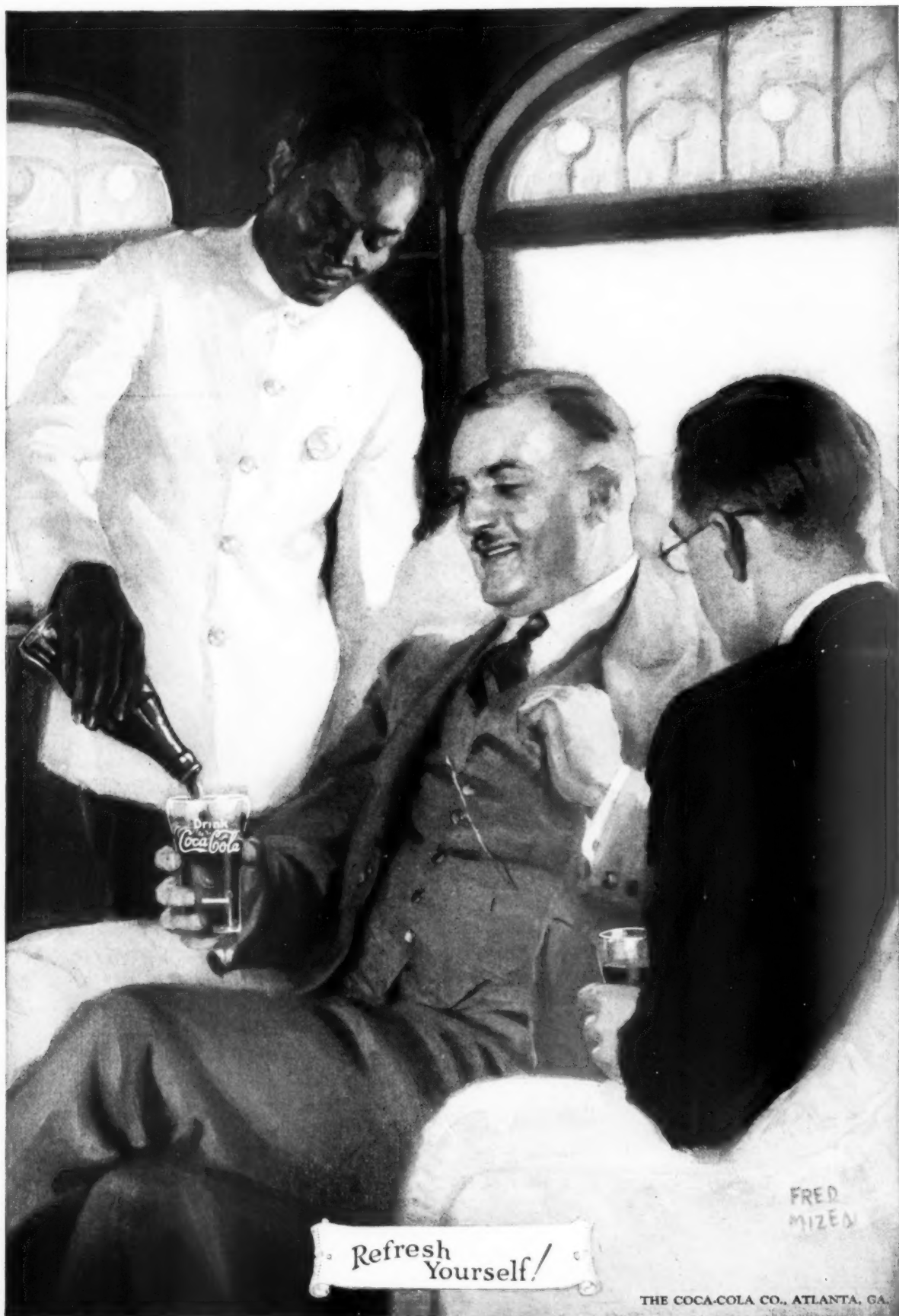
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A L M S O F L O V E

(Continued from page 71)

hide behind a matter-of-fact attitude. Another man might have told her how much he had already done for her, and have promised to do more. Mike Macready was not that kind. That night, wakeful, she compared Macready with Jim, and the comparison was not to the director's disadvantage.

BUT next morning Jim Wheeler called on her. He met her as she was leaving the pretty cottage in which she had been living for the past two years. The color swept over her cheeks, her throat and forehead, as she recognized him. Instinctively her hands went to her bosom. The gesture seemed one of fear, but of abandonment also.

He was as handsome as ever. The same gayety was in his blue eyes, which now glinted with a fierce admiration.

"What do you want?" she asked.

He grinned merrily. "Kitty, you talk like a motion-picture heroine. Isn't that what they always say when the villain reappears? What do I want? Well, I'll answer as a motion-picture hero would do: I want my wife."

"I'm not your wife," she told him.

"More motion-picture stuff. Well, I'll play up to you. In the eyes of the law, no, but in the eyes of God—Kitty, your wandering boy has come home."

Here he was again, as insolently sure of himself as in the old days when he had laughed away her tears. He was as confident of his power over her as he had been three years ago—and, she admitted, as justly confident. He had not Macready's stability of character; he lacked Macready's simple honesty. But he was the man she loved, and he swept aside her weak defences with a laugh.

"Saw you in a picture five days ago in New York. Been batting around Europe for a year. Didn't know you'd gone in for this sort of thing. Saw you, and you conquered. Kitty, I'm a damned scoundrel, but I love you."

"You know that you don't exaggerate in your characterization of yourself, don't you?" she asked.

"Nor in my expression of my feeling for you. Kitty, you're the one woman in the world."

She smiled cynically. "I happen to be the woman to whom you're making this statement at the moment."

"You're the only woman to whom I ever will make it," he retorted.

"Suppose I grant that; what then?"

"We're going to be married," he said.

And she knew that he told the truth. She was a fool, an utter idiot, but—she loved him. But the same pride that had made her divorce him made her refuse to yield at his first attack.

"When we parted last, I meant never to speak to you again," she said. "I don't want to speak to you now. I haven't changed my mind. I'm going to work," she finished abruptly.

She walked by him, trembling. He made no effort to detain her. Her knees gave way as she entered her car. To save herself, she could not have forborne a backward glance as the car rolled away. He was staring after her.

Macready caught up with her as she hurried through the studio gates late that afternoon.

"Want to talk to you. What's the matter? No pep today. Got the idea that I'm going to bother you? If you have, forget it."

She turned a wan face to him. "Bless your decent heart, Mike, you aren't the kind to bother a woman."

"But something—or some one—is worrying you. What is it?" he demanded.

"My husband came to see me this morning," she told him. And as she uttered the words, Jim Wheeler crossed the street from where he had been lounging for hours.

"Kitty," he said, "I want to take up our conversation right where we left it off this morning."

"Mike," she said to Macready, "this is my husband. Jim, this is my director."

Macready bristled. "Mrs. Wheeler tells me that you've been annoying her. You let her alone."

Wheeler looked at the truculent director. "I hate scenes," he said softly. "Is there any quiet spot where we won't be disturbed?"

"I love scenes," snapped Macready. "Publicity, any kind, is my meat. I'd just as lief thrash you here as anywhere else."

"A man after my own heart," said Wheeler.

But Kitty caught at his arm. She looked at Macready. "Mike, I'm sorry. But I love him."

Macready took the blow gallantly. His fist unclenched. He extended his open hand to Wheeler. "You're a lucky man; try to deserve your luck."

Wheeler took the proffered hand. "I will," he said.

THEY were remarried that evening. Macready was their best man, and he gracefully released Kitty from her contract with Zenith Films. The couple went upon a second honeymoon to San Francisco. Somehow it seemed that the separation had been wiped out of their lives. At least, so it seemed for the first few days. And then Kitty thought that Jim had become restive. She saw him eying with furtive approval the pretty girls whom they chanced to encounter. She berated herself for her own feelings. Jealousy was such a degrading emotion.

They returned to Hollywood. It was decided to leave the children in charge of their competent governess while their father and mother went to New York to reopen their home there. And on the day before they were to leave, Macready gave them a party out at Crescent Inn, the famous resort where motion-picture folk seek relaxation. In the middle of a dance with Macready, Kitty glanced at her husband. He was whispering something into the ear of his pretty blonde partner. She felt a quick fear. But once again she put the unworthy doubt from her.

They went in separate cabs toward the

railroad station next morning. Jim had some business to attend to downtown, and Kitty wanted to bid a last farewell to her friends at the studio.

"Happy?" asked Macready.

"Oughtn't I to be?" she countered.

"Are you?" he asked.

"Of course," she blazed.

"That's what I wanted to know," he smiled. "And don't forget that we can make a new contract any time you want to."

"I won't," said Kitty.

She reentered the cab and started for the station. She passed a billboard which bore her name. With a pang she realized how fond she had become of her new life. But she was more fond of Jim. She thought with delight of his boyish ways, his merry eyes. And then, because the mind turns to unpleasant thoughts as well as to happy ones, she thought of his manner toward other women even now, before their second honeymoon had waned.

Unconscious of a traffic block that had halted their progress, she stared unseeing ahead of her. For the first time since Jim had come back and swept her off her feet, she asked herself what had impelled him to his action.

His love had had a renaissance, but what had inspired this rebirth? What had Mrs. Schoolcraft said on that day so long ago when she had advised Kitty to divorce her husband? That Kitty ought to endeavor to bring Jim back to her—not to let him come back when he felt like it, but to hold him. She had also said that love was not spontaneous. No, she hadn't said that, but she had laughed when Kitty had stated that love must be spontaneous or else have no existence.

But was Kitty's statement true? Her love for Jim was spontaneous; it needed no fuel, no assiduous attention. But was Jim's love the same? Didn't it need unremitting care lest its flames become embers, and the embers ashes?

Jim had agreed to a divorce. According to his own statement, he had seen her in a picture and had fallen in love with her again. But was he not already becoming used to her? Wasn't he already looking aside?

The traffic jam cleared. She arrived at the station to find Jim frantically awaiting her.

"You're just in time," he cried.

"I'm not going," she told him. "I'm going back to work."

Into his eyes came something that she had never seen there before—a lack of confidence in his own ability to order the lives of others.

"But Kitty—what about me?" he cried.

"And if I go with you, what about me?" she countered.


"You're my wife," he told her.

"I'm also Kitty Wheeler, the film actress."

"Do you put acting before me?" he asked.

"Do you put the actress before your wife?"

"I don't know what you mean," he



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said. "Kitty, the train's starting. I have important business in New York." "And I have important business here," she said.

"Will you join me later?" he asked. "You'll have to come back here," she told him.

The engine shrieked. The porters were closing the car doors. He swung upon the step.

"I'll come back next month," he cried.

THE train moved away. Blindly she made her way to her cab. He would come back to her. And that was the way it must always be. If she went with him, he would forget her existence. He had come back to her because she was no longer Kitty Wheeler the wife, but Kitty Wheeler the great success in the world of films, the woman admired by millions. He would always come back to her if she were the famous actress.

In the cab she wept openly. To her, love was spontaneous, and always would

be so. All love was not like hers. But merely because Jim's love was different, it was not necessarily less worth while. She had come to understanding, and to the realization that love is worth battle, struggle and self-denial. Jim could be held only by the withholding of herself. His wor' required him in the East—not all the time, but frequently. Her work would keep her here. Always, in their days of separation, he would wonder if the attraction of her work were stronger than the attraction of himself. And wonderment would keep him loyal.

Ah, perhaps loyalty won in such a way was not worth while. Some people might scorn it. But she happened to love her man, and she would take what she could and be happy.

She even managed to smile as she returned to the studio to tell Macready that she wanted to go to work again. No longer was she one who accepted the alms of love; instead, she gave them.

THE BRIDGE OF BEAUTY

(Continued from page 35)

"There are few things in the world so beautiful," he read, "as love's first kiss, the color blue, and the chord of the minor seventh."

Mell wished that he had been the one who had thought of that.

"The chord of the minor seventh," he repeated. "Sounds pretty, but I wonder what it is."

The question came to him later when Ben Krauss, a regular customer, entered the store for a bottle of hair-dye. Ben was an elderly saxophone-player who had to keep his hair dark because he was one of Müller's Melody Boys. For the last few years he had been playing jazz, but in his youth he had had his dreams.

"You want to tell me something, Ben?" asked Mell, when he had wrapped up a bottle of Dark Chestnut.

"Guess so," said Ben. "What is it?"

"Tell me this, then: what's the chord of the minor seventh?"

Ben took him to Curland's Music-shop around the corner and struck the chord for him—his hands a moment later unconsciously straying into Schumann's "Träumerei."

"That's it," he said, striking it again.

"Sounds like sunset," thought Mell.

Which wasn't so bad, everything considered. He did better than that, though, on his way back to the store—inoffensive though he might have been, little as he was.

"The stars are the silent music of the gods," he thought.

But still he wasn't satisfied, although he found it hard to put his dissatisfaction into words.

THE next day was a holiday, and Mell went home at noon, leaving the clerk in charge.

"You'll have to get your own lunch," shouted Floss from upstairs, her voice muffled as though one side of her mouth were filled with hairpins. "I'm going out!"

She came down ten minutes later in her gray suit and purple hat—dressed and corseted to kill.

"Ed Lonergan, and his sister, and a friend of hers are going for a ride," she told him, "and they asked me to go along, too."

She spoke defiantly, as though she would like to treat herself to the excitement of a row before embarking on the larger pleasures of the afternoon; but Mell didn't gratify her. At the front of the house a car stopped with Ed Lonergan at the wheel, broad-faced and heavy-jowled, barbered to perfection and full of a heavy gallantry.

"I don't know whether I'll be back in time for supper or not," said Floss over her shoulder as she opened the front door.

Mell watched her get into the waiting car, Ed helping her with his heavy gallantry, watched the car start and disappear up the street.

Floss had been gone about an hour when Mell decided upon an excursion of his own, taking a trolley to the woods that skirted the Palisades, and then striking toward the river over a path which he had used before. For a time the trees were so thick that they shut out the view, but after a few minutes they began to grow thinner, narrow vistas of the opposite shore appearing between their trunks. Mell made for a group of rocks which formed a seat near the brink of the drop, and being more or less engaged in his own thoughts, at first he didn't notice the girl who was painting under one of the trees. He sat very quietly then, not more than ten yards away from her; and although most of the time his eyes were toward the river, occasionally he looked her way, wondering how well she was getting on, and wishing that he could see what she was doing. But whenever he looked in her direction, he did it cautiously, shyly, almost apprehensively—as though in fear that she might think him "fresh."

Once when he looked, he saw that she was frowning at something near her feet, and then she caught his glance.

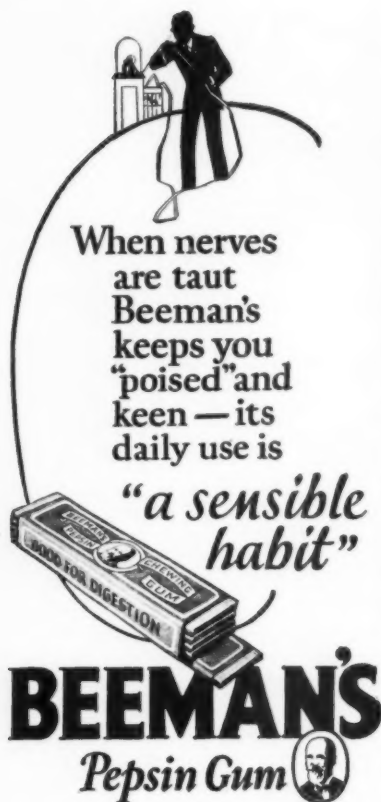
"Pardon me," she said, "but do you know if this is poison ivy?"



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Mell went over to see.
"No," he told her, "that's mountain
laurel."

She thanked him with one of those im-
personal smiles.

"I've never been here before," she
said; and seeing that he was looking at
her work, she made a face and added,
"I'm not very good at this, you know,"
and then in a lower voice, as much to
herself as to him: "I ought to have
started long before I did."

AT first Mell didn't catch the signifi-
cance of her last remark; but seat-
ing himself as inoffensively as ever on a
stone not far from her elbow,—"I'll only
stay a few minutes," he told himself,
"and then I'll go back where I was,"—
he began to see what she had meant. She
was, he guessed, about twenty, very thin,
and with features that somehow reminded
him of the delicate curves of his line of
beauty. If she had been pale, it would
have been all right—or if she had been
anemic of gesture. But although her
forehead and neck were white enough,
her cheeks were warm with bright, ir-
regular color; and everything she did
seemed to be touched with the fire of
vitality, a fire that was burning prodig-
ally as though it couldn't be checked.
Mell had seen girls of that type come
to the store for medicine; and sometimes
when one went out, hoping that she had
what she wanted in a package under-
neath her arm,—happiness and joy of
life, children yet unborn and sweet old
age,—he would say to his clerk: "The
medicine that girl needs, Fred, don't
come in bottles."

"I guess that's why she comes out-
doors," he thought, watching the one at
the easel. "She may get over it yet."

It was really a good picture that she
was putting on the canvas, rich with
browns and reds, though here and there,
he thought, especially in the white clouds
against the sky, it looked rather woolly
with paint.

"I think it's good," he said aloud.

"It isn't," she told him, busy, more
than busy, with her brush.

He remarked a surprising thing, then.

"Anyhow," he said, "it's hard to get
hold of beauty, and put it to one side to
keep, as if it were bags of salt, or barrels
of turnips, or something like that."

She turned that over in her mind, and
then looked at Mell with more attention.

"Have you ever tried it?" she asked.

He nodded.

"How?"

If she hadn't turned, he might not
have told her; but her arm being tired,
she laid down her palette and brushes
and leaned back against the tree, half-
turning, so that she faced him. Mell
tried to tell her about the line, then, and
when he got through, she clapped her
hands and cried: "Oh, I love that! I
think it's splendid!"

Mell felt big at the way she took it,
and when presently she returned to her
painting, he got off another of his good
things.

"Are you afraid of spiders?" he asked.

"Dreadfully!" she exclaimed.

"The spider," said he, "is the tiger of
the insects," and looked at her as though
to say: "How's that?"

She didn't seem to think much of it,
but went on working.

"Tell me," she said, stopping to rest
her arm again, "what else have you done,
except your line of beauty?"

Somewhat clumsily, then, he tried to
tell her of his pursuit of a thought of
beauty, and again she clapped her hands.

"Lovely!" she cried.

They were each a bit breathless, each
a bit glowing—she in her praise, and he
because she had praised him; and if you
had been there, you might perhaps have
thought of them as two embers each
keeping the other warm.

PRESENTLY she packed her things to-
gether, and he helped her carry them
through the woods. The path was ir-
regular, as woodland paths are apt to
be, and once when they came to a gully
where the dried-up course of a brook
crossed the road, he stepped down first
and waited for her, and she steadied her-
self with her hand on his shoulder while
she made the jump.

"Do you live around here?" she asked.

"Not far away." And possibly trying
to impress her, he added: "Of course I
have my business in New York."

"Where?" she asked.

He told her, and she repeated it after
him.

"Are you going to the trolley now?"
he asked, as they reached the State road.

"No," she said; "the car's waiting at
the bend here."

They rounded the corner and came in
sight of one of those cars with a victoria
top and a custom-made body and a
wheel-base so long that when you stand
at one side behind it and look along
toward the front wheels, you get the
effect of perspective. A chauffeur hastily
arose from the side of the road and
opened the door.

"You'll let me take you home," said
the girl to Mell.

"No, no, it's all right," he said in
alarm, wondering what Floss would say
if she were home first, and saw him
rolling up like that. "I—I was only out
for a walk, you know."

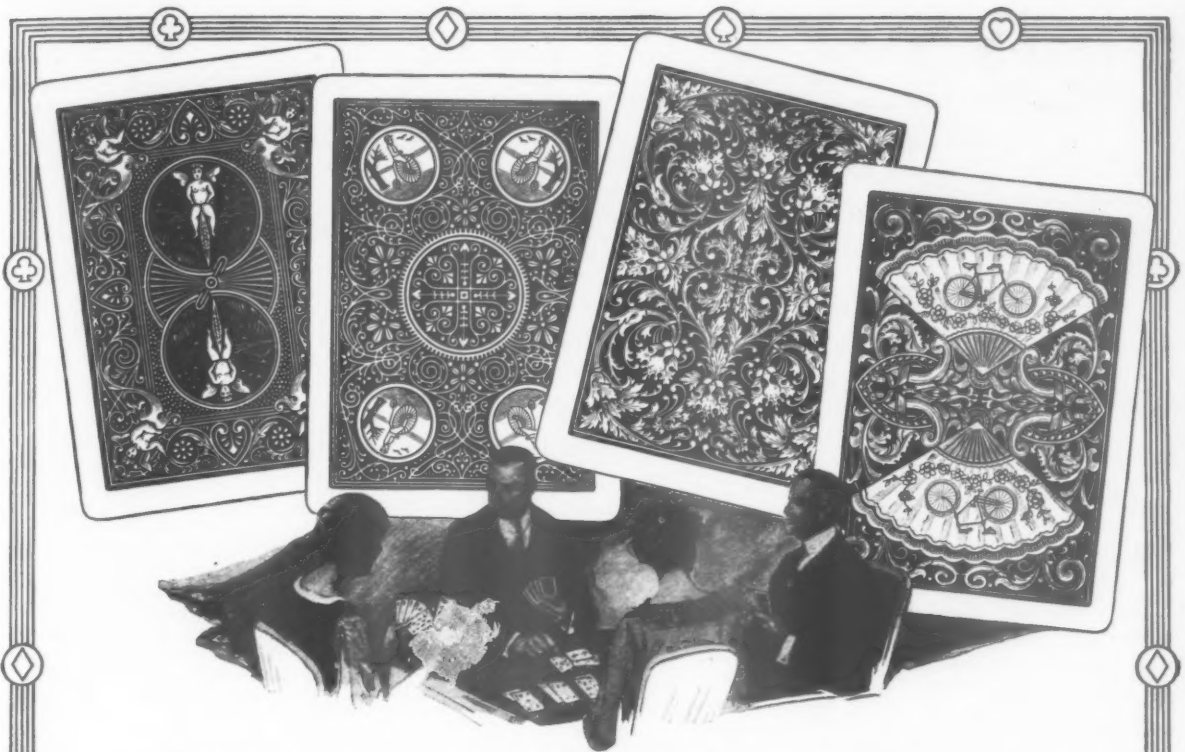
The door closed behind her; the chauffeur
stored her paraphernalia by the side
of the front seat and took his place at
the wheel.

"You've been awfully nice," said the
girl, leaning forward so she could speak
to Mell through the window. "I'll see
you again soon, I hope." And then:
"Good-by."

He watched the car make the bend,
and when it had disappeared, his first
reflection could hardly be called a
thought of beauty.

"Now, what do you think of that!" he
breathed.

UNEASILY Mell began to notice the
facetious intimacy between Floss and
Ed Lonergan, their private jokes, their
catchwords. In his way, Ed wasn't such
a bad fellow. He gave freely, for instance,
to any old derelict who approached him.
"Here, for heaven's sake, take this dol-
lar and go get a good feed, and don't let
me see you again till next Christmas!"
Floss told, too, with obvious pride, how
she had seen tears in his eyes at a sad
movie. In the afternoons she often went



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out with Ed in his machine, and although she was generally home before Mell, she never made any particular effort to hide where she had been.

"There's one thing I like about Ed Loneran," she said one night. "He's full of gimp. He's not going to sit back and see everybody else make money; he's going to make a bunch for himself, and he's going to do it quick while the making's good."

Another evening, when Mell went down cellar for the coal, he noticed a new set-kettle by the side of the furnace—one of those enormous affairs that might be used to make soup for an army of giants. By the side of this were a number of unopened boxes.

"What you going to do downstairs?" he asked Floss when he came up.

"Oh, nothing," she said. "Everybody's got one of those things."

"You'll get in trouble, yet," he warned her.

"Trouble, nothing!" she scoffed. "Why should I get in trouble, any more than anybody else gets in trouble? And anyhow, you should worry! If I get into trouble, believe me, I'll get out again, and you won't have to help me, either!"

She was eagerly ready for a row, he saw, if he wished to offer battle; but, "What's the use?" he asked himself. "I'll only get the worst of it." And back he went to the sitting-room and his own obscure devices.

The next night Floss sprang a new one on him.

"I think I'll keep a few boarders," she said. "No more trouble to cook for

three or four than it is for two, and the money will come in handy."

Mell had a flash of divination.

"You mean Ed Loneran?" he asked.

"Ed for one, yes," she said, raising her voice. "He's going to move in tomorrow."

"There'll be no other," thought Mell; and perhaps you can guess the way he felt. He went down for the coal soon afterward and noticed that the new kettle was working. The air of the cellar was heavy with the odor of simmering mash.

"I don't know what to do," he told himself; and then more thoughtfully: "She wasn't half so bad till Ed Loneran came along."

In the morning Floss said: "I want you to bring a quart of alcohol home tonight—good grain alcohol. And if you want any reason to save your conscience, I haven't been feeling very well lately, and the doctor says I've got to rub myself."

"They'll taste it, anyhow, both she and Loneran," mused Mell; and on the heels of that, another thought entered his mind—a dark thought, and a complete thought, and one untouched with beauty.

AFTER lunch Mell was back of the prescription counter again with an empty quart bottle in front of him—detached, thoughtful, and rather somber, too, if the truth be told—when the boy came for him.

"There's a lady to see you," he announced.

"What for?" asked Mell. "Dope?"

"Don't look so to me. She came in a big car, with a chauffeur and everything."

Mell hurried around back of the counter, and found her waiting for him with a smile. "She's—beautiful," he thought, something catching at his heart. Beautiful, yes, but when the smile was gone, he could see that more than ever she needed medicine that didn't come in bottles.

"I felt I wanted to see you again," she said. "I was going over to Fort Lee for an hour or so, and I thought I'd stop on the way."

She spoke to him then with her eyes—that language which all girls know; and answering her glance rather than her words, Mell said: "I wish I was going with you."

There was silence for a moment; and then, "I wish you could," said she.

He changed his white coat, and they were soon on their way to the ferry, Mell marveling at the wonder of it, he in a luxurious, softly upholstered car like that, with a beautiful girl by his side!

"Did you ever read of Keats?" she asked.

"Yes," said Mell, "the druggist's clerk."

"I'm glad you know. I was thinking of you both last night."

Mell felt his heart grow full. "Oh, but I'm no Keats, you know," he said. "I'm only—" He made a gesture that had both sadness and patience in it. "I'm only an ordinary dub."

She wouldn't have that, though.

"Have you found your thought of beauty yet?" she asked.

"Not yet. I've been bothered quite a lot. The other afternoon, when I was talking with you, I thought I nearly had it once, but somehow it got away again."

She clapped her hands, her lips parted, her eyes bright.

"I'm glad you nearly had it when you were with me," she said. "And after you get it, what then?"

"I don't know yet," he told her; "but I guess there's always something farther on."

At the Palisades the chauffeur helped them with easel and case, and then went back to mind the car.

"Do you like to paint?" Mell asked her.

"I don't know," she said with a quick gesture, "but I feel I ought to do something."

Whether or not she liked to paint, he liked to watch her—liked to talk with her, and now and then to laugh with her; and the more they talked together, the more it seemed to him that he had known her ever so long. Once, too, while she was looking at him, he nearly had his thought of beauty again—stopped and groped for it, but couldn't quite get it. They were there nearly two hours, and then a breeze from the east began to flutter the leaves above them.

"I get cold so easily," she said, buttoning her sweater around her.

"Poor thing!" thought Mell, as though she had been a child.

"I get tired so soon," she said, another time, when she was resting.

Again Mell felt his heart grow full.

Suddenly she became dissatisfied with her picture, and it was all he could do to keep her from smudging it out. They talked again then, and finally packed the things and started for the car. When they came to the gully and he stepped down first, she put her hand on his shoulder and then paused.

"There ought to be a little bridge here," she said.

"Wait!" he exclaimed, half turning.

SHE kept her hand on his shoulder as a child might have done, and looked down at him inquiringly as though to say: "What now?"

"I've got it!" he declared. Listen! Beauty is the bridge that leads to—"

"Go on!" she said, breathlessly nodding, her eyes never leaving his.

"No, that's it!" he cried. "Don't you see? It can't be finished, because Beauty is a thing that's never complete. It's just as we said awhile ago: there's always something farther on."

In his excitement he stammered a little; and catching his fire, she cried, "Yes, yes; I see now!" and clapped her hands.

"But it's a bridge," he continued; "that's the main thing. It connects to something, and it leads to something, and where it leads, you can finish that to suit yourself. It leads to understanding—things that aren't clear now—or it leads to dreams." His voice trembled. "Even to freedom!" he almost breathed. "There's hardly anything good that it may not lead to."

Again she caught his thrill and answered it; and again, if you had been there, you might have thought of them as two embers, each keeping the other warm.



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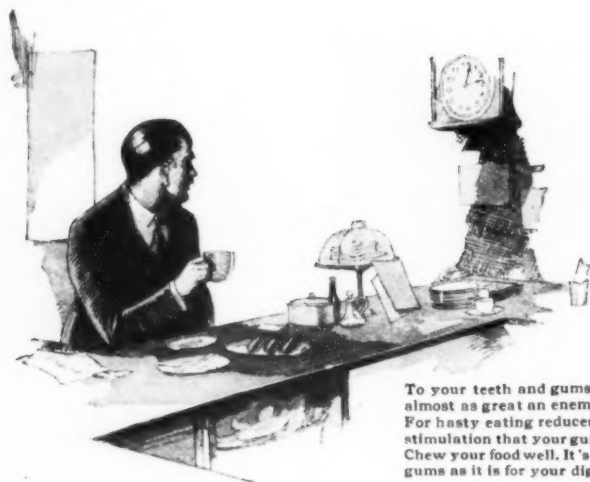
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THIS modern food of ours may be delicious, but it's soft. It does not give the brisk exercise that rough, coarse food once gave. It does not stir your gums to health. Probably you eat it hastily. That, too, cheats the gums of exercise, of stimulation. Gums become soft and pampered. The toothbrush begins to "show pink." And then follows that train of tooth troubles showing such an alarming rate of increase today—those troubles whose source is a weakened gum structure, and whose course, if unchecked, leads straight from gingivitis to pyorrhea.

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For in strengthening soft gums and healing bleeding gums, Ipana has a very specific virtue. It contains ziranol, a positive antiseptic and germicide, and a preparation with a recognized hemostatic value. Throughout the country ziranol is used by dentists, after extraction, to allay the bleeding of the wound, to heal infected tissue, and to restore to irritated and congested gums their normal tonicity. Indeed, Ipana, in the relatively short time that it has been before the profession, has proved itself to be the great enemy of the "pink" toothbrush.

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G-3

When Mell reached home, his wife and Ed Lonergan were finishing their dinner. They hadn't waited for him. Evidently they had refreshed themselves with steak and onions, and Mell guessed that it was Ed who had brought the steak.

"We were both tired," said Floss, "so we started."

Floss looked tired, too, he thought; the cellar had taken much of her time the last few days. Mell didn't want to think too much about it—he knew he couldn't stop it; but he had guessed that whatever his wife was making in the cellar, Ed Lonergan was going to peddle out in his wet-wash bundles.

"You can sit up; can't you?" said Floss belligerently. "There's plenty left for you."

If Mell hadn't been so enrapt in his thought of beauty, he might have noticed that the cloth had been pulled away—might even have heard the sudden scraping of chairs when he had opened the front door.

A FORTNIGHT passed before Mell saw the girl again, and then one afternoon when he had nearly given her up, the boy came back of the partition, and before he spoke, Mell knew who was in the store.

She was going to finish the picture, and a few minutes later they were in the car together, rolling toward the ferry.

"Have you thought any more," she asked when she stopped to rest after working for a time on the picture, "about your bridge of beauty?"

It seemed that he had been thinking a lot about it.

"You know," he hesitated, fearing that she wouldn't be able to grasp something which he himself could hardly express in words, "I believe you have to pay a toll."

"A toll?"

"Yes." And he made a gesture as though trying to grasp sounds that would at least give some faint echo to his thoughts. "I believe, somehow, that you have to do something beautiful before you can cross it—that you can't just get over with—wanting to. You have to pay, somehow."

"But how?"

He tried to tell her, but it was hard to do.

"I was reading the other day," he said, "about a sculptor. He's been swelling around New York, and getting his name in the papers because of his wonderful statuettes. And all the time, it seems, he left his wife three or four years ago, and she's been doing washing and ironing, back home, for herself and her two children, and never gets a cent out of him. Now, there's a man—seems so to me—who isn't paying the toll. He can stand on the bridge,—he's standing there now, I guess,—but I don't believe he'll ever be able to cross it."

"Like those who are always talking about art and music, but never do anything themselves?" she asked.

"Something like that," he agreed. "It's hard to tell; but I'm sure there's a toll to pay."

Toward the end of their afternoon, they didn't have the happiest time. She grew dispirited, dejected, and before he

could stop her, she smudged the picture and would have thrown it into the bushes. "I'm tired," she said. "Tired! Tired of everything."

She cried a little then, and Mell comforted her.

"There! There! I know. You'll feel better soon!"

"Better!" she gently scoffed, with a wry-lipped smile.

On the way back to the car, she stopped at the gully where Mell had first thought of the bridge of beauty.

"Listen," she began, quietly enough, her hand upon his shoulder. "If I don't come again—" And then with a quick gesture she stooped down and kissed him—kissed him almost with passion, and yet on the cheek, her face pressed to his for a moment, her wet eyelashes brushing his forehead.

The weeks passed, but Mell didn't see her again. He watched for her, but she didn't come. He began to feel lost—not only felt it, but showed it so that even Floss noticed it.

"What are you mooning around so much for lately?" she asked Mell one evening at the dinner-table.

Ed Lonergan, drinking his coffee, grinned down his nose. It always faintly amused him when Floss clapped on her spurs and began to ride Mell.

"Make yourself useful, anyhow," she said. "Let's have some more coffee."

He filled her cup after he had poured hot water in the pot; but Ed wouldn't have any, quickly covering the top of his cup with his hand, his grin vanishing.

"He's afraid," thought Mell; and again his dark thought came to him. He went to bed late that night, and hadn't been asleep long when he dreamed of the girl who had kissed him. She came to his bedside and touched her lips to his cheek, her face pressed against his, her wet eyelashes brushing his forehead. Mell awoke with a cry and found that his wife had switched on the light, and was regarding him with suspicion.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"Yes, there is. What was it?"

"Only a dream."

Her next question startled him.

"Who did you dream was dead?" she asked.

"Dead?"

"Yes, that's what you were shouting. 'She's dead, I tell you; she's dead!' Who did you dream was dead?"

He didn't dare to tell her the truth.

"I dreamed that you were dead," he said at last.

"Seemed to upset you a lot!" she replied with renewed suspicion.

Mell looked at her, grim, tremendous in her nightdress, and then he turned away and closed his eyes.

"Perhaps," he thought, "I'll dream of her again."

And he tried with all his might to go to sleep.

THROUGHOUT the next few weeks Mell dreamed of her again at odd intervals; and every night he went to bed eagerly, wondering if he would see her before morning. Sometimes he walked with her, and sometimes he sat and watched her. Sometimes she comforted



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him; and sometimes, listening to him, she would breathlessly nod her head and clap her hands. One morning when he awoke, he said to himself without hesitation: "She wants me to keep on. That was why she liked me."

He left early for the store that morning, and as soon as he could, he cleared a space on the counter back of the partition and started tracing his line of beauty—curves of slender grace and delicate purity, which more than ever reminded him of her—and vaguely feeling now and then that she was possibly watching over his shoulder.

"Beauty," he told himself, "is the bridge that leads to—"

A line of beauty: he had found that. A thought of beauty: he had found that too. And now if he could only find the bridge of beauty! More than ever his manner grew detached—an inoffensive little man, but more and more at times possessed with a serenity of glance that had possibilities in it.

One evening Floss said to him: "I'm going to get a car."

"A car?" he echoed, frowning a little.

"That's what I said: a car. You aint getting deaf, too, are you?"

He knew that she was prospering in her enterprise with Ed Lonergan. Her dress showed that, to say nothing of a ring she had bought—in shape and size about as large as the ace of diamonds. The heavy, sweet smell of mash was constantly in the cellar, and every night Ed ran his delivery-car around to the basement entrance, and took some of his wet-wash bundles inside as though for safer keeping. If Mell had been watching more closely, he might have guessed that those bundles were filled with bottles—bottles which entered the cellar empty, but didn't go out that way. Once, indeed, when Ed and Floss were having one of their confidential conferences, he had heard Ed say: "A hundred dollars a day, and we've hardly started. Everybody says it's the best stuff they've had—probably think it's the real thing, and comes from the store." Mell didn't hear what was said next, but in a little while he caught a few words from Floss. "That poor prune!" It was the tone as much as the phrase that enlightened him. "That's me," he thought, without any amazement.

And now Floss was getting a car.

MELL could drive. When his mother was alive, and things had been better, they had kept a car. Yes, Mell could drive; but so, of course, could Ed Lonergan.

"He'll do the driving," thought Mell.

At least he did part of it. The car arrived on a Saturday afternoon—an imperial affair, flashing with varnish and nickel and beveled plate glass—a car, in short, to make the neighbors think it over, and irritate the eyesight of the envious. Floss and Ed tried it out a few miles that afternoon, Ed at the wheel; but the next day when they went for a longer drive, taking a basket with them "to christen the car," they couldn't for very shame leave Mell at home so soon, and for the same reason they couldn't very well put him on the back seat and forget him. So Ed drove, and

Mell sat by his side, Floss on the rear seat in a new outfit which included a long military cape and a tricorne hat.

They went to Sparkill and returned in time for a late afternoon picnic on the Palisades. Ed guided the car through the woods, along a road with which both he and Floss seemed acquainted, and they finally came to a stop with the river below them, at a point not far away from the dried-up brook. They opened their basket there, the sun low in the west, and after Ed had thrown the first empty bottle over the ledge, and had listened for the tinkling echo of its landing on the railway track below, Mell started to stroll among the trees, partly to get away, for a time, from the loud laughter behind him, and perhaps partly to see if he could find the place he knew so well. He was gone longer than he thought—and yet—he almost returned before he was expected.

Floss jumped up, nervous and peevish. "Mooning off like that!" she exclaimed. "As though other people weren't good enough for you! Just for that, you can drive the car yourself going home, and Ed'll sit in the back seat with me. Keeps it from jolting better with two in the back," she added, none too pleased at hearing herself making excuses.

Mell took his place in the driver's seat, with the other two behind him. It was getting dark then, and Ed leaned through the rear door to take bearings. "You'll have to back to turn around," he said. "I'll tell you what to do. Straight back now. Straight back. Back. . . . Back. . . . Now to the left. . . . To the right, I mean! Hey, for God's sake, quick! Put your brakes on!"

THE brush had hidden a dip in the ground. The car lurched backward, and in spite of all that Mell could do with the brakes, it didn't come to a stop until the rear end had knocked over a rail that edged the Palisades. And there it hung, ominously inclined, its rear wheels not far from the brink of disaster, Mell pressing on the foot-brake and holding back the emergency with all the strength that was in him. In the rear seat, Ed was frantically trying to open his door, but the broken rail held it shut. The car slipped back another inch—another.

"I could make it, all right," flashed through Mell's mind. "One quick swing at the door, and I'd be safe. But the minute I let go the brakes, it's all over with those two in the back."

To go on or to stop—it doesn't come to every man to have such a royal choice. To go on, and be free of nearly all that had troubled him; or to stop and—

"Quick!" he suddenly exclaimed over his shoulder. "Get out, if you can! I think I can hold her long enough!"

They scrambled out through Floss' door, and only just in time. A minute later two men who had been walking the track below, ran to where the car had struck. Mell's head was unmarked, and on his face was a smiling serenity—the look of one, it might be said, who had cheerfully paid his toll, the look of one, it might be said, who had heard the clapping of welcoming hands as he crossed the bridge of beauty.



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ALIAS DOLAN

(Continued from page 66)

thing you've read. A man who can make the coffee you can isn't going to be slow in learning how to lay a fly."

And oh, the nights! The opal mists, low-lying, the pine tops in the clear, the brilliant moon above!

And there were the ruddy dawns, too, with all the wood and water life breaking out. One morning he had come upon a deer eating the potato-parings not five feet from the kitchen door. His astonishment had been quite equal to that of the deer.

The beauty of the wilderness overpowered him, and often came the impulse to kneel and kiss the sod. Had he ever taught music at a dollar the hour? It did not seem possible.

But over it all lay the intangible puzzle. There was Jean the guide, always sullen and of growling speech. It seemed to the Professor that the usual conduct between guide and employer did not obtain there. Jean wasn't respectful; he was only obedient, by force of necessity, for Synde was an extraordinarily powerful man, and performed Herculean tasks about the camp for the mere sport of it.

Once the Professor had heard voices in the night, the tramping of feet somewhere about the house; but his curiosity had been inactive.

Occasionally a man dropped into camp. It was not always the same man, but always one who was burly and sullen. Jean would fill the man's arms with packages of tobacco, and the visitor would vanish into the forest out of which he had come.

Mystery; but the Professor promised himself that he would attend to his own affairs. Once Synde had said: "When I'm off on one of my jaunts, stick around the house." It was a friendly warning.

"Why is it necessary for some one to make you laugh?" the Professor asked upon this day of the caught line. "Don't you ever do it spontaneously? You get your fun out of people's mishaps."

"What's your notion of humor?" shot back Synde, grinning sardonically.

"Why—why—" the Professor stammered.

"You don't know. Well, I'll tell you. All humor is based upon mishap and misery. Supposing you went gallantly to war and came back to find your job gone and your promised bride married to some one else? Isn't that the funniest thing God ever laid down for a man to laugh at?"

Synde flung down the rod and made off toward camp. Greatly shocked by what he knew to be a revelation, the Professor picked up the rod and disjoined it, mechanically. A woman! But the loss of a job shouldn't have mattered, for there was every indication that Synde was wealthy. Some woman who hadn't been worthy. . . . To keep on making this man laugh, then, by premeditated awkwardness, to pay for this vacation in full!

The camp had been a revelation. He had always associated camps with tents, canvas cots and reeking kerosene lanterns. This camp was a rambling log cabin, with many rooms, containing all the average comforts of civilization. To lease it must have cost Synde a pretty penny.

That night thirst awoke the Professor, and as he opened his bedroom door (next to the kitchen) he heard voices in the living-room. He did not mean to listen; he was not conscious of acting the part of eavesdropper; he was still bemused with sleep.

"I'll send him away when I get good and ready!" Synde's voice.

"Well, the boys are leery. They don't want to bury another stiff. If this old chap begins to snoop—"

"He isn't that kind, Lefty."

"The boys don't like it."

"I don't give a damn what the boys like or don't. I'm boss here. The Professor stays because he has the ability to make me laugh. Come across. Are they starting a row, and using their dislike of the Professor as a blind?"

"They're a rough lot."

"And you are the little peacemaker? Bah! I'm treating them square, living up to the contract. Who's starting this ruckus?"

"Stony Mike."

"All right. One of these days I'll pile on top of Mike. Because I make the trick look easy, you chaps think you could do it alone. Try it."

"Look here, boss. I'm on your side. Don't try to handle Mike with your fists. Oh, you can lick him; but he'll get nasty over the Pierre business. There weren't any witnesses, he says, but he says he's willing to take your word for it, if you'll take his."

"Tell him to go to the devil!" was Synde's response. "I'm running this game; tell him so."

"All right, boss."

A door closed. Silence. The Professor crept back to his bed, his thirst forgotten.

THE days slipped into weeks. The Professor became Indian dark. He never went beyond the clearing into the forest proper, from which he had seen men emerge from time to time and into which they had disappeared—sullen, silent men. He was no fool; something was going on in there—but it was none of his business. He awoke each day filled with unquenchable curiosity; but this curiosity was directed toward the wild life and the secrets of the pools.

Sometimes Synde would be gone three or four days. He would depart in a surly mood, but his return was invariably boisterous. More and more he demanded the society of his cook. He would take the Professor by the arm, after the supper-dishes were out of the way, and propel him into the living-room.

"Play something."

And for an hour the Professor would play. One night, after the musicale, they fell to talking.

"I know nothing of the world," said the Professor. "If I did ask you a question—"

"Go on."

"You spoke of losing your job when you came back from the war."

"Ah, I see. I've grown wealthy since that time." Synde chuckled as he eyed the little old man through the smoke of his pipe. "Yes sir; I've made my pile."

But when I landed in New York, I was flat. Don't you waste any sympathy on Joe Synde; he neither asks nor needs it. He's sitting on top of the world."

A sound and vigorous little old fellow, Synde told himself, but would he be any good in a pinch? Things were going from bad to worse out there in the heart of the forest. Perfectly logical, though. Crooked business and crooked minds went together.

Perhaps he'd better send the Professor home. Game little old codger; in all these weeks of blisters and backaches, not a whimper. Fifty-six years old, and still going strong because he had lived clean. Well, Joe Synde had lived clean too, in the physical sense; he was a crook and a blackguard in his thoughts. Queer, the association with the Professor had turned the light inward many times of late. Clean of body and soiled in soul; and not a grain of regret!

"Professor, I believe I'll send you home."

"Why?"

"Looks to me like rough weather."

"Meaning the men in the woods?"

"Yes. What do you guess?"

"I'd like to stay a little longer. You see, you've made a dream of mine come true. Why don't you go?"

"I'm not the kind that runs away."

"Haven't you run away from the best in life?"—boldly.

Synde stiffened in his chair. "Any animal runs away from the thing that hurts it. Men go to hell because of worthless women, never because of good ones. Toddle along to bed; I want to be alone."

IN the great North Country, the amateur woodsman should stick to the clearings, particularly on gray days, and more particularly, still, if he carries no pocket compass. There are no trails to the untrained eye; and yet the dried pine-needles suggest trails without number. Attempt to follow one of these imaginary trails, and see what happens to you.

It began this way: The Professor had decided to take the west trail for a couple of miles, where he would be out of hearing, and begin his initial practice with the automatic Synde had given him. If he practiced about camp, Jean might show up and become witness to the fact that Henry Belfort, *alias* Dolan, shut his eyes when he pulled the trigger and never had the least notion where the bullet went.

He put the loaded automatic in a side pocket of his coat and proceeded to the rear veranda for a drink. The kitchen veranda was on the east side. Suddenly his eye was snared by one of the loveliest pictures nature has to offer—a young fawn at the edge of the forest. Without recollecting that he had marked this part of the world taboo, the Professor proceeded to stalk the fawn, and managed to get within twenty feet of it. *Whisk*—and it was gone! The Professor plunged after. From time to time the fawn would pause and turn. Its fear was halved by curiosity. It had never heard the report of firearms.

The game of hide-and-seek between the Professor and the fawn lasted for some time; then magically the twilight swallowed up the fawn.



*"It hardly seems possible
I've worked all day
in the office"*

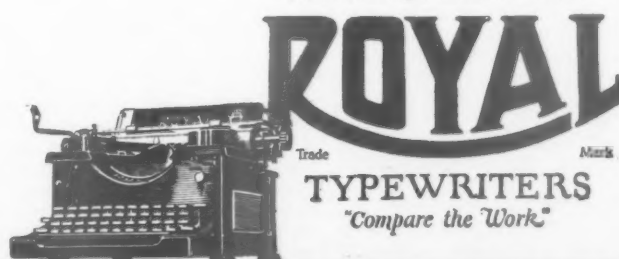
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

He was astonished to find upon looking back that the camp was invisible. He glanced at his watch. It was nearly five o'clock, and he had left the house at a quarter after four. He would have to be getting back. So he turned about, or he thought he did, and became utterly lost, but without coming upon the truth until an hour had passed.

He sat down with his back to a great pine. The notion was to think calmly. Yelling wouldn't do any good, nor would hurrying thither and yon frantically. He was lost. He could not understand how it had happened, but the fact remained. Then came a flutter somewhere in the

region of his stomach. This was a virgin forest; bear and wildcat still abounded. A fire was out of the question; it would be like putting a match to a gasoline tank. What was it he had once read about finding the north in the heart of a forest? He couldn't remember.

There was still some light filtering down. The best thing he could do would be to walk so long as there was light. Perhaps later the moon would break through, and the August moon would be to the southeast. There would be no trouble in finding the west, happen the moon came out.

The wind was up. He could hear it in

the tree-tops, though there was no feel of it down where he was. If it rained, he would probably fall to the grip of pneumonia. He was getting along in years.

All at once the emotion he had striven to batter down burst through. He was afraid, afraid of the oncoming night and the living, prowling things of the night. He had never encountered fear until this hour. It wasn't a pleasant sensation, but he determined not to let panic get hold of him. He rose and began his tramp, any-whither, so long as he kept moving.

A chuckle rose up through the fear and smothered it for a time. Belfort had got him into this; Dolan would have to get him out of it.

The thought had come to him several times to fire the automatic. That was usually done by men lost in the woods. But supposing he emptied the clip, and no one heard, and later he encountered a bear or a cat? So he decided not to waste his ammunition. Not that he expected to hit the possible bear or cat! But the bark of the gun might scare them off.

On, on he went, stumbling frequently over bare roots, picking invisible cobwebs off his face, which was, by this time, streaked with sweat. Darker and darker grew the tree-lanes. He lost his cap and pawed futilely among the fallen leaves and needles. He had no notion of time, for he no longer could see his watch-dial.

He halted. Far away, a pin-point of light became visible. To be sure, he shut his eyes, then opened them. The point of light was still visible. A sob broke from his lips.

THE clearing was of comfortable dimensions. The ground had been scraped free to the clayey soil. At one side were several shacks. From the largest arose a chimney which smoked thinly. Strewn about were casks. A sour spirituous odor was perceptible, steadfast and unfluctuating. In the center of the clearing burned an open fire, touching everything near by with rosy light; and—Synde on one side and six burly, unkempt, truculent men on the other. Synde, his agate-blue eyes blazing, his chin jutting, smiled sardonically.

"This looks like a showdown," he said.

"That's what it's gonna be," replied the spokesman for the group.

"What do you want, Mike?"

Stony Mike, so called because his eyes never expressed any emotion, shrugged his broad shoulders. "We want the same cut all around. We make the stuff and carry it."

"While I find the customers and the safe route south! In fact, the brains! You poor moron! You earn more in two months now than you earned in as many years. Nothing doing."

"Mebbe we can make yuh," said one of Stony Mike's companions.

"Don't make me laugh; I have a crack in me lip," Synde jeered. "I told you what the game would be, and you all agreed. I'll make you poor boobs a proposition. Pick out your champion, and if he whips me, fifty-fifty all around. But if I down him, my way goes."

Stony Mike laughed. "I'll take that bet, Synde."

His companions began to argue with

him, but he thrust them aside roughly. He drew off his sweater; but Synde made no motion to take off his coat. His gun was in one of the pockets, and if worse came to worst, he wanted it handy.

"Fair play?" he said.

"You guys get back to the shacks," said Stony Mike. "No buttin' in; he's my meat. 'Nother thing, Synde: if you lick me, I'll testify that you killed Pierre in self-defense. We've only your word for it, y'know."

The men sullenly retired to the doorsteps of the shacks.

"All set!" cried Synde. His blood was shouting for battle.

HE rushed upon his man furiously; and before Stony Mike could set himself, his cheek was cut open. Synde knew that in a plain rough-and-tumble, Stony Mike would half kill him; so he fought like a prize-fighter. His blows would equal any his antagonist could offer; but if Mike's arms got their grip! . . . It had to be done quickly. He mustn't spend himself utterly; for he did not trust that bunch on the doorsteps.

Synde recognized an astonishing fact. For weeks he had been wanting something of this sort: to tear, rend, pulverize something that lived; to empty the brimming cup of venom; to lance the gnawing cancer, in physical combat with a strong man.

He jabbed and jabbed until Stony Mike began to reel, because he no longer could see clearly. But his stamina was as yet unimpaired. He bored in constantly, always with the hope of getting a grip on Synde. But Synde was elusive; he was a combination of cat and catapult. He was sensitive to two things: that he was enjoying himself, and that in the end he would knock out Mike. Brute force and skill always overcomes brute force minus skill.

Before three minutes were gone, Stony Mike's face was unrecognizable. His courage, however, was undiminished. In he came, again and again; but Synde was never there. So busy was Synde, so filled with the zest of battle, that he did not notice that the men had left the steps and were standing about, forming a ragged ring. They were quiet, sinisterly so. They did not shout when their champion got home occasionally.

Suddenly Stony Mike caught Synde's wrist.

"Ha!" he roared.

But Synde's right was free; and as Stony Mike drew him in, Synde sent his fist to the jaw, accurately, with all the force he could muster. The blow traveled but eight inches. Stony Mike bent double, loosely, wheeled drunkenly, and fell upon his face. He turned over and tried to get up, but could not. He relaxed.

"Well, that's that," said Synde.

Instantly the ring closed in upon him. Synde tried to reach his gun and failed. Twice he went down; twice he billowed up. He was going down for the third and perhaps the last time, when—

"STOP THAT!"

His astonished assailants fell away from Synde, who got up, badly mauled, but able to navigate. At the north of the clearing stood a little white-haired man,



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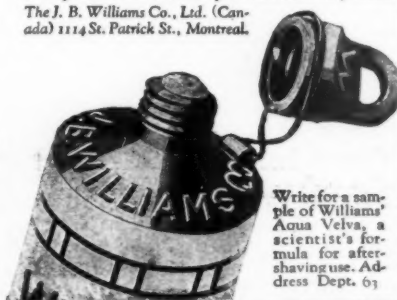
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hatless, his lips straight, his eyes squinting. At the side of his hip was an automatic—at the side of his hip because he knew that it wouldn't wobble in that position. Suddenly the gun spat fire. The felt hat on the head of Jean the guide jumped oddly. Instantly five pairs of hands went up. The true psychology of this gesture will never be known; but it is probable that they accredited the Professor with deadly marksmanship. In other words, the mystery of his presence in this locality was solved: Synde had brought back a gunman!

"Thanks, Professor," said Synde, wiping the blood from his mouth. "Now, gentlemen, I'll relieve you of your popguns." Which he did, emptying the clip of each

and hurling the weapons into the woods. "Come on," he called to the Professor, whose hand still stung from the recoil of his weapon. "And you chaps stay where you are. If I shoot, it will be to kill. Watch your step."

He knew that as soon as he and the Professor were out of sight, they would be digging out their rifles. But a leeway of ten minutes would be enough for Joe Synde. How about the Professor—could he follow swiftly enough? One fact was indubitable; he must reach the car before those chaps got to the camp clearing, or rest his bones hereabouts.

"Take hold of my coattails, and for God's sake don't stumble! It's life or death, old scout. Now!"

To follow at the pace Synde laid down required a superhuman effort on the Professor's part. He was done in as it was, what with all the miles he had walked since four o'clock, and the buffeting he had received from root, sapling and fallen tree.

"Better leave me," he said quietly. "Like hell I will! What did you tell me you couldn't shoot for?"

"I—I can't. I didn't mean to pull the trigger."

"Lord, Lord, if I could only sit down and laugh! A fluke, and they didn't tumble! Come on, and no more talk."

So they plunged along the invisible trail, the Professor hanging grimly to Synde's coattails, frequently treading on his guide's heels. Synde knew exactly where he was going; it was made evident by the length of his stride; but how he knew in this Gehenna darkness was beyond the Professor's grasp. The vitality of the man, after what he had gone through! And the pity of it, too, when the sorry world needed such men!

WHAT he was never to know was the supreme fact that Synde was going on nerve and will. No harm should come upon this lovable little old man. He had saved Joe Synde's life. But that wasn't it. For the first time in five years a human being had broken down the iron wall between Joe Synde and humanity. He had brought the old codger up here to laugh at, to make fun of—just as he had gone into this other business to show his contempt for society. He knew his fellow-roguers: they would stamp the life out of the Professor if they caught him. And they weren't going to, damn 'em!

Stony Mike had got to the heart twice, and the pain was intense; Synde couldn't breathe deeply. There were other places that ached, where hunting boots had kicked him. To get to the car, then, before the rifles came within range! Alone, he would have lain in ambush and potted as many as he could before they got him, so hot was the venom in him against life.

The Professor's lungs began to burn. His brain seemed no longer capable of compelling his legs to act. He wanted to lie down, go to sleep—die. All at once he remembered. He was Dolan—Dolan—Dolan. He was Irish. If he lagged, he would imperil the life of this indomitable man who had gone to the devil because of a woman's unfaith. What if he had laughed, poked fun at Belfort alias Dolan? He had made a lonely old man's dream come true.

Hours and hours passed, so it seemed. The Professor wondered if he could ever loosen his grip on Synde's coat. Unexpectedly they came upon the lights of the house. Evidently Synde had lighted the lamps before going into the forest.

"We'll make it," said Synde. "Only a few steps to the car. Plenty of gas!"

"My name isn't Belfort," said the Professor dazedly.

"What's that?"

"It's Dolan—Dolan!"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"I took the name Belfort thirty years ago because it looked better for a music teacher."

"Dolan, eh? You old son-of-a-gun!"

Who but a dam'-fool Irisher would have tried to hold up that gang with a gun he didn't know how to shoot? You're a white man, and I hate like the devil to leave you. But I'm dropping you at the village. The train will take you to Montreal. Get in!"—as they reached the car. "I'm riding far tonight. This way to hell seems closed, so I've got to hunt up another."

"Sir—"

"No lectures, old scout. I'm that kind of a man, and all the lectures in the world won't change me."

"No woman is worth damnation."

"I agree. But I've gone too far. Four months gone, I killed a man. It was in self-defense, but I can't prove it. Those boys know, but they'll lie to do me in. Sit tight!"

The car lurched forward. The brilliant headlights revealed a wavering line of corrugated hillocks. Suddenly there came a report as of two palms smacked soundly together. Upon the windshield appeared a many-pointed star.

The car leaped, careening from side to side, dropping suddenly, heaving upward, like a ship in a choppy sea. Came a repetition of the hand-smack. No second star appeared upon the windshield; but the Professor leaned gently against Synde's shoulder.

"HOW long will he have to stay here?" asked Synde.

"Two weeks. The ball was spent and stopped in the shoulder-blade," said the village doctor. "You'd be up in a day or two; but he's old, and the rebound isn't there any more."

"How much will it cost?"

"Fifty will cover all expenses."

"Here's five hundred. Give him the balance when he goes. And give him this, too."

"This," elicited a gasp of astonishment from the doctor. "The French Military Cross?"

"Mine; but is of no use to me—out of fashion!"—ironically.

"Seems to me you might see him through."

"I'm in a hurry. When he comes to, he'll understand. I have a way of finding out what I want to know, so give him the best. He's a white man."

Synde marveled over this inexplicable impulse, that of giving the medal to the old boy and wanting him to believe that once upon a time Joe Synde had been an honest man. He laid his hand upon the Professor's uninjured shoulder. It was good-by. He turned abruptly and left the room.

When, later, the Professor came around, and the affair of the money and the medal was explained, he said: "I understand." A tear rolled down his cheek.

ON a day late in September, Professor Henry Belfort ate his egg and toast and drank his coffee. He then dressed and carefully brushed his clothes. He entered the studio briskly, opened the piano and began to play.

The bell rang.

"Come in!" he called.

Little Anne Fuller entered, timidly and fearfully, to renew her erstwhile miseries.

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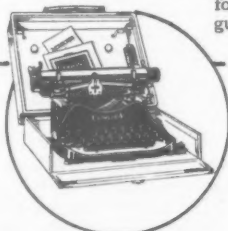
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FOR THE SAKE OF BUSINESS

(Continued from page 89)

on that side of the Chiricahuas any more. Them outlaws an' rustlers has got the camp organized."

As they rode on, the cloud in the north spread until it reached over a quarter of the heavens, shadowing the mesa and a portion of the plain below. The sultriness was increasing. Gray sheets of rain were hiding the flanks of the mountains. They crossed a gully and found a thread of dirty water in its bottom. A mile or two farther on, they came to an arroyo running belly deep. Bronco Bob Lee shook his head.

"Keeps on this-a-way, an' our sho'tcut wont be so damn sho't," said he.

The rain began to fall; within ten minutes they were drenched to the skin. Now as they rode with heads bowed and backs bent, they heard the sullen booming of great waters before them. And when they reached the brink of the next arroyo, they saw a coffee-colored flood which swirled and boiled, biting from either shore huge chunks of earth which vanished the instant they struck the current.

"I mind a cattle-crossin' fu'ther up," Curt Wilcox told the others, "where the hosses would stand a better show."

THEY trailed behind him for a mile or so and found a narrow pathway where the steep bank eased away a bit. He dismounted, kicked off his boots and tied them behind the cattle. When they had followed his example, he said:

"This roan of mine's a good swimmer; I'll take the lead."

He swung into the saddle. The pony tucked its hind legs under its belly and slid down the miry pathway. The brown current closed over it until but little save the head and outstretched neck was visible. One by one they spurred their reluctant horses after him, until they showed through the gray blur of falling rain only as dark forms drifting in a slanting line upon the tawny flood.

The cow-man held his eyes upon a crevice in the farther bank where the cattle-trail came out upon the mesa, guiding the roan, now by a word, now by the rein's light touch against its neck. At last the pony's forehoofs felt solid ground; it scrambled up the slope; another came on close behind, and thus three more, halting to shake themselves as they reached the level.

A voice rose from the swirling waters. Curt was in the act of dismounting when the cry reached his ears. In an instant he had settled himself back in the saddle and was freeing his *reata* from the pomel-strap. Now, as he whirled his pony, swinging the rawhide loop in his right hand, he saw a head against the brown water. It vanished, leaving a white patch of foam where it had been.

"It's Pony Deal," Bull Lewis called.

The loop whined, describing a wide circle. The head appeared once more. Then the rope uncoiled as suddenly as a snake in the act of striking. It soared over the water in a series of wide curves. The curves straightened; the *honda* raced out along the slippery strands; the noose shrank as it traveled until there was less than a yard left. It settled down.

"Got him!" a voice announced.

The cow-man spurred his bronco landward; the *reata* tautened like a fiddle-string, shedding a nimbus of little drops; and Pony Deal shot forth from out the flood.

"Hoss tried to turn back," he told them, "and I reckon he shoved his foot through the reins." He started to rise, and with an oath sank down again. "My knee's twisted. I can't put no weight on that laig at all."

They used half an hour searching for the pony. At last they gave it up.

"Hoss gone," the hapless owner growled. "Done lost my rifle, an' my boots on top of it. I aint a-goin' to be much good from now on, boys."

"This roan of mine will carry double," Curt Wilcox said. "One of yo' fellers help him up."

The rain had stopped; the sky was clearing as they started on. It was as if, now that it had done them all the harm it could, the thunderstorm had made up its mind to depart. By the time they descended from the mesa, dusk was crawling up the long valley flats; the mountains had blended into an enormous dark wall. They reached the wagon-track that led toward the Cold Springs Ranch, and Bronco Bob Lee dismounted.

"Well, boys," his voice came heavy through the gathering gloom, "here are their tracks. They've beat us to it." He bent low, scanning the earth before him. "The's eight or ten of 'em, all right, an' they're ridin' hard."

"Mebbe they'll hole up at the ranch till mo'nin'," Bull Lewis suggested.

"That," the leader answered, "is our only chancet. Le's be shovin' on."

AN hour went by. No word was said.

The darkness thickened. Far off along the western skyline, the lightning flickered at long intervals. The road swung toward the mountains, and they began climbing among low, bare hills. The soft thudding of the hoofs, the creak of saddle-leather and the occasional faint jingle of a bit-chain were the only sounds. When they had gone a few miles farther, they halted in a little swale where a mesquite thicket made a black shadow. The Cold Springs Ranch lay a few hundred yards beyond.

"First time I was ever left to mind the hosses." Pony Deal's voice was tintured with chagrin as the others departed on foot. "I'd shore admire to go along."

The road wound up a steep rise, and when they reached the summit, they saw the ranch buildings before them, two inky blots in the vague darkness. A light was burning in the house. Horses were stirring in the corral.

"Them ponies is wet," the leader whispered. "I can smell the sweat from here. Curt, me an' you will go ahaid an' scout this out."

They stole across the yard on tiptoe. A stream of light flowed toward them from a little window, leaving a puddle of bright yellow where it met the beaten earth. They skirted this, and as they neared the house, they heard voices within.

"Yo'r deal," some one was saying. Bronco Bob's hand fell on the cow-man's shoulder.

"This way," he breathed into the other's ear. They drew alongside the wall and saw the room's interior. Two coarse-grained young rowdies of the saddle were sitting at an oilcloth-covered table with the lamp between them, playing seven up.

Save for their presence, the place seemed to be empty. Their big sun-burned faces were intent on the cards before them. Their voices came out into the night.

"Low fer me." The speaker was chewing tobacco industriously.

"Yo' take the window," Bronco Bob directed, "an' I'll take the door."

"There's jack," he heard the other player declare as he felt his way along the wall. Then he groped for the knob and found it.

"Oh, damn the cards," the first voice growled.

Bronco Bob opened the door and entered with his six-shooter leveled upon them. They glanced up sharply, and their eyes narrowed, meeting the muzzle of the weapon, then lowered indifferently.

"Jest keep yo'r han's above the table," Bob bade them quietly. "We got yo' covered from outside."

"High, jack an' game fer you." The tobacco-chewer spat and glanced sidelong at Bronco Bob. "Pears like yo' fellers are after somebody."

His companion grinned. "I reckon yo' boys come along about an hour too late."

"How many was in the bunch?" Bronco Bob demanded.

"Search me," the last speaker told him. "All I know is, they took ten hosses out of the corral an' left them here. —Yo'r deal, Ed. —How's things in Paradise?"

"So-so." Bronco Bob opened the door. "Some of the boys is outside. Ef I was you, I'd stay right where yo' be."

"Don't bother your haid's about us," they assured him. "We're plumb used to mindin' our own business. Make yo'-selves to home."

"What we ort to do," Beaver Smith declared when they had learned the news down by the barn, "is to lynch them two. It would learn folks not to go lendin' their hosses to them outlaws every time they come along."

"No use gettin' peevisish," Curt Wilcox admonished him. "Turkey Crick has got 'em all buffaloeed in this end of the county."

"Well," Bull Lewis growled, "I reckon we may's well ride back home."

BRONCO BOB was crouching in the center of the group, rolling a cigarette. He spoke no word for a long time.

"Tinkham," he said at last, "the' aint anybody knows you in Turkey Crick, is the'?"

"Only Larne," the Texan drawled. "An' he aint seen me fer ten year an' better. What's on yo'r mind?"

Bronco Bob rose.

"We could leave Pony here at the ranch," he murmured thoughtfully.

"I don't jest get yo'," said Bull Lewis.

"When I have rode this fur," Bronco Bob answered, "I don't like to turn back."



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"But we can't ketch them fellers this side of Turkey Crick," Curt Wilcox cried. "And once them dobe dollars gets there, the hull damn town will fight fer 'em."

Bronco Bob lighted his cigarette. The flare of the match revealed his face, and they saw his narrowed eyes dancing. The flame died, and his voice came to them through the darkness:

"Ef yo' boys are willin' to take a gambler's chancet, I reckon we can handle Turkey Crick. I've got a scheme."

"Ef that's the case," old Tinkham growled, "somebody better fetch up the hosses so's we can be shovin' on."

AS dusk climbed slowly up the gulch, mantling the low adobe buildings which straggled along the bank of Turkey Creek, a stranger came riding down the road out of the mountains behind the town. Lights were winking from a few cabins; but the blacksmith shop and the general store which composed two-thirds of the business district were dark. The windows of the Gem Saloon emitted the only radiance which fell upon the street.

The stranger dallied for some minutes in the outskirts, then rode unhesitatingly to the hitching-rack in front of the saloon, and dismounted.

When he had entered the hamlet, there was no one else abroad. By the time he pulled up, one or two forms were showing in the dusk behind him, and as he was swinging from the saddle, there were three more in sight. It was quite evident that the citizens here had a real interest in newcomers.

But if the stranger was aware of this solicitude, it did not seem to disturb him. He walked across the pool of lamplight, apparently oblivious to any notice which he might have attracted, and pushed open the establishment's front door.

There were perhaps a dozen men in the long room. At the rear end as many highly rouged women were on the dance-floor. A fiddler was sitting on a little platform against the back wall. But the men were lounging around the card-tables, and one was sleeping in a chair; the women were talking listlessly in little groups; the fiddler's instrument lay beside him in its case; and the sleek-haired bartender was leaning over the polished counter engrossed in last week's issue of the Tombstone Epitaph. Of business there was no sign—only an air of general expectancy which became intensified the moment the front door swung open, and changed to hard-eyed scrutiny.

For a few seconds the stranger stood returning their look with an indifferent but comprehending glance which took in the whole room. He was a sparely built man with grizzled mustache and gray bushy brows. Like the other men in the room, he wore a big forty-five-caliber re-

volver swinging alongside his thigh. His flannel shirt and tight jean breeches were filmed with a coating of fine gray dust which proclaimed that he had ridden far that day. When he had done looking the room over, there showed in his walk, as he started toward the bar, the peculiar bowlegged stiffness, almost amounting to a limp, which betrays the man who spends much time in the saddle.

"Whisky fer me," he told the bartender. "Call up the house."

The room responded, down to the lanky fiddler, but there was no welcome in their eyes. Now the door swung open, and others entered to take their places in the long line, and while they poured their drinks, to regard the buyer in keen silence. He gulped his liquor and wiped his mustache with the back of his sun-burned hand.

"It cuts," he announced, "but the alkali lays thick. Le's have another."

"Come fur?" his neighbor asked him while the second round was being poured.

"A week ago I left the Pecos," he answered quietly.

"Yo' have rode hard," another said.

"And if I have,"—the stranger's voice had grown a bare shade colder,—"that is my business, pardner."

The implication behind those words seemed to dispel a little of the suspicion. The man who rode hard for reasons which he did not care to discuss was reasonably sure to find a welcome in Turkey Creek. But in the melting there was no capitulation. The populace was still far from being satisfied.

"This here is on the house," the bartender announced. Several of the men in the line pressed further inquiries discreetly. When all had drunk again:

"This deadfall," the stranger proclaimed, "looks plumb dreary. I hone fer music. Fill 'em up ag'in, an' then we dance. Get busy with that tune-box of yourn, Perfesser."

The fiddle squeaked. The men of Turkey Creek chose their partners.

"A nice, long, old-fashioned polker," the stranger announced. "Come on, girls; don't be bashful. Gents, shake a laig."

But there was nothing long about the dance. The Gem Saloon was wasting no time on wayfarers this evening; and while they whirled their partners, the men of Turkey Creek were keeping one eye on the door. For the hour was near when ten of the community's foremost citizens were due to begin spending the dobe dollars which they had brought back that day from the flaming border.

THE music stopped. The crowd followed the stranger to the battered bar. The bottles came forth on the counter. They filled their glasses, and while they were drinking, the front door opened.

"Jest as yo' be," a voice bade them. They turned their heads to gaze into two pairs of large muzzles. The sawed-off shotguns swung, covering their front. The stranger had leaped back from among them. His revolver was cocked and in his hand.

"Now everybody stick 'em up," he ordered. "You there behind the bar—another move like that, an' I'll drill yo' between the eyes." The bartender straightened his arms abruptly.

"THE SQUAW MAN"

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ARTHUR STRINGER

"All right, Tinkham." Bronco Bob Lee came to the stranger's side. "Take this here grain-sack and dump their artillery into it. Hold 'em right where they are boys, while we c'lect." He stood behind them in the middle of the room while the Texan relieved them of their firearms.

"Keep yo' waitin' very long?" he asked when the last pistol had been dropped into the sack.

"Yo' came right on the dot," Tinkham replied. "I spotted the gang when I rode into town. Yo'll find 'em in the second cabin from the fur end of the street."

"All right; I'll see yo' later." Bronco Bob opened the door and backed out into the night. The other two took their places on either side of the entrance, regarding the men of Turkey Creek with narrowed eyes.

"A nice, long, dreamy waltz," Bull Lewis ordered. "Strike up, Perfesser."

There were signs of reluctance, but they vanished when the sawed-off shotgun showed symptoms of its bearer's willingness to use it.

"Choose yer pardners," Tinkham shouted. The sounds of music floated out into the street along with the shuffling of feet.

Belated citizens, hearing these evidences of revelry, began drifting to the Gem Saloon. They came singly and in pairs, and their minds were intent on the celebration which they believed to be awaiting them as they reached the door. When they had opened it, they found themselves between two hard-eyed men, one of whom bore a leveled shotgun and the other a forty-five single-action revolver. Their hands went up. They felt themselves relieved of such weapons as they happened to be bearing, and they saw the hardware deposited in an open grain-sack. Then they went on to join the dance. Occasionally when the music lagged, one of the pair would spur them on.

"High, wide an' han'some!"

"All han's pass to the bar."

So the commands came, and the men of Turkey Creek obeyed. They swung their partners and made the best of it, biding the moment when affairs would take a turn.

They were in the midst of a poka, with the fiddle squeaking and booted heels stamping the floor, when there came from up the gulch a sound which made them pause—one shot, then two in swift succession.

"Strike up ag'in," old Tinkham shouted. "Lively! Shake a laig!"

By the time they were in full swing again, the street outside became noisy with passing horses. A moment later Bronco Bob Lee opened the front door.

"All right, boys," he told his two friends. "We'll be shovin' on." He smiled grimly on the dancers in the rear of the long room.

"Enj'y yo'selves," he bade them. "Don't let our leavin' spile the fun."

THEIR horses were waiting at the hitching-rack. They swung into the saddles.

"Take yo'r time," the leader said. "We have got a long ride ahead of us. An' nobody's goin' to foller. We done run off every pony in the place. Tink-



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ham, yo' can dump that grain-sack anywhere along here."

As they were coming out upon the flat, they heard the other two ahead of them.

"Any trouble gettin' the dinero?" Tinkham asked.

"Smooth as silk," Bronco Bob answered. "We found 'em in Jake Gauze's cabin, jest the way yo' said. They was a-squabblin' over them dobe dollars, an' they never heard us till me an' Curt was in the door with ol' Beaver outside the window. Larnie, he tried to draw his gun; an' Jake Gauze managed to crease Curt's laig. So we had to kill them two. But the others jest nachully quit."

EIGHTEEN hours later six bewildered Mexicans sat on the earthen floor of the old adobe house at the Bronco Mine while Bronco Bob Lee, Tinkham and Shotgun Moore dumped the huge dobe dollars from two rawhide *aparejos* upon an outspread blanket. The silver made a goodly heap. The smugglers

looked first at the pile and then at the faces of the partners, two of whom were red-eyed from weariness.

"Our money!" one cried in Spanish.

"Shore," Bronco Bob answered briskly in the same tongue. "We'll get down to business now."

In Paradise the long shadows were crawling between the low adobe buildings. Sounds carried far through the still air: the voices of the teamsters down in the corrals preparing for tomorrow's departure of the wagon-train, the clashing of Ma Smith's dishwashing, the blows of old Beaver's ax as he split the next morning's kindling from a pine board which bore the legend: "TRUST MAKES BUST—ALL GOODS IS CASH HERE."

The noise of the ax ceased. Beaver picked up the sticks and carried them within the kitchen. A moment later his voice floated out through the open door.

"Oh, Ma—yo' may's well send to Tucson fer that there organ. Things has picked up ag'in."

THE GOLDEN LADDER

(Continued from page 61)

a deal of money in her purse, and Betty no longer rode alone in her carriage. She was accompanied by a little Miss Muffett known as Mary Jumel Bownes.

The most respectable ladies looked sweetly at Betty's carriage now, for they could not resist the winsome child peering out across her muff. But the eyes did not rise to Betty's face; or if they did, they grew cold again.

Slowly but irresistibly Betty was frozen out of New York. She grew weary of riding the Broadway gantlet and of sitting at home alone. The Roger Morris mansion kept calling to her. It offered her a retreat from insult. It was so far away that no one would be expected to call; therefore callers would not be missed.

She broached the idea again to her husband. Knowing his devotion to his new daughter, she emphasized the value to the child.

She made everything a reason for going out into the country, and at last Jumel capitulated. He had been buying lands here and there. He looked into the Roger Morris mansion. The windows were broken, and the weather had had its will of the place. He could not be persuaded to buy it, but he consented to move to a house he owned five miles out on the Bloomingdale Road, in the village named after old Jacob Harsen.

Jumel was the more willing to settle there because it was the nest of so many of his own people. Here in a pretty Frenchy home called "Chevilly," Marie Antoinette's former lady of honor, Mme. d'Auliffe, lived with her three little daughters. Here one might see Colonel de Singeron, who had commanded the Cuirassiers of the Guard when the mob stormed the Palace of the Tuileries. The Marquis de Cubieres used to ride out on his beautiful horse Monarque. Talleyrand had limped up and down its portico, but was now in France, driving Napoleon into frenzies with his wit and his genius for being both indispensable and unreliable.

Baron van den Heuvel, who had been Governor of Demarara, had built a home in the region, importing the bricks from Holland. The old Dutch house of the Somerindycks had been only lately abandoned by three French princes who taught school there. Betty had met them and had been polite to their titles. Americans were supposed to abhor titles, and French titles had been annulled by the Republic. Still, Betty was polite to the princes, never dreaming that one of them would one day be king of France and repay her smiles with royal courtesies. This was that Louis-Philippe whose royal father had joined the Revolution and had his head chopped off for a reward. Louis-Philippe had also fought in battles for the Republic, only to have to flee for his life. In his poverty he and his brothers, the dukes De Montpensier and De Beaujolais, taught school in Bloomingdale. Another visitor to Harsenville was the exiled General Moreau, winner of such mighty victories that Napoleon grew jealous of him as he of Napoleon.

The fact that Jumel was only a merchant embarrassed the French exiles at Harsenville for only a brief while. They forgave him the crime of trade because his heart was big, his wife beautiful and his cellar deep.

With the foreign colony Betty achieved success. But this seemed not to help her with the native stock. In her frantic search for a good foundation she turned naturally to the church. She must belong to a church. Not to belong to a church was to be nobody here and hereafter. The Dutch Reformed Church was the one for fashionables; and as luck would have it, Jacob Harsen had just built a little white frame chapel with an umbrella-shaped cupola and had turned it over to a newly formed congregation. It had a stove and was candle-lighted, and the leaders of the singers set the pitch with a tuning-fork—which was as near as the pious would come to a profane musical instrument.

Knowing the value of a good entrance, Betty inspired her husband to present the church with its first bell. It was gratefully accepted and hung under the umbrella of the cupola, whence for years it called across the fields to the neighbors to come to worship.

Doctrines and dogmas did not worry Betty's soul. She wanted to get in out of the wet. She did not become a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, but only a communicant.

But then, that was all that Mrs. Alexander Hamilton was. And now at last Betty made a friend of her—or at least brought about an exchange of calls.

Chapter Thirty-one

MRS. HAMILTON was ardent in the building up of the first shelter for orphans known in New York. Betty won her by liberal gifts of Jumel's money. It is an ancient and an honorable way of breaking into the peerage, and it helped Betty. But the daughter of Betty's mother must have given the daughter of General Schuyler many an anxious moment as they chatted on each other's porches.

Mrs. Hamilton did not want to talk of Aaron Burr, who had slain her husband, but it was hard to keep him out of the conversation. He was the Napoleon of America for rousing violent hatreds and violent affections.

His indefatigable soul went about gathering hostilities and inviting disasters. He encountered all of life's cruelties, and yet, it was said, he "never knew a gloomy day nor a morose hour." Like everything else that gets itself said, this was far from the exact truth. But it implied something of his indomitable eagerness for conflict with either inflamed men or inflammable women.

When his destruction of Hamilton closed the East to him, he sought a new world, not overseas but overland. He plunged into the oceanic vastitude of the continent on whose narrow rim the American flag was established. The flag blew backward like a prairie-fire, and ran on and on until it met the other ocean.

Though it was in the books that Aaron Burr and Betty should meet, it seemed less and less likely. Betty had never met him while he was in New York, and now he receded farther and farther from her life. As she climbed to her zenith, he sank to his nadir. In every depth a lower depth yawned for him.

The ultimate seemed to have been plumbed when President Jefferson suddenly decided that Burr planned to raise an army, seize Mexico from Spain, set up his capital in New Orleans and take over from the United States all the territory west of the Allegheny Mountains. This would have been an empire to turn Napoleon green with envy.

Once more a Vice President of the United States was in peril of execution for crime—formerly for murder, now for treason. And now his chief prosecutor was the President, this very Jefferson with whom he had been tied for the Presidency.

Surprised either in guilt or in a hopelessly compromised innocence, Burr fled through morass and fen, over mountain

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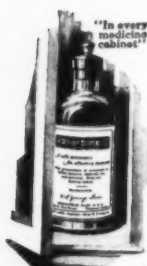
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and swamp, hoping to reach a British warship at Pensacola. But he was taken at last in Alabama and dragged back to Virginia. His cell in Richmond became at once a salon. Visitors thronged about him; romance flourished; and the ladies bombarded him with messages, notes, oranges, apricots, cream, butter and ice. His Theodosia came to be with him, and brought along her husband.

After a long and immortal trial, the jury found that his guilt was "not proved by any evidence submitted to us." Burr protested against the form of the verdict, but the jury would not consent to alteration. An indictment for misdemeanor still hung over his head, and the verdict in this matter was that the offense was committed in Ohio, not in Virginia.

Eight months had dragged by since his capture, and he was freed of legal shackles, but also of hope. The majestic rush of his inspiration had been checked. His ardent followers had cooled and realized the peril they ran of losing the glory of American citizenship. Burr was done for in America.

He stole back to New York and hid there, still fearing arrest for the "murder" of Hamilton.

He met his daughter secretly and exchanged clandestine correspondence with her, praising her letters because they disclosed "a selection, an energy, an aptitude in your expressions, which to use the vulgar male slang, is not 'feminine.'"

And then he bade her farewell in an agony of love, and sneaking down the Bay, crept aboard a ship and so reached England.

Never has a soul played chess more pluckily against a fate that cheated oftener or met every move with more fiendish mockery. Now they would not let him into a country; now they would not let him out. Now he was a great man in a palace; now he was a quaking pauper at a pawnshop.

Americans forgot him, all but the daughter who made him her idol, and the countless women whose hearts became live coals at the memory of him. Even Mrs. Hamilton forgot him. If Betty thought of him at all, it was with the indifference one feels for the saints and the devils, the lucky and the unlucky that make up the fog of strangers walling us in.

Perhaps when she turned her eyes longingly on the Morris mansion, she recalled the little Colonel who wanted to swap his Richmond Hill for it. He had swapped his whole career for a wild ambition, and all his properties were lost. Only his debts remained, and his galling. He was the very man whom Horatio meant when he spoke of one who "Fortune's buffets and rewards has ta'en with equal thanks."

NO less obstinate was Betty. At last, by some unrecorded device of persistency or incantation, she persuaded Jumel to grant her the Roger Morris mansion. The owner Parkinson sold him the house and thirty-six acres of land for a little less than ten thousand dollars. And now Betty was the chate-laine of the finest home on Manhattan island.

It was Jumel's nature to love and lav-

ish, and Betty's to inspire gifts and accept them. The man she had hoodwinked into marriage squandered his wealth upon her new establishment as if she were some princess won for a bride. Merchant though he was, he was a French merchant, and he devoted his racial taste to purifying the home of all the clutter of its hard life as a tavern and a farmhouse. He sent to France for silver, for tapestries and furniture. His agents bought in Paris the very chairs and sofas that Marie Antoinette had owned, and Betty sat in the seats of royalty.

To France, Jumel sent bits of the glass in the front door and had the original designs reproduced and shipped back. He found a few tatters of the old paper still left upon the walls of the room where Washington had presided at many a court-martial. It was a green paper with buckram panels bordered with morning-glories and bedecked with urns and the doves of love. He sent a piece of this to France, and had wooden blocks made there and enough paper struck off to cover the walls of the whole room, though it cost him fifteen dollars a roll.

To the gardens, the walls, the lawns he gave the same loving attention. He renewed the ancient gates and the gate-houses, and repainted all. The four white columns gleamed once more high above the plains where the Harlem meandered to the Hudson.

FOR a time Betty was satisfied to be and feel the queen of her lofty domain. But Broadway called her back again, and her carriage once more patrolled the streets. But it never stopped before the doors of the aristocracy. Hardly anybody accepted a nod from her or returned her hungry smile.

Sometimes, just to be admitted to a parlor, she would drive all the way from her mansion to the Brooklyn ferry and risk her life on the perilous voyage to that village. Here dwelt the Revolutionary veteran Colonel McCumber and his lady. They moved often. They had lately dwelt in the navy yard; later they went out to Brooklyn Heights.

Crossing the river was an adventure almost equal to going to France. The ferries were dismal sloops, and the wind was often boisterous but never right. It sometimes took two or three hours to get across the river, and the ferry-men were usually so drunk that often some passenger had to seize the tiller and save the craft.

Only a few years back, on a cold December afternoon, the besotted ferry-master capsized the boat and spilled his passengers into the icy stream.

One day when Betty was at Colonel McCumber's, she met a Miss Arnold from Providence. Long afterward Miss Arnold testified that she remembered when Betty was a young girl "prom-enading with the painted women in Providence" and "taking her walks in Main Street."

She asked Betty if she knew Providence, and Betty evaded her in vain. She grew confused under the cross-examination and went home alarmed.

And now she felt that her past had caught up with her. Doubtless everybody in New York knew that she had

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come from Providence; everybody in Providence knew that she had gone to New York—and prospered there exceedingly. She resolved to go back to her birthplace and dazzle it a little with her success. She made an excuse of attending the funeral of an old friend, and stopped at the Golden Ball Inn, in the best room of the inn where George Washington had rested.

The occasion was so brief and the funeral so poorly attended that Betty felt called on to proclaim herself to the indifferent fellow-citizens. So she announced that she would give a lecture from the piazza. Everything was a "lecture," from "Hamlet" to a banqueter's toast. Betty's audience consisted of nothing more than a hundred or two of boys. They had evidently overheard a deal of adult comment on Betty, for as soon as she began to speak they began to boo and hoot. They drove her from the piazza, and she retired in a new dismay.

She could not conquer her own town. How could she make conquest of a city like New York? Yet conquer it she must. She had tried everything she could think of, but in vain. Now the gods took mercy and suggested a new step.

The way to capture New York was to come in over the ocean from a foreign land—from France. Her husband's ships were plying to and fro. He had already a little navy of his own. He was rich in New York and rich in Paris. He could get her access to the drawing-rooms of royalty. And once she came thence, New York would never dare deny her authority.

There was one great and prolonged obstacle: the sea was boiling with war. England, endeavoring to save Europe and herself from Napoleon, counted all who were not for her as against her. Napoleon adopted the same policy. The Americans cherished many grudges, and many gratitudes, for both nations. They could not decide which one to fight, and so fought neither, though both seized American ships and enlisted—that is to say, enslaved—American citizens.

AMONG the numerous American ships seized by France or England were two of Jumel's, two schooners, *Purse* and *Prosper*. The *Purse* fell in with a British man-of-war and was pursued so hotly that the captain threw overboard the ship's papers and Mr. Jumel's. To escape the British frigate, the *Purse* ran into the harbor of Bayonne. Whereupon the French calmly seized her and sold her—and kept the money. The *Prosper* furnished a similar morsel.

And yet Jumel's patriotism did not falter. There was something about Napoleon's godlike butchery that endeared him to his very victims. He filled the earth with carnage but the sky with splendor. And every Frenchman loved and loves that gleam, in spite of the blood-red sunset of Napoleon's day.

For years America endured the insolence of Europe. Instead of fighting those who were destroying American shipping, the Government forbade American ships even to leave port. This brought ruin to the merchants, grass to the docks and rust to the anchor-chains that had once been weighed as the prows swung out for all the world's ports.

But poltroonery is no more successful than bravado, and at last the craven administration was kicked into the War of 1812. The progress of the conflict on land was an almost unbroken series of shameful defeats. On the sea a few great American ships fought renowned duels, but gradually the last of them were driven into port and the American flag vanished from the waves.

Then the word came from New Orleans that filled New York merchants with dread. They had three million dollars' worth of cotton stored there, and it looked as if the British would easily capture the city and "wind up the catastrophe." Two weeks passed with no news, and then three ships slid into the harbor with the radiant word that Andrew Jackson had broken the English line and sent it back to its ships with the dead body of its commander.

Three days later, on February ninth, an American privateer captured a vessel containing a London newspaper dated November 28th and holding out hopes of immediate peace. Two days later a British ship brought home a secretary of the legation in London. He told of the actual signing of a treaty of peace. It was a humbling treaty, but it was a treaty of peace, and the city went mad with relief. The streets were filled at night with people carrying lighted candles and torches.

Next day there was a rush to the idle wharves, and the ships went forth once more to sea. Soon they came back with the incredible news that Napoleon, who had lost nearly half a million men in his Russian campaign, had been dragged out of the sky and reduced to the dignity of ruler of the little island of Elba. Fat old Louis XVIII rolled into Paris, only to roll out again when Napoleon came back—only to roll back in once more when Napoleon called in vain upon the France that he had destroyed in building his glory.

But this the Jumels did not foresee. They resolved to visit the France of the unconquerable Napoleon and set sail on the bark *Eliza* on the first of June.

While they were at sea, Napoleon marched out of Paris into Belgium, whipped Blücher at Ligny, broke down before Wellington at Quatre-Bras, fell back on Waterloo and gave the name of the village to the world's vocabulary as a common noun for utter defeat. The government of France demanded his abdication and invited him to retire to the United States.

Jumel and Betty came out of the oblivion of the sea, to find Napoleon bankrupt of every resource. Jumel offered the fallen Titan a free passage to the United States on one of his ships. His pity was great enough to pass the hat for a carter whose horse had slipped on the ice, or to offer help to the most unpopular man on earth.

Betty, however, was in a worse plight than ever. She had come to France to make use of Napoleon, and Napoleon was utterly useless to anyone.

But Betty was "on the up and up." And the next steps in her career—disclosed in the chapters which appear in our forthcoming April issue—are the most interesting of all.

SERGEANT AFRICA

(Continued from page 74)

AS the way grew rougher, Mason dismounted and led his horse; he walked revolver in hand; yet he felt uncannily sure that nothing would harm him, that the very fog and shadow were shepherding him in the way they would have him go, that something finer than air opened to admit him and closed behind him when he had passed. He must have been visible and audible a long way, but nothing disturbed him. The stage for the unknown drama had been swept clear even of the little creatures of the night.

Perhaps he had a touch of fever on him. He began to feel that the weight of the silence, the pressure of the fog and the dead electric light of the moon, were more than he could bear, that he must shout, throw stones, dance on the rocks—anything, to assert his silly little human identity in the face of crowding unhuman powers. He began to wonder whether sheer funk would not drive him back to Kondarivi with his heart in his mouth, when he saw across a stony defile brimming with mist, a wavering shadow—two shadows—that came to meet him.

Mason stopped and waited. He was saying foolishly to himself: "Now—now it's coming!"

Whatever it was came slowly—one minute tall as a tree, then squat as a stone; it descended the far side of the gully, went out in wreaths of fog, then emerged slowly on Mason's side. First came the lopping ears of a lean, lame mule, then the head of a man urging the beast on. The man saw Mason, ran ahead of the mule, and knelt before him, clucking and cowering.

"Lord! Master!"

Mason stood very still, looking down at Sergeant Africa, who clawed among the pebbles at his boot-toes in an agony of humility. He was living a dream; they were alone, he and the native, the patient horse and the shabby mule, in the midst of an immensity of silence and moonlight, stretching for miles and miles and miles. In a still voice Mason said: "Thou hast done great evil. Where is the prisoner?"

"Master, come and see."

HELD in that great stillness, Mason shook up his horse and followed where Sergeant Africa led.

Sergeant Africa led him by a winding track, a devious native path through the scrub; it was born of nothing and ended nowhere, that path. The lame mule drifted along it noiselessly; Sergeant Africa ran beside the mule, stumbling in the grass-tufts, continually looking back to see that Mason still came after, cringing and bobbing when he met Mason's gaze. He stopped at last at the base of an acacia tree, beautiful in the light, and waited for Mason to come up with him, clucking the while like a frightened hen.

"Well?"

"Lord, he is here," said Sergeant Africa, bending double. He pointed to the deep grass under the tree. Mason went and looked.

After a long time he walked back to Sergeant Africa. He sought twice and

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thrice to control his voice before he said: "Speak."

"Master!" Sergeant Africa abased himself till he was no more than an obscure heap of rags and purple-black skin; his hands patting at Mason's feet, hands slender and delicate as a girl's; and Mason shuddered a little from their touch. "Master, I am a very poor man. But once I had many goats, and some brass pots, and a grandmother. She would change a milch-goat for three more brass pots—" He glanced up at Mason, mugged, giggled in propitiation, and hastened to say: "Master! I had also a wife."

"Tell me."

"She was very young. I went away to deal with a man for four more goats, and I left her in the huts with my grandmother. She—smiled upon me when I went; she said I should hasten back. She was a merry girl, a fat girl. I should have had to pay many goats for her. While I was gone, there came *That*,"—he pointed to the long grass,—"*with askaris*, searching for a man that had run away. He said we had hidden the man. The elders of my people lay at his feet; they swore they knew nothing of the man. It was true; we knew nothing of the man who had run away; we should have given him up if we had, so that we might not be beaten.

"Then the white man gave order that the huts should be fired, to drive the women out. The women ran out crying, and my wife ran out too, holding my grandmother by the hand, and carrying in her arms a kid that was sick; for I had many goats. . . . The white man laughed to see her running for the trees with the kid and my grandmother; he made jokes in his language. When she reached the edge of the trees, he lifted his little gun and fired at her. Just when she had reached the bush, she fell. My grandmother took the kid, which was running about and bleating, and brought it to me where I was. I had many goats. My wife had died so soon, I did not have to pay any for her."

MASON glanced about him. He thought a wind went past him like a released breath—that the dark land breathed upon him. He said quickly: "Go on!"

"Master! It seemed good to me that *That* should die as the young woman died—when he had thought to reach safety." Sergeant Africa's hands fluttered on the stones. "If I have done ill, let me be beaten. I said in my heart: 'Great is my master Masoni. If it is an evil in his eyes that this justice should be done, he will beat me with stripes.' Lord, I do not like to be beaten. I am a poor man. I am a frightened man. But I have lived many months of many days to do this thing."

"Go on."

"Lord! It was not very difficult to follow *That*, for wherever he would go, the news went before him among my people. I followed him, but not so that he should see me, for I am a poor man and timid. I do not know what has happened to my goats while I have been away; perhaps they are dead too. I came to this place to dwell under the shadow of

Masoni, for I knew *That* was not very far away. There was fighting, and I was very frightened, but I took a mule that yet lived. It was in my mind that presently I would take *That*. . . . I wanted a beast to set him on when I should let him go—a little way."

He giggled again. "Lord, shall I be beaten because I made a hole in the hut and led him forth—a little way? It is only a little way. I have lived a long time to do this thing. And I am a poor man. Will my mule be taken from me? I would change it for many goats. Once I had a herd of goats, and brass pots, and a grandmother, and a wife—but she died so quick that I did not have to pay any goats for her."

The whisper died to silence. Mason heard a tiny wind sighing in the acacia leaves; the grass about, moved faintly. And in that moment, he was afraid.

He said quickly: "There shall be no punishment." And as he spoke, he felt how inadequate were the words in face of that vast dark justice which had made Sergeant Africa its instrument. Sergeant Africa fawned upon him abjectly; and Mason shuddered.

"Lord! If it might be permitted—if I might leave your high service, now that this thing is done—if I might go and see to my goats, for I am a poor man, and I would change my mule for goats."

"Take the beast and go. There is no punishment. But I would see no more of thee. It will be well for thee that the Lord Hayesi does not find thee, for his anger is kindled. See, here is money. Take it and go—go in peace."

SERGEANT AFRICA grabbed the little silver coins in a writhing delight; he stowed them somewhere among the rags of the old tunic. He would have embraced Mason's feet, but Mason had mounted his horse; he was in a fever to be gone, to be done with the terrible, abject creature that fawned about his stirrup, to be rid of the exquisite tracery of the acacia leaves in the moonlight, and the stony slopes, and the little wind that moved in the grass. He watched Sergeant Africa mount the lame mule, and urging it with guttural cries, ride down the wandering path, looking back to grin and shiver. . . . At last Mason could stand no more. He turned and rode, with the night baying at his heels.

Once, pausing on a slope, he heard far behind him a voice uplifted in an endless quavering song. It was Sergeant Africa singing the goatherds' song to his mule. And hearing it, Mason swore and wiped his face on his sleeve. "When I can get away from this beastly country," he said, "when I can get away, back to a white man's land, to a nice tame land, back to Margaret, back to the wife—"

But for that also he had to live many months of many days.

"HEART OF PITY"

Wholly different, yet equally impressive, is "Heart of Pity," a story of the far North which will appear in an early issue—and in which is once more demonstrated the power, fine feeling and versatility of—

M. L. C. PICKTHALL

MARY ON HER OWN

(Continued from page 41)

had graciously permitted. "And when I do or say anything awful wrong, poke me up sort of quiet, will you?"

This request, adding considerably to the confusion in Mary's mind, contributed to her prestige with Mrs. Thorpe. Indeed, the girl was elevated, unofficially, to the position of English instructor. It was plain that the lady who had taken Aunt Arabella's name had more money than education. She handled her verbs gingerly, like high explosives, and more than once she asked Mary plain questions about etiquette and social usage, especially when the season ripened and fashionable cottagers of Chelsea began calling. Mary was shocked and amused to hear Mrs. Thorpe's somewhat primitive attempts to explain herself as the widow of Apthorpe Thorpe of Southampton. But her identity was never questioned by the Chelsea colony.

MARY had been only two days in the Atlantic City house when she began to realize the greatest drawback to her self-supporting career: her personal attractions laid her open to approaches from which there was no easy escape. All the girls, with the exception of Mrs. Hooley, who was *passée*, had seaside admirers. The impressionable Miss Fernie Riggs had two or three. Therefore Mary was less surprised than annoyed one afternoon when a short-legged young man with the face of a pug dog appeared in the kitchen at an hour when most of the staff were away, enjoying their hour in the surf.

"Hello, sweetie," he began, speaking out of a fog of synthetic gin. "I seen you the first day you come here. Don't you ever get no time off for a duck-party on the beach?"

"I'm—I'm very busy here," she replied, half alarmed, half amused at her conquest.

"Well, Mary!" He took a chair, quite at home in the Thorpe kitchen. "My name's Gibbons. I used to drive a Rolls-Royce for a swell guy in the sportin' world—Kit Fennelston—heard of him? Well, he canned me last week. I should worry. Tomorrow I get a taxi of me own—see?"

Gaining no response to this bit of autobiography, he sat studying her with his shallow, brown, prominent eyes, then suggested: "What's the matter with you and me takin' a joy ride round the burg tomorra night?"

"I'm very sorry," she replied, "I can't tomorrow!"

"Then make it Wednesday, hey?"

"No. Not Wednesday. Not ever."

"Stung!" said Gibbons, sitting solid as a stone. "You and me ought to get used to each other, Mary. Or maybe you've got another feller."

"Oh, I have!" This device pleased her, like a line in a farce of her own authorship. "He wouldn't like it."

"Aw, Mary!" Gibbons was deeply affected. "I'm all stirred up about you. Who's the guy?"

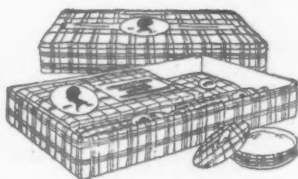
At that instant, fortunately, a bell rang.

"Mrs. Thorpe is calling me," she said,

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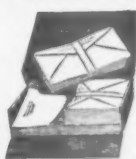
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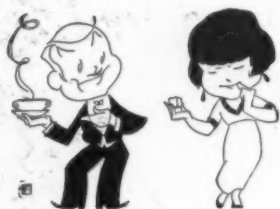


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and left the hopeless suitor to his own devices.

From day to day Gibbons lurked about, only to be avoided in one way or another. He acted as a minor irritant to Mary, but it was the affair of her burglar that most mystified her. Daily she expected to hear complaints of loot removed from the cellar, but the lower regions of the house were explored time after time by servants and by Mrs. Thorpe herself. Nothing, in so far as Mary could find out, was missing.

Then on Wednesday of the first week she answered the door and was treated to the greatest shock of all. A tall young man in a handsome blue suit and Panama hat stood on the steps, awaiting admission.

"Artie!" Mary was about to cry out, but she was too dazed to dispute his entrance. He grinned and blushed upon sight of her; then he raked off his hat and said, "Hello!" quite cheerfully. Unable to respond, yet collecting her wits for a general alarm in case this brazen fellow attempted a daylight burglary under her very eyes, she followed him up the stairs. She couldn't have caught him, for he ascended three steps at a time. Her first glance into the drawing-room took in a scene which brought climax to the drama.

Mrs. Thorpe, standing unashamed, in full view of her servant, was holding the burglar in her arms!

"WHERE have you been?" she was asking in a tone which was both censorious and affectionate.

"You're looking just grand," the young housebreaker was telling her. And he actually pulled one of the old lady's ears!

Fortunately there were flowers to arrange in the music-room. Mary might have garlanded the chancel of St. Peter's in the time she took putting snapdragons into a short vase and American beauties into a tall one. Glancing sideways, she could see Artie; he occupied the edge of a gilt chair, and his entire attitude suggested that of a man playing a part and doing it none too well. In his pocket he twiddled a bunch of keys—skeleton keys, no doubt. Now and then he would glance toward the stairs, planning escape.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Mrs. Thorpe. "Land sakes, you're like a fish out of water. What's happened to your knuckles?"

Reaching out, she lifted the big right hand with its strip of plaster across the joints.

"Oh, that! Just skinned it a little. Nothing at all."

"Skinned it!" Mrs. Thorpe's air indicated that he had been bitten by a cobra and was refusing medical aid. "Now, look here! You don't mean to tell me you've been at it again!"

"At what again?" Spring lamb never looked more innocent.

"You know as well as I do—" Her voice lowered to a confidential whisper.

"Oh, but I've been in Baltimore." Artie's tone was vigorous.

"Do you mean to tell me—"

A ring at the door called Mary away, her ears burning. All the way down to the street landing, she struggled with her

conscience. Had she been honorable to Mrs. Thorpe in holding from her what she, Mary, had seen with her own eyes on that shuddery, stormy night when footsteps had echoed from the cellar? All too plainly Mrs. Thorpe was being kind to this young rascal who had taken advantage of the situation to rob her house!

On the front steps, waiting to be admitted, she found a heavy, black-clad person of middle-age. He might have been an unfrocked clergyman, or an old-fashioned Shakespearean actor, or a patent-medicine vendor.

"Oh—ah—I haven't brought my card," explained the caller, rolling his every syllable and grimacing with his long, seamy face. "Tell Mrs. Thorpe, if you will, that Professor Klock is here—with a message."

Mary returned to the drawing-room in time to see Mrs. Thorpe kiss her burglar.

"Professor Klock with a message," the parlor-maid announced correctly.

"A message! Oh, Artie!" Mrs. Thorpe was entranced.

"Can you beat it?" asked the felon, disgusted.

"How you do talk! The sort of people you go with just spoil you for everything spiritual. And how I've tried to make something of you!" She turned to Mary with the command: "Show Professor Klock up to the sun-room."

Mary did as she was bidden and had the satisfaction of witnessing the first part of a psychic conference in the pretty chintz-lined interior. Professor Klock began by explaining that he had just returned from an expedition into Spiritland, where he had met a charming Indian shade by the name of Cheeta. The name "Cheeta" was well chosen, thought Mary, regarding the Professor's shifty eye, and she sighed as she departed from the astral confab. After all, it was all in the day's work.

SHE crossed into the music-room and had just set down her vase of snapdragons when she discovered Artie standing in the doorway. Never until that instant had it occurred to her how large a man he was. His go. 1 proportions deceived the eye at first, but the sight of those flexible shoulders, blocking the doorway, inspired both dismay and admiration. Again he reminded her of a great Dane puppy—a puppy who has been caught tracking mud across the parlor rug.

"I guess you think you're working in a bughouse, don't you?" he inquired casually.

"Speaking to me?" asked Mary, her cheeks a little pinker than the snapdragons.

"Well, I was, sort of," he admitted diffidently.

"You shouldn't talk to servants," she told him.

"I never do," said he, and his implication was plain.

Mary gazed into her floral arrangement, not certain what to do. She was none the surer of herself when the big fellow slouched over and leaned one of his elbows against the piano.

"We're all right," he assured her. "This family goes along sometimes for

weeks at a stretch, quiet as a watch. Then—oh, the circus!"

She glanced swiftly around. There was nobody in sight, and she could not resist saying a word to this overgrown boy who had appealed to her friendship.

"Aren't you a little ashamed?" she asked.

"Me?" He touched his necktie accusingly.

"What you were doing that night in the basement—"

Conscience had, all too obviously, plagued the boy, for his color complemented the American beauties.

"Let me tell you, Mary," he puffed uneasily. "Well—what you saw was part of the circus."

"That doesn't explain anything," she insisted.

"I'm willing to go fifty-fifty with explanations."

Another pause.

"You thought I was pretty rough with the old lady just now, didn't you?" he broke in shyly.

"Your manners would bear rubbing up," agreed the parlor-maid. "And what sort of whopper was that you were telling her about being in Baltimore? You know you haven't been there."

Mary was only guessing, but the shot took effect.

"I'm getting in a flap; that's what's the matter with me," he growled uneasily. "If only I could tell you what's going on—"

"Why don't you?" was her impulsive invitation.

"Funny about you," he mused, his great shoulders lurching over her, his rough face glowing. "There aren't many girls I'd want to talk straight to—"

She interrupted with a little laugh. "They always begin that way," she said.

"You think I'm kidding you along?" he inquired, his forehead breaking into a web of wrinkles.

"No," she decided, and was serious. "Somehow I don't."

"Ever since the other night—down in the basement—I've wanted to give you the straight story."

"Why don't you?" she asked.

"Well," he blundered on, "you see, I've got to act that way with Ma."

"You mean Mrs. Thorpe?" Light was beginning to show dimly through the fog.

"Sure thing," he admitted. "I know I oughtn't to be making her sore all the time. After all, I'm the only son she's got."

ARTIE leaped suddenly as one stung from behind. Glancing into a mirror across the room, Mary could see the cause of his embarrassment. Fernie Riggs, a look of hennish triumph on her narrow face, stood in the doorway.

"Mrs. Thorpe wanna see you," she squawked.

"Me?" asked Artie nervously.

"No sir. Her." Fernie's eyes were glued to Mary's.

"Oh."

The parlor-maid attempted a calm, proud exit, but confusion covered her as she swept past her tacit accuser. But she had scarcely turned the corner before footsteps, which had followed close behind, caught up with her.

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but she saw no sense in tempting Fate in the outer world.

Every other afternoon each of Mrs. Thorpe's domestic was permitted two hours of freedom in which to disport on the sands in the servants' section of Chelsea Beach. Occasionally the Thorpe domestics stretched a point and went *en masse* to the inviting strand. Mary never ventured beyond the lawn those pleasant days.

"The Duchess is too proud an' hotty to be found in the water wit' the likes of us," sniffed Miss Fernie Riggs one day when the kitchen was lingering over luncheon. Whenever Miss Riggs mentioned the Duchess, it was a signal for Mary to seek shelter.

"You'd think she was dodgin' the cops, the way she never pokes 'er head outa doors," persisted Fernie in a voice which twanged.

"Say, Fernie," requested Idora, the cross-eyed second waitress, "lend me the loan of a pair o' gloves. I gotta meet a fella on the pier."

"Only gotta pair fer myself," harped Fernie.

"Where's the three pair you took off o' Mrs. Thorpe?"

"Wouldn't fit you. They're a size too small."

"Wanta trade?" suggested Idora. "I got three of 'er nightgowns and some stockin's—"

"Do you mean to say," broke in Mary, "that you're hagglin' over Mrs. Thorpe's things—after stealing them?"

A derisive chorus went rattling round the table. Only Mrs. Angela Hooley sat superior behind a week-old copy of a New York picture paper.

"Darling," said the cross-eyed Idora, leaning toward Mary, "I don't know where you worked before,—if ever,—but it must of been a queer place if they didn't teach you the difference between stealin' and helpin' yourself to a few things off'm the bureau—after the lady's through with 'em."

THIS fine ethical point might have been further explained had not Mrs. Hooley broken in, her seafaring basso thundering above its newspaper barricade.

"Phwat'll the rich be doin' next?" she asked hoarsely. "Here's a piece in the pa-aper about a runaway heiress—"

"They're always runnin' away," snapped Fernie Riggs.

"This wan run good," droned Mrs. Hooley. "Mary Hamilton Par-r-r, it sez, 'wit' nawthin' in the world to worry her pretty head,' it sez, 'has disappeared as completely as if swallowed up into the bowels av the earth. Where is she? Is she alive? Has she shar-r-red the fate of num'rous other vanishin' beauties?"

"This myst'ry," Mrs. Hooley stumbled on in her deep bass voice, "is complicated by the be-havior of her rich an' han'some finansay, Mr. F. Stannard Mapes of Southampton an' Newport. Hear-r-rtbroken at her loss, he has yet betrayed that modern sperrit which so many members of the Foor Hundred—"

"Rich people are nuts," said Idora. "If I was a fella and my goil run away from me, I'd can her so quick—"

"Mebbe you would," agreed Mrs.



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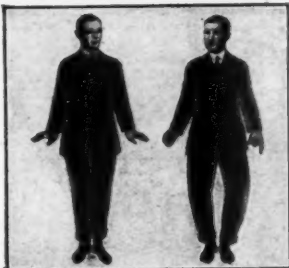
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Hooley, not without sarcasm. And with that remark she crashed her two hands together, battering the paper into a hopeless wad. "Half-past two and not a dish washed! It wud be a gr-r-r-and after-noon on the beach, Mrs. Thorpe bein' out. Do we go or don't we?"

Upon her own suggestion, Mrs. Hooley led the advance toward the sink. Fain would Mary have reached out and snatched the crumpled sheet from under her stout forearm. But Angela had other uses for the sheet; almost at once she began scouring a kettle with the fragment of paper which might or might not have told Mary a great deal.

What, thought the runaway heiress, had Stan gone and done to get his picture in the paper? Had Mrs. Thorpe's kitchen staff recognized the portrait of Mary Hamilton Parr? Apparently not, for they went on with their work, serenely indifferent to her existence.

IT was a hard afternoon for Mary.

Mrs. Thorpe was away. The servants, with the exception of Mary, had frolicked toward the beach. She was lonely to the point of madness. In the blankness of that afternoon she had time to regret her rash departure from a destiny that had been chosen for her. Had she knuckled down, she might have been by now a modish little bride, dawdling in some delightful watering-place. What had she now? Independence! Was this independence?

"Oh, well," thought Mary Hamilton Parr with all the philosophy of the modern servant, "I can always quit."

The whole house was hers for a few hours; but, such is the whimsical nature of melancholy, she stayed in the back of the house and settled bonelessly on a couch in the servants' sitting-room. Lying limply on a cushion, she found a large, broken-backed volume bound in faded red. "Intimate Court Life of Louis XIV" the title read; and she recognized the only work of literature in the possession of Mrs. Angela Hooley. She began reading at random:

Ministers had been thrust aside and prelates defied at the whim of the Grand Monarque; but that which most indicated the decadence of the period was an unbroken chain of intrigue, originating in the very kitchens of the palace. What is to be said of a court where the sons of nobles associate with denizens of the backstairs?

Mary broke the paragraph to look up. Heavy footsteps were shuffling toward her, and she had scarcely cast aside the book when she saw Artie, silhouetted in the doorway. She had only a vague glimpse of his face, but something in his attitude aroused her like a signal of distress.

"Oh, hullo!" he said gruffly, and turned away.

"Is there something I can do for you?" she asked, yielding to an impulse.

He was halfway across the kitchen now, his face averted, and in this discourteous position he seemed to speak to her out of a corner of his mouth.

"Ma at home?"

"No. She's gone for the afternoon. But—"

"I'm in luck; that's all."

He turned full on her now, and the cause of his queer behavior was at least partially revealed. One of his handsome eyes—the left one—was swollen completely shut.

"Mercy!" she cried. "What's stung you?"

"Stung is right!" he gurgled, and sat heavily in a kitchen chair. "But you should have seen the other fellow."

She studied him and disapproved. "Have you done anything for it?" she asked.

"This?"

His able eye blinked merrily as he pointed to the swelling, which was taking on sunset hues of green and violet.

"How could I? It wasn't regular training. Bill Spargo and I had just slipped 'em on for fun. Y'see, we'd been looking over an old shed down the beach, and while we were waiting for the carpenter, Bill wanted to show me a hook he learned when he was working with Willard. He showed me."

Artie chuckled as if it were the best joke in the world.

"I told him to pull his punch," he went on—it might have been Greek for all Mary understood. "But he let out all he had. It left him open like a church, so I bored in with my right and got him so good that he just folded up. I'm sore at myself for letting out like that on an old man—Bill's nearly forty. But he'll be out again tomorrow."

MARY came out of her confusion to recall ice as first aid to a black eye. Therefore she plundered the refrigerator, tucked a towel around her patient's neck and pressed frosty comfort against the rapidly spreading discoloration. Artie only giggled when a rill of cold water ran down his collar.

"Ouch!" he clamored merrily. "Say, I took my chances all right, coming here this way."

"If you're anxious to please your mother," said his nurse severely, "why not stay away till it's better?"

"You just can't give me the time of day, can you?" he complained. "Anyhow, I don't want to worry Ma."

"You're not home enough to make her nervous."

"Aren't you talking like a regular woman!" he giggled. "I'll tell you why I've come. I saw all the kitchen force down on the beach, and sort of thought Ma must be away somewhere. You see I don't want to stir 'em up. Everybody seems suspicious."

"Suspicious of what?" asked Mary, scenting information.

"Just things," he replied masonically.

"Look here, Artie!" She had pressed the ice tight against his eye as if to hold him. "Will you tell me something?"

"Maybe," he temporized with the grin of a knowing child.

"What's your mother's real name?"

"Phew!" He struggled away from the dripping towel. "Since we're asking questions, what's yours?"

The suddenness of his counter destroyed her balance for an instant; then she laughed and said:

"I've told that."

"Yes, you have—sort of," he admitted.

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"But you won't get anywhere worrying about Ma's name or her guide or anything. They satisfy her."

"Yes. But is there any reason—"

The uninjured side of his face was turned toward her that instant, and there was trouble behind its good nature.

"Do you like me—oh, you know—enough to do me a good turn?" he asked in his clumsy way.

"Do you think so?" she smiled.

"Well, if you do, don't ask me too much about this Ma business. Or anybody else. Look here," he added, "you think I oughtn't to be sneaking around like this with my eye in mourning when Ma's away—"

"I couldn't help wondering—"

"Of course you couldn't. Well, I'll tell you. I wanted to take away the stuff I didn't get the other night when you found me in the basement—"

"What other stuff?"

He raised his hand with the adhesive plaster across the knuckles and began counting on his fingers: "A set of weights and pulleys, two pair of gym-shoes, gloves I worked with all winter, a couple of heavy sweaters—"

"Would you mind telling me what you are?" she asked.

HE blushed deeply and mumbled: "A nice girl like you would be shocked—"

"Do you think you can shock me?"

"You can always shock a lady," he philosophized.

"Anything worse than burglary?"

"Some think so. I'm a prize-fighter."

"Really?" It came in an excited whisper. Bred in an atmosphere where sport is king, Mary had always wanted to know a prize-fighter.

"Well, I don't know if it's really or only just partially."

"What name do you fight under?"

"Now, that's the point," said Artie, and paused. Suddenly he came to his feet, crossed rapidly and closed the door into the sitting-room.

"Look here," he demanded huskily, after resuming his chair, "can you keep something under your shirt—excuse me—I mean to say, are you the sort of girl that doesn't go round telling her middle name?"

"That's exactly what I am," said Mary Hamilton Parr.

"I sized you up that way from the first," he mused. "Queer. And I've always wanted to talk to you straight."

"How about your mother?"

"Ma?" he snorted. "She's the trouble. All the trouble. Y'see, when she cleaned up her wad,—and she's pretty rich, I guess,—I was a good amateur fighter round the Y. M. C. A. and the Athletic Club. But she just wouldn't hear of me going on with it—not seriously."

"But to be an amateur champion," argued Mary,—"that's very chic."

"It isn't a matter of being an amateur," he informed her moodily. "I want to be a professional."

"And your mother doesn't care for that?"

"I can't make her understand," said Artie. "She's trying to teach me to loaf around tea-parties and play tennis. Tennis! If I were just middling good, one of those club exhibition boxers, I wouldn't care."



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"You're magnificent!" she cried.

His rangy shoulders leaned over, and he whispered: "That's what the promoters think. And I'm on the ticket for the next heavyweight champion of the world."

THE very look of the man carried conviction, and to back it was that splendid frame, muscled to show pantherlike under his light flannel suit.

"How do you know that?" she asked. Mary still retained a canniness inherited from some Scottish ancestor.

"Ever heard of Kit Fennelston? No? Well, he's been out of the game lately, but he was mixed up in some of the biggest events ever pulled off. Not exactly a promoter—sort that picks new talent. He picked Johnson, and he picked Dempsey. Quiet sort, Fennelston—never see his name in the papers.

"He saw me box last fall," went on Artie in his earnest half-whisper. "That very night he looked me up and told me there wasn't a man alive could stand up against me for ten rounds. Wanted me to drop everything and go into the game as a business. Of course, Ma wouldn't listen to it. Thought it wasn't respectable. Said it would queer me socially. Phew! It was the first time I ever knew that anything could queer me socially any more than I'm queered already."

"But if you've got an ambition, it's a shame to kill it," urged Mary. Her Tough Knight Errand had taken on new glamour in her regard.

"That's the way I've been thinking all the time," he agreed. "I sneaked down here last December when the house was empty. Bribed the caretaker and rigged up a gym in the basement. Trained all winter. When you caught me the other night, I was cleaning out my stuff before Ma got here."

"Is Mr. Fennelston still interested?" asked Mary.

"Interested? Do you know what's on the cards?" He resumed his confidential whisper to announce: "I'll be in the professional class!"

"Why"—there was a shade of patronage in his tone—"you sign up, to fight for money. Did you ever hear of Chicken Bogard? Of course you wouldn't. He's not one of the big ones, but he'll do for a starter. He stood up to Dempsey once for three rounds, but Kit says I can finish him in less. You see where that gets me, don't you?"

Mary thought she saw. But the ghost of her Scottish ancestor whispered in her ear, causing her to ask:

"Who's furnishing the money?"

"I can afford to dig down into my own pile," confessed Artie. "Most promoters gouge a pugilist for nearly all he makes—but this way I get practically all."

"You mean that you bet on yourself?"

"That's it. I've got seventy-five thousand of my own, in bonds. Fennelston thought it would be a good thing to make the stakes high, so that we could clean up enough to start me on my own. The bout's got to be strictly private, because Jersey laws don't allow finish fights—and we're not licensed."

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"It's already Monday." Mary didn't know exactly why she said that. Possibly the Scottish ghost spoke again.

"If it got in the newspapers," mumbled Artie, scratching his black thatch, "I'd be in wrong, wouldn't I?"

"Rather," she agreed.

His good eye regarded her adoringly, and quite out of empty air he blurted: "Say, Mary, I wish you were my manager."

"Thank you," said she.

"I'm no good at business," he told her humbly. "Fact is, I'm not much good at anything but the ring. But I'm a bear at that. I've been thinking a lot about what you said the other night—how I ought to make a living. Prize-fighting is not like entering the ministry, but it gives you something to work for. And you sure do work for it."

A high-pitched clatter outside warned them that the servants were returning from the beach.

"Will you do something for me?" he asked hurriedly.

"Yes." She had no time to bargain now.

"Will you give that contract the once-over before I sign it?"

"Will you let me?"

He made no answer. The square-rigged shadows of Mrs. Hooley and Mr. Gibbons fell across the rear porch, warning him to flee. He passed rapidly forward toward the politer end of Mrs. Thorpe's establishment, and left Mary with one unanswered question on her lips.

Chapter Five

MRS. HOOLEY in her bathing-suit, her damp person somewhat resembling a bale of cotton rescued from a shipwreck, was first to enter the kitchen. Gibbons, his gnarled, disagreeably powerful limbs protruding from a one-piece suit of red, followed clumsily in her wake. Mary gave him one glance and a cool nod, then escaped into a pantry. It was a poor choice of refuge, for its other exit was in full sight of the open kitchen door. Therefore she lingered among the shelves and bins, hoping that some diversion in kitchen society would permit her to flit unseen into the front of the house.

Mrs. Hooley, whom Mary was growing to like for her burly philosophy of life, was scolding amiably over the tea things.

"Won't the gentlemen come in for a dish av tay?" Mrs. Hooley was heard to invite. Apparently Idora and Fernie had brought their beaux.

A ring at the doorbell brought Mary out into the open, and as she scuttled toward the front, she could hear sarcastic comments following in her wake. She found Mrs. Thorpe and several others waiting admittance; there was a Mrs. Stanhope Primm, of social prominence in the Colony, and there was also Professor Klock, prating busily of ecto-

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plasms and the joys of psychic control. It was evident that Mrs. Thorpe had brought her favorite to perform for Mrs. Primm.

Professor Klock, looking more than ever like a wax portrait of some obscure Shakespearean actor, occupied center-stage in the drawing-room as he boasted like Beowulf of his important social connections in Spiritland. In the realm of departed souls he associated with no small fry, that was plain to see. One of Mrs. Primm's ancestors, a General Judd, he knew quite intimately in the Beyond; the General, being an excellent fellow of good family, had promised to materialize himself some night soon, for the benefit of an exclusive audience. "No *canaille*," his elegant ghost had insisted, and Mrs. Primm agreed that this was so like the General.

Mary heard all this, serving tea and hoping that Gibbons would get tired of kitchen society and go home. While Mrs. Thorpe's guests tilted their cups, Professor Klock was busy making plans for an important séance, General Judd to be the guest of honor. Mrs. Thorpe's drawing-room would be ideal, Klock decided, and fell to pacing the room, his shifty little eyes studying every nook and corner.

"My dear," said Mrs. Thorpe to Mary—Mary had often warned her not to say "My dear" to a parlor-maid—"My dear, help the Professor with the chairs!"

WHEN three light chairs had been lined up to cut off the corner chosen by Professor Klock, he threw back his long hair and insisted: "A little closer, if you please. There! The curtains of the spirit cabinet will fall where those chairs now stand. A blank wall behind—" "But there's a window there now," upspoke Mrs. Primm.

"I will close it with my own seal," promised the Professor, a little hurt. "Windows, my dear lady, are necessary merely as light-conductors. You may have it nailed up."

"Oh, no!" objected Mrs. Thorpe. "When I rented this house, I promised—"

"Very well. My seal has hitherto been regarded as sufficient protection against fraud."

When Professor Klock had approved of Wednesday night as ideal for wraiths and phantoms, Mrs. Thorpe turned to Mary with the decisive command: "You may go now."

Out in the kitchen the servants' tea-party was still under way, and Mary again dodged into the pantry, hoping to evade Gibbons, whose red bathing-suit was still in evidence. She had not been there more than a minute when the short-legged, knotty man, uglier than ever in his athletic display, opened the door and edged in.

"Gee!" he began. "Kid, don't you ever eat or drink? Or do you take tea with high society in the parlor?"

"Please go away and let me alone!" she whispered, too much disturbed for any show of politeness.

"That's a nice line o' talk, aint it?" He stood square in her path of escape. "Look here, Mary, I aint goin' to hurt you. I'm stuck on you like fly-paper.

Honest. Now listen. If you're gone on Artie Thorpe, take a tip—"

"Will you let me out, please?" she asked, and could have attacked him with a bread-knife.

"Keep your hair on, sweetie," he grinned. "I'm tellin' you, thass all. I seen him hangin' round the kitchen, and I'm wise that it aint no place for him and you."

SHE was too enraged now to speak, so she permitted him to go on:

"Now listen, kid: The boy's a lemon. I suppose he's been givin' you a line o' talk about heavyweight championships and everything. Don't make me laugh—me lip's cracked!"

His pug-dog eyes were blinking sardonically, and in default of a reply he continued.

"I aint rich and grand like Artie Thorpe, but I can put you on to some easy money. Get me? If you want to make a pile o' jack without liftin' yer lily hand, listen to me. Put every dime you can scrape up on Chicken Bogard."

"Chicken Bogard!" Mary's voice and her self-possession came back with a rush. "You mean the prize-fighter who—"

"Sure!" Gibbons grinned from ear to ear and his pug eyes blinked rapidly. "Bogard—he's the guy that Artie's goin' to lick in two rounds—I don't think."

"You mean that Mr. Thorpe isn't really going to win?"

"Not unless Fennelston and all the dope goes wrong. Look here, kid. I guess you don't understand much about the game the way it's played, low down. Listen. I been drivin' for Fennelston four years. He canned me last week because I fouled a lamppost comin' out o' Trenton. But settin' at the wheel for four years, drivin' Fennelston night and day, I got a barrel of inside information. Fennelston's down and out in the regular honest-to-God fight game. He's playin' suckers now—see?"

"I see," replied Mary calmly—and she managed to give Gibbons a rosy smile. "So Mr. Thorpe is chosen to be one of his—suckers?"

"You've said it. Fennelston's pulled that fake five or six times, to my knowledge, in the last year. I ought to know, because I've picked up a lot o' change from it."

"Just how?"

"You are young! Well, it's easy when you know how. He gets some big rich boob and makes him think he's got the goods—see? Cons him into thinkin' he's a heavyweight champ. Matches him to fight some bush league has-been like Bogard. Gets him to bet a big wad on himself. Then when the fight's pulled off,—usually in some cow-barn, without a State license,—he slips in some famous fighter under a fake name—"

"You mean Artie wont fight Bogard at all?"

"He *thinks* he will, but he wont. The fighter that comes down here will call himself Bogard, all right, all right. But he'll be Battling Spink—ever heard of him? Well, he's the guy that'll put out Dempsey in about two years."

"Then it *will* be easy money, wont it!" exclaimed Mary, her voice like syrup.

"Spink'll handle Artie like a mechanic

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Gibbons doubled his warty fist and struck out into space.

"And that's for Artie?" she asked.

"That's all he'll need. And he's fell like a boob for the whole show. Wednesday night at Ogg's Hotel you'll see some fun when Fennelston walks in with the phony contract. Twenty-five thousand dollars forfeit—gee!"

"You're sure Mr. Thorpe has that much money?" she asked innocently.

"He's made of it! But he won't have quite so much after the fight. You see the game, don't you, girlie? I wouldn't

tell you if I wasn't pretty crazy 'bout you. I wanna see you get ahead. Put all you can borrow or steal on that guy that calls himself Bogard—he's a ten-to-one shot among the hicks."

"I—I can't tell you how I appreciate your tip," said Mary, beaming with a gratitude which Gibbons misunderstood.

"Gimme a kiss!" He reached out for her, but clutched empty air.

Mary dodged under his arm, and ran swiftly down the hall.

(Mary's adventures on her own come to a stirring climax in the ensuing installment—to appear in the next, the April, issue of The Red Book Magazine.)

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

(Continued from page 55)

Frieda among them, hunched back and waited until she got what she wanted! Who hustled them all down to the cars at night, stood at one side, whanged them with her trunk when they did not move swiftly enough up the runs, and who then marched in and took up most of the car for herself, clearing a path for her wizened body by a side-swiping motion of her rear, and a triphammer threat of the hind-feet, disastrous to any elephant hoof that happened to be in the way! Frieda was not accustomed to such treatment.

Nor did she grow used to the things which, with the passage of the days, as the show jumped on a zigzag course in order that it might come abreast of the tatterdemalion World's Great Wondrous, became to Frieda more tiresome, more irksome, more lonely in the midst of the hurlyburly confusion. Time was when she had been a world by herself, to do as she chose. Now she could do nothing, unless old Mom permitted it. From a life of ease and of pampering, she had been translated to an existence of routine, where she was brought from the cars in the morning, hurried to the menagerie tent under the command of old Mom, dressed for parade, rushed out to the route, hanging to old Mom's tail, swished back into the menagerie, slammed into performance, slapped out to water, whanged back into the night show, then lambasted down to the cars, always with old Mom somewhere in the picture, her ill-tempered eyes gleaming, her wrinkled old trunk high in the air, and her pale-pink mouth open and bellowing her commands. It was a tough life.

And one that grew tougher! No longer could Frieda wander the circus lot as she once had done, "back home." No longer did she have a corner on the peanut and popcorn market. That was old Mom's by right of conquest. No longer was she the friend and playmate of everybody who went through the menagerie tent, to be petted by the pony punks, to be smuggled candy by the performers, or patted and talked to by Big Jim or Lefty Andrews. In the first place, old Mom didn't stand for any such foolishness; and besides, nobody knew Frieda; nobody seemed to care about her except to stand form and wonder how Jumbo would look at a distance and look up at her towering beside her if he were alive and back on the show. More, Frieda's arrival—or

something else—seemed to have possessed a souring effect upon the erratic old lady who ran the herd. Day by day old Mom was becoming more fretful, more demanding, more prone to fly into a fit of rage at the slightest infraction of rules. And Frieda being the next in line, fell heir to every outburst—nor did she know any more than to take it.

And it wasn't Frieda's fault. She wasn't there because she wanted to be. Quite the reverse. Frieda would have gladly parted with a ton or two of avoirdupois and all the joy of eating which she had experienced in acquiring it, just to be back on the World's Great Wondrous lot, leaning against a wagon, hind feet crossed, watching the flunkies in the cookhouse as they prepared the evening meal, and meanwhile copping off a few potato-peelings or the leavings of a can of apple-sauce. Frieda hadn't invited herself to this party. It had been wished on her. Nor did she like old Mom any more than old Mom liked her. In fact, she never had seen anyone with such an insatiable appetite for peanuts, or sugarcane, or popcorn, or even common, ordinary hay—unless it was herself; and that, of course, was different.

BUT there was nothing to do about it.

Five days passed, each more miserable than the one preceding. A sixth—then the seventh, while the menagerie seethed with the excitement of a day-and-date stand against the World's Great Wondrous. Ed Marcus bustled into the menagerie and bustled out again. The show-lot resounded to the efforts of hurrying workmen as they hastened to get everything in shipshape order—a show labors twice as hard when it exhibits on the same day and in the same town with another circus. The bull-man went up and down the line inspecting his charges, yelping at the attendants for another brushing off, or a new coat of whitewash on pachydermic toenails. Then suddenly, as old Mom opened her mouth for a peevish command, he halted.

"Humph!" he said, and moved under her trunk for another look. Then again—"Humph!"

Next he called the menagerie superintendent, and they both looked. After that they sent for Ed Marcus.

"No wonder this ol' bull's been so peevish!" The announcement was made as Marcus came hurrying to the picket



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line. "She's had the toothache. That second one there—got a hole in it you could throw a cat in."

"Humph!" said Ed Marcus. "Better do something about it. If she gets much grumpier, she'll start slapping folks. That costs money. Better do something about it—right now."

Then he hurried forth while the bull-boss looked about him, and cast an appraising eye upon the doleful Frieda.

"Guess we can pull it with her," he mused. "Hey, Shorty, bring me a piece of hay-wire. Make it a long one—put two of 'em together."

Which meant that a dental operation hovered in the offing. The tooth of an elephant has a way all its own of spreading to large proportions on the surface, while its "roots" are really not roots at all, but more like those of a child's milk-teeth. And while they require power and plenty of it for extraction, still, that dispossession is largely a matter of the right kind of jerk. When the baling wire arrived, the boss bull-man made a loop, pushed an arm into old Mom's mouth, fastened the wire around the molar, then tied the other end tight to the collar of Frieda. Following which, he turned again to his assistant.

"Sprinkle a bag of peanuts out there. No, farther. That's it. Now—all right, Mom; they're all yours. Hey, you there, Frieda, git back there—git back!"

HE lunged at the big beast with his bull-hook. Taken off her guard as old Mom pressed forward, Frieda lunged to the rear, as far as her picket-chain would allow. Something pulled at her neck, then suddenly loosened, and a tooth swung high in the air. But Frieda saw it only in a glance. Old Mom had shrieked, thrown high her trunk, forgotten her peanuts and whirled, maddened with pain. Then, while bull-men labored with shout and hook, while Frieda strove in vain to evade the blows, the tooth-bereft old Mom set upon her with hoof and trunk, head and side-swipe, belaboring her until at last the picket-stake was pulled from the ground and a squealing, trembling Frieda sought a position of safety behind the rest of the fidgeting herd. But even as she shimmied in her fright and pain, rebellion smoldered deep and threatening. Things had gone too far.

Just the same, she submitted to the bull-hook as the attendant led her back—simply because she didn't know what else to do. Squealing apologetically, she evaded old Mom as she knelt for the placing of her parade robes. Obedient, she took her place at the command of "Tails!" Then, to the blaring of the band, she went forth to the long route of the morning spectacle, the first of the series in which the big Marcus Marvelous would compete against the tiny Great Wondrous, in the battle to break Jim Emery.

But beneath her placidity was a ferment. Not that she knew exactly what it was. She didn't. All that really concerned Frieda was that she was a misunderstood elephant, that she was unhappy, that she didn't like this new life and that something would have to be done about it. Her piglike eyes rolled angrily, thoughtfully, as she made the

parade route, block after block. Her trunk curled tight about the wiggling tail of old Mom before her, in constant temptation to yank it out by its roots and toss it into the peevish old girl's face when she turned to remonstrate. But even as she thought about it, Frieda forgot. For at that moment she happened to look up.

There, less than a block away, was a thing she had known in other days, and loved—there the faded flags, the tattered canvas, the ramshackle cook-house of Jim Emery's World's Great Wondrous Mastodon—the tents, the people, the wagons and bony horses of home! Quite absently, Frieda released her grip on old Mom's tail. As absently she yanked her own appendage from the proboscis of the elephant behind her. Then with a squeal of delight, she quit the parade cold, and wobbled across the weedy lot, under the side-wall, and to her old stand in Jim Emery's menagerie!

The tent was deserted. In vain she looked for Big Jim or Lefty Andrews. They were both out, on a parade of their own. When the bull-boss and his assistants came from the Marcus Marvelous to get her, she obeyed—but she trumpeted nevertheless, a cry with a new note in it. And about the time they had reached the circus grounds with her, and she had spied old Mom, she changed her mind as a girl will do, and loped off on the back-stretch once more, taking with her a few chicken-houses, wire fences, clothes-lines and other accouterments of the back yards through which she passed—at last to bring herself up, proud and happy, before a wondering Jim Emery and a gasping Lefty Andrews. This time she was there to stay.

BUT a form showed in the offing. Followed by others! A moment later Ed Marcus, eyes narrowed, mouth more of a straight line than ever, had swerved into the tent and stood glaring at his rival.

"What do you mean by stealing my elephant?"

"Huh?" Jim Emery glared as angrily. "Steal? Where do you get that stuff? What do you mean, letting your animals trespass on my lot! Take that elephant off'm here!"

Ed Marcus whirled.

"Get that bull back to the lot and stake it somewhere down the line, out of sight of old Mom," he commanded. "Maybe—"

But Frieda wouldn't budge. They talked to her; they cajoled her; they lammed her with the bull-hook. But still she remained. The owner of the Marcus Marvelous began to exhibit signs of panic. He looked hard toward the grinning Andrews—but Lefty, about that time, decided to stare at a hole in the tent-top. A hand jammed into a pocket. A ten-dollar bill came forth.

"Help us get this bull back to the lot," he commanded. Lefty grinned again, and took the money.

"A straw's a straw, the world over," he mused as he cached the currency and gave a command. Fifteen minutes later, wondering in vague fashion what it was all about, Frieda was back in the picket-line of the Marcus Marvelous—and Lefty

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Andrews was gone. Yet his presence, even for that short time, had been a consolation.

"Put enough chains on that bull to hold a freight-car!" Ed Marcus commanded; and the order was obeyed. That afternoon Frieda, the world's champion heavy-weight bull, was heavier by half a ton. There were chains on her fore and hind legs, chains crisscrossed and brought back again. She was anchored.

ANOTHER day passed—and a second and a third. Then the fourth day came—another "day and date."

It was hot, and sultry. They raised the side-wall when the parade came back, and tied it up, giving a view of the flat, vacant country surrounding the lot, and of something which reared itself less than two blocks away—a thing of tattered canvas and faded flags. Frieda's funny little eyes popped, and she tugged at a chain.

From far away came the faint sound of an out-of-tune band, striving its best to lure the few stragglers into the tiny side-show. But to Frieda it was celestial music. It meant home, and sugar-cane and petting, and the bunch in the dressing tent. It meant happiness and solitude and release from routine.

A leg raised in a vicious yank. Then as stakes creaked, she leaned back and put her heart into the matter. A shout sounded; bull-men rushed forward—to yell at her, then in desperation to swing into action with their hooks. That was one insult too many!

A chain snapped—another. A bull-tender, arms and legs sprawled, soared half across the menagerie, propelled by a flail-like trunk. A trumpeting rose, high, strident. Down the line old Mom belowered and shrieked. Frieda just then was doing a little serenading of her own.

Again a crackle of bursting chains. Again the sallies of the bull-men, swift advances and swifter retreats. A stake leaped from the ground as though it were greased. Another attendant took to aviation—and a third. Then, trunk up-raised, Frieda, free at last, veered forth from her place in line, knocked over the hippopotamus cage, snapped the quarter-poles which loomed before her, crashed the ticket-boxes of the side-show as she passed them, cleaned out the midway, and came to a momentary halt, that she might disrobe herself of a wrecked lemonade stand. Behind her, Ed Marcus waved his arms and hopped up and down.

"Quick!" he yelled. "Get out that herd and ring her with 'em before she comes out from under that canvas. For the love of Mike, quick!"

Swift-working bull-men—a frenzied formation! Frieda came out from under her canvas robe to find a circle of elephants all about her. Of which she saw only one—the wrinkled, sour-visaged old Mom! For a moment the biggest elephant in the world hesitated. Then with consciousness of new-found power, she lowered her head, shifted into high, butted old Mom into the middle of the side-show—and, the ring broken, romped onward, knocking over a few more wagons, and casually caving in the cook-house which reared between her and the

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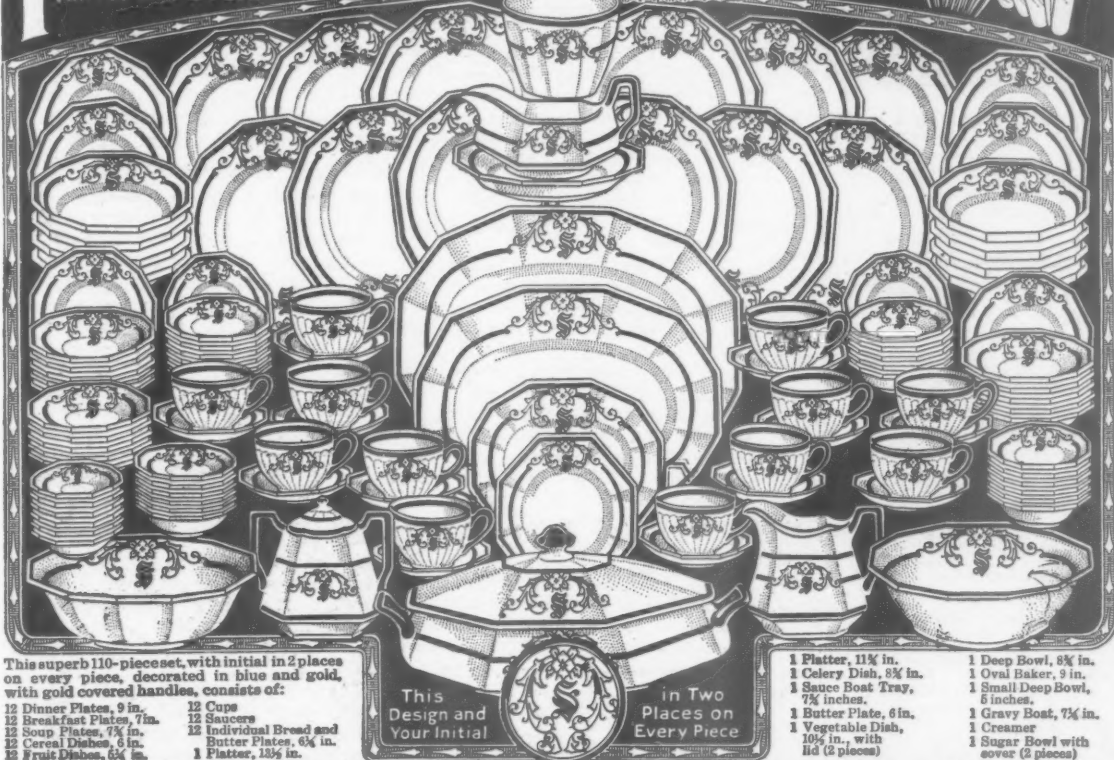
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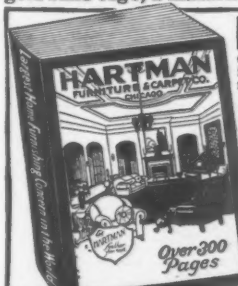
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thing she loved. Shimmying with joy, she frolicked through the weedy lots, waddled through ditches, climbed a short clay bank—and once more loomed happy and triumphant in the menagerie of the Great Wondrous—home again. But her pursuers were close behind.

Which meant nothing to Frieda! She batted the boss bull-man, and she batted his assistants, as one by one, or in close formation, they sought to lead her back again. She whanged the three members of the herd with which they sought to "mingle" her, until they at last, squealing and pop-eyed, refused again to approach. She snorted; she reared; she struck out with her heavy forefeet. She lashed with her trunk and swung in circles, a lady defiant and meeting all comers. Ed Marcus, white-faced now, raised a hand in command.

"I've had enough of this! Hey you, Mason. Go back to the wagon and get the rifles."

"Rifles? What for?" Jim Emery had come forward.

"None of your business. —Hear what I say, Mason? Go get them—"

"Aint going to kill her, are you?"

"Aint I? Think I'm going to have my show wrecked? —Get them rifles!"

"Wouldn't do it if I were you," said Jim Emery quietly. "Liable to cost you an awful lot of money, Ed."

"Me? Of course it'll cost! Twenty-two grand—that's what it'll cost!"

"Don't mean that," said Big Jim. "I was talkin' about our agreement. There aint a lawyer in the world that wouldn't turn handsprings to get that case on a contingent basis."

ED MARCUS dropped his arms, in limp surprise.

"And you'd be bum enough to hold me to that—when this here bull's gone bad?"

"That's just the point. She aint. Lefty, there, or me, could make her eat out of our hands!"

"Then—"

"Nope," Jim Emery turned away in disinterested fashion. "I aint workin' for you yet. But you might get Lefty, there. Of course, I'd have to release him. Lefty's an awful good man. Aint you, Lefty?"

"Yeh." Lefty Andrews became suddenly serious with the thought of it. "I don't know but what I'm one of the best. My contract with you ought to be worth a lot, Mr. Emery."

"I reckon it is. Don't exactly know how much. What would you say, Lefty?"

"Oh,"—and Andrews shrugged his shoulders,— "not more'n a hundred thousand a year."

"Will you guys stop your kidding and get down to business?" Marcus snapped. "This here's serious!"

"Blamed serious," agreed Jim Emery. "I'm figurin' on getting out an injunction to make you keep that elephant off my lot. I didn't know this bull was going to pull no stunt like this. I didn't follow you—twas you jumped onto me. You're the one that caused it all. But since it's happened, I aint pilin' off into no haystack and going to sleep. Our agreement says that if she goes bad, she's to be offered back to me. Well, you've just said she was bad."

"She is as far as I'm concerned. If you'd see that lot of mine—where she's went through things. Give me back my twenty-two grand—"

But Jim Emery only rolled his cigar.

"Nope," he said as he glanced casually upward. "She aint worth that to me."

"Not—why, say, I can waltz out to any show in the business and get fifty with her!"

"Could you, Ed? And her with the rep of being a bad bull? Listen, kid: you aint fooling nobody. You couldn't give that bull away—not after what she's pulled, breaking out of double cross-chains."

"Couldn't I?" Ed sneered, but he didn't mean it. Then as the silence grew heavier: "Couldn't I? Humph! Couldn't I?"

THEN silence again, until a bull-man, deceived by the apparent quiet on the part of Frieda, moved cautiously forward, squawked with fright—then picked himself out of a pile of hay, over by the led stock. Jim Emery cocked his head.

"Well, could you, Ed? Now, for my part—I'm a kind of a gambler. Frieda's always been a good girl around here. I'd sort of take a chance. Shoulder the risk, as it were. That is, providing you'd take, say, about five thousand bucks and give me Frieda and an agreement to split the route on this territory so's I wouldn't always be running into that show of yours—you know, kind of let me have a chance to make an honest day's living. What say, Ed?"

Again silence—until Ed Marcus happened to look up, and view in the distance the remains of what once had been an orderly circus lot. He cleared his throat.

"Better go on back to the lot," he commanded his helpers, then turned to the waiting Emery. "I suppose you'll want to make out an agreement? Over in the treasury wagon?"

They faded. In the menagerie tent a hulking beast chirruped with joy and released her hold upon a grinning little man until he could run forth in frenzied fashion and return with a dollar's worth of peanuts. In the treasury wagon the typewriter clicked a space, was silent, then clicked again. A few moments later the door opened, and two men came forth. Jim Emery slapped a fat hand on Ed Marcus' shoulder.

"Say, Ed," he beamed, "speakin' of stories: I heard a new angle on that one about the dinge. You know—the one you pulled. Runs a little different, the way I heard it. Same town down South. Same big, tall Jig standing on the corner. Same parade comin' along. Same band goes 'Yah-yah-de-dah-dah-dah.' Then the Jig sticks his hands in his pockets just the same way and looks down the line and shuffles his feet and says to himself:

"Heah come de pay-rade
Ob de li'l ol' show!
Whoppin' big elyphant—
Ah's jes' got to go!"

Whereat Jim Emery laughed—laughed until his sides shook. But Ed Marcus didn't join him.

The woman who does a man's work

She must prove her worth every day. She must keep young, alert, responsive. There can be no let-up

THE modern woman finds herself frequently called upon to do a "man's work."

There can be no shirking in her busy life. She must withstand the same strain on her nerves—the same steady grind, hour after hour and day after day—that a man's work requires.

She cannot give way to the vagaries and nerves and weaknesses so long considered characteristic of the "weaker sex." For her competition is not alone with men—but with her own healthy, eager sisters.

The secret of youthfulness

WHETHER in business, the arts, the home or in society—the modern woman must *keep* young. The real secret of keeping young lies in preventing the usual feminine illnesses. Every such illness weakens the system; and the woman of today cannot afford simply to *appear* young. Her whole system must be responsive, awake, keen.

Most typically feminine illnesses can be prevented. A well-known New York physician, chief gynecologist of one of the large hospitals, says, "Most of these illnesses are the result of bacterial infections." For this reason, physicians are recommending regular feminine hygiene as a necessary preventive

measure. And "Lysol" Disinfectant is the accepted antiseptic for this purpose. It is *safe* and it is *effective*. It insures the complete antiseptic cleanliness which is so vital.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is completely soluble in water. Tests made by pouring "Lysol" into water, stirring well and then examining this solution under the microscope show that every single drop is clear and transparent—there are no undissolved globules. This means that "Lysol" is 100 per cent effective in destroying harmful germ life.

At the same time "Lysol" is *neutral*. It contains no free alkali nor free acid. Diluted in correct proportions, it is non-caustic. It does not irritate. No antiseptic could be safer for the delicate internal tissues.

And "Lysol" is economical; one-half teaspoonful to one quart of water is all that is required to make the proper antiseptic solution for feminine hygiene.

Send for Booklet

CORRECT, vital facts about feminine hygiene are included in a new booklet, which gives complete information and directions for the many personal and household uses of "Lysol" Disinfectant. Every woman should know and follow the rules of personal hygiene contained in this booklet. Mail coupon for free copy.

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One-half teaspoonful to one quart water

For feminine hygiene
When baby comes
For wounds
For the sickroom
For the bathroom

Use "Lysol" as a disinfecting solution

Two teaspoonfuls to one quart water

For the kitchen
In the toilet
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For floors, cellars, dark corners

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Far more important than your bath

WE could not do without bathing. It keeps the body clean and fresh, and thus promotes our comfort. But although external cleanliness is necessary—how much more important is *internal* cleanliness! More than bodily comfort, health—even life itself—depend on it.

What does internal cleanliness mean? It means freedom from clogged intestines—regular and thorough elimination of food waste. Poisons breed in clogged intestines and soon cause such ailments as headaches, bilious attacks and insomnia—each of which takes toll of your health and vitality. As these poisons continue to flood the system, your power of resistance is lowered, and the body becomes prey to serious diseases. In this clogging, say intestinal specialists, lies the primary cause of more than three-quarters of all illness, including the gravest diseases of life.

Thousands of healthy men and women have learned to prevent illness by maintaining internal cleanliness through the regular use of Nujol. Nujol is not a medicine. Nujol

prevents intestinal clogging by *lubrication*, the method now employed by medical authorities throughout the world. Nujol lubricates the food waste and thus hastens its passage out of the body.

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome intestinal clogging, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury. Nujol is not a laxative and cannot cause distress. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol is prescribed by physicians and is used in leading hospitals.

Get rid of intestinal clogging. Avoid disease by adopting the habit of internal cleanliness. Take Nujol as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. For sale by all druggists. "Regular as Clockwork"



Nujol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
For Internal Cleanliness

Faulty Elimination

Everywhere physicians are sounding urgent warnings of the growing menace of faulty elimination. In an address before a leading medical society recently the medical director of one of the principal insurance companies stated that the lowered vitality caused by faulty elimination made the entire body a prey to dangerous germs. He further declared that if the absorption of poisons from clogged intestines was stopped, it would largely do away with the numerous untimely deaths that occur during middle age.

Why Physicians Favor Lubrication

Medical science through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation has found in *lubrication* a means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant Nujol softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables nature to secure regular, thorough elimination.

Complexion Troubles: Science now knows that poisons from intestinal sluggishness are the cause of personal unattractiveness. Carried by the blood, they reach every body cell, the millions of cells that compose the skin, the roots of the hair and the eyes. No wonder that through faulty elimination the skin becomes sallow, muddy, roughened, blotched or disfigured with pimples or other blemishes! It is not strange that the hair loses its sheen and the eyes become dull.

Nujol keeps the body free from poisons which are the principal cause of complexion troubles. Nujol thus is the most effective aid to a clear, healthy, lovely skin.

Elderly People: In youth and perfect health the intestine supplies a natural lubricating liquid in sufficient quantity to soften the food waste and hasten its movement out of the body. In advanced years this natural lubricant decreases in quantity. Hence the need for something to give assistance. The action of Nujol so closely resembles that of nature's lubricant that it is especially beneficial to those in advanced years.

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